



KNOWLES

UCSB LIBRARY

X-64730



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2007 with funding from
Microsoft Corporation

LORD CHESTERFIELD



Brant & Belles of England



Lord Chancellors

*" The commission is indited to our right well-beloved
cousin "*

Original painting by B. Wesley Rand

Given to
The Society of Friends
London



Beaux & Belles of England



Lord Chesterfield

Volume II.

Written by

W . E r n s t

Printed by

The Grolier Society

London

IMPERIAL EDITION

*Limited to One Thousand Copies
for England and America*


No. **454**

Edinburgh Press

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

	PAGE
"THE COMMISSION IS INDITED TO OUR RIGHT WELL-	
BELOVED COUSIN"	<i>Frontispiece</i>
VENICE	82
GARRICK AND HIS WIFE	89
MARIA GUNNING	145
HORACE WALPOLE	186
PHILIP DORMER STANHOPE, EARL OF CHESTER-	
FIELD	275

LORD CHESTERFIELD

 HIS correspondence was for some time interrupted by a serious illness, as appears by his following short letter to the Duke of Newcastle :¹

“This is the first office my hand has done me, and it could not do a more pleasing one to the heart that directs it than to thank your Grace for your kind and friendly sollicitude for me in my illness. After a long and painful struggle, it is now decided that you shall have for some time longer

“Your most faithful friend and humble servant,
“C.”

His next letter is to Thomas Prior, on the 23d September :

“A long and dangerous illness has hindered me from acknowledging, till now, your last letters ; and though I am a great deal better, I still feel,

¹ “Newcastle Papers,” 32,708, f. 110. This letter is not dated, but is endorsed, Aug. 20, 1746.

by extreme weakness, the shock which that illness has given to a constitution too much shattered before.

“ Pray be under no kind of uneasiness as to the accident that happened to my letter, for I assure you that I am under none myself. I confess, the printing of a letter carelessly and inaccurately written, in the freedom and confidence of a friendly correspondence, is not very agreeable, especially to me, who am so idle and negligent in my familiar letters, that I never wrote one over twice in my life, and am consequently often guilty both of false spelling and false English ; but as to my sentiments with regard to Ireland, I am not only willing, but desirous, that all Ireland should know them. I very well recollect the two paragraphs in my letter, which might be objected to by many people ; but I recollect them without retracting them. I repeat it again, that there are not many people there, who, like you, employ their thoughts, their time, and their labour, merely for the public good, without any private view. The condition of Ireland sufficiently proves that truth. How different would the state of your lands, your trade, your manufactures, your arts and sciences, have been now from what it is, had they been the objects of general, as they have been of your particular, attention ! I still less recant what I said about claret, which is a known and melancholy truth ;

and I could add a great deal more upon that subject.

“Five thousand tuns of wine imported *communibus annis* into Ireland, is a sure, but indecent, proof of the excessive drinking of the gentry there, for the inferior sort of people cannot afford to drink wine there, as many of them can here; so that these five thousand tuns of wine are chiefly employed in destroying the constitutions, the faculties, and too often the fortunes, of those of superior rank, who ought to take care of all the others. Were there to be a contest between public cellars and public granaries, which do you think would carry it? I believe you will allow that a claret board, if there were one, would be much better attended than the linen board, unless when flax-seed were to be distributed. I am sensible that I shall be reckoned a very shallow politician, for my attention to such trifling objects, as the improvement of your lands, the extension of your manufactures, and the increase of your trade, which only tend to the advantages of the public; whereas an able lord lieutenant ought to employ his thoughts in greater matters. He should think of jobs for favourites, sops for enemies, managing parties, and engaging Parliaments to vote away their own and their fellow subjects’ liberties and properties. But these great arts of government, I confess, are above me, and people should not go out of their depth.

I will modestly be content with wishing Ireland all the good that is possible, and with doing it all the good I can ; and so weak am I, that I would much rather be distinguished and remembered by the name of the Irish lord lieutenant than by that of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland.”¹

At the end of this month, Lord Chesterfield went to Bath, the place to which he always resorted for the benefit of his health, as appears by some letters to his son, who was at that time on the Continent with his tutor, Mr. Harte. Writing to him on the 29th September, and expressing his hope that he is above the *mauvaise honte* :

“Vice and ignorance are the only things I know, which one ought to be ashamed of : keep but clear of them, and you may go anywhere, without fear or concern. I have known some people, who, from feeling the pain and inconveniences of this *mauvaise honte*, have rushed into the other extreme, and turned impudent ; as cowards sometimes grow desperate from the excess of danger : but this too is carefully to be avoided ; there being nothing more generally shocking than impudence.”

And again, on the 4th October, on the advantages of learning and knowledge, and condemning “what is called a smattering of everything,” which infallibly constitutes a coxcomb :

“I have often, of late, reflected what an un-

¹ Letters, iii. p. 180.

happy man I must now have been, if I had not acquired in my youth some fund and taste of learning. What could I have done with myself, at this age, without them? I must, as many ignorant people do, have destroyed my health and faculties by sitting away the evenings; or, by wasting them frivolously in the tattle of women's company, must have exposed myself to the ridicule and contempt of those very women; or, lastly, I must have hanged myself, as a man once did, for weariness of putting on and pulling off his shoes and stockings every day. My books, and only my books, are now left me; and I daily find what Cicero says of learning, to be true: *‘hæc studia adolescentiam agunt, senectutem oblectant, secundas res ornant, adversis perfugium ac solatium præbent, delectant domi, non impediunt foris, pernoctant nobiscum, peregrinantur, rusticantur.’*¹

In a letter to Mr. Stone, October 6th, he says:

“These waters, together with that idleness which I love, and which loves me, have already done me a great deal of good; I have recover’d some flesh, strength and spirits, which I still propose to increase, and to bring with me to London before the king’s birthday. . . .

“Pray make my compliments to the two brothers who, I heartily wish, were less like the

¹ “Letters,” i. pp. 43, 46. “Oratio pro Archia, Poeta,” 7. Edit. Ernesti, ii. p. 877.

two brothers Dioscuroi;¹ for I would fain have 'em shine together." ²

Writing again to Mr. Stone, October 9th :

"You will allow me to send this letter through your sides to the Duke of Newcastle, both because I would not trouble singly upon this occasion, and likewise because I hope to have you for my solicitor and his remembrancer.

"I have received a letter this morning from Lieutenant-Colonel Stanhope³ in Scotland, who is stark mad for the rank of colonel, which rank I may say he deserves at least as well as some who have it. He tells me that there is now a regiment vacant by the death of Colombine, and a place of aide-de-camp to the king likewise vacant. As he thinks (whether right or not I can't tell) that he has been deceived by Lord Harrington, he

¹ An allusion to the twins of Leda, Castor and Polydeuces, and the constellation named from them, the Gemini, the tutelar deities of sailors.

² "Newcastle Papers," 32,709, f. 15.

This refers to the want of agreement between Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle. "Lord Chesterfield told me that Mr. Pelham and the duke now conversed only through Mr. Stone, being apt to fall into a passion when they conversed together; that they would surely break, if Mr. Pelham did not think it would be the ruin of them both; that Mr. Pelham's only concern was that he might not be personally attacked in the House of Commons; and that, provided he was not made the object there, he was easy."—*Diary of Lord Marchmont*, Oct. 27, 1747, p. 223.

³ Cousin to Lord Chesterfield, and brother to the second Earl Stanhope.

will not apply for either through him, and relies singly upon my good offices, which I neither could nor would refuse him. I own I have his interest at heart a great deal more than my own, but as that may possibly be thought not saying much, I will add that there is no one thing which I have so much at heart as his preferment. . . .”

After stating the colonel's services :

“Pray tell the Duke of Newcastle that I most earnestly beg that he will endeavour to bring this about, as the greatest mark of friendship and favour that he can possibly give me ; that I rely upon him alone in it, and that I have mention'd it to no other mortal ; that if he thinks it would be of any use, he may lay it before the duke as my most humble and earnest request, and the only one I will trouble him with. In short, I beg that you will often put him in mind, that this is the thing which *iterum atque iterum rogo, oro, postulo, flagito.*”¹

We shall presently see that the failure of the above very “earnest request,” again urged when Lord Chesterfield became secretary of state, was not without its consequences.

At the end of October Lord Chesterfield returned to town, and the circumstances under which he was induced to exchange his post of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland for that of secretary of state, and the causes of his so soon resigning

¹“ Newcastle Papers,” 32,709, f. 29.

it, are related in a long confidential talk with his friend, Lord Marchmont, who, in his diary, August, 1747, tells how that Lord Harrington, when he had resigned the year before, had done it in a manner "which had provoked the king beyond expression, so as never to forgive him."

That when Lord Chesterfield came from Ireland, where his conduct had quite softened the king to him, and particularly the letter he writ over here, whereby he put a stop to Lord Kildare's regiment and the other mob regiments, as he called them, the Duke of Newcastle had spoken to him of being secretary, if Lord Harrington quitted or was turned out; and that he had refused it, saying he would keep Ireland as long as he was in place, for he liked it, as it just answered Lord Shrewsbury's description: it had business enough to keep a man awake, and not enough to hinder him from sleeping; that thus things went on till his great illness obliged him to go to Bath, from whence he returned the last day of October; . . . that Lord Harrington, finding that Lord Sandwich from The Hague carried on a private correspondence with the Duke of Newcastle, resigned; that the Duke of Newcastle having asked the king who he thought of to succeed him, the king said he thought it must be Chesterfield, and asked if he would take the seals, for he was the fittest if he was willing; that "Mr. Pelham told him he must accept, or else

he could not continue in ;” that for this reason he did accept of the seals, but desired to go in to the king alone ; that at this interview, “ Lord Chesterfield said he must take the liberty to capitulate with his Majesty, that as he came in to serve his Majesty and not himself, he desired that whenever he found his service either not agreeable, or not useful to him, he might take the liberty to resign the seals, without it being taken for an affront or disgust at the particular time, to which the king answered, ‘ Then take the seals, for I can believe you,’ which expression the king has often repeated with particular emphaticness ; that thus he came into this office, and continued in it with the satisfaction that being well received in the closet gives more than being ill received ; but that no real business was done ; there was no plan, and in differences of opinion the king bid them do what they thought fit, and continued very indolent, saying that it signified nothing, as his son, for whom he did not care a louse, was to succeed him, and would live long enough to ruin us all ; so that there was “ no government at all.”¹

That Lord Chesterfield had but little satisfaction in his new post, appears from his letters shortly after his appointment. To Madame de Monconseil, he writes on 2d December : “ Me voici donc tiré d’un poste honorable, lucratif, et dont les

¹ “ Diary of Hugh, Lord Marchmont,” pp. 182-186.

fonctions ne prenoient pas trop sur le tems que j'aime à donner aux douceurs de la société, ou même de la paresse. J'y avois en même tems loisir et dignité, au lieu qu'à present je me trouve placé sur un piédestal public, dans un certain point de vue, que ma figure, qui comme vous le savez bien, n'est nullement colossale, ne pourra guères soutenir, et accablé par-dessus le marché d'un travail également au-dessus des forces de mon corps, et de mon esprit. Faut-il donc me féliciter, ou ne faut-il pas plutôt me plaindre?" ¹

To his son, on December 9th: "The post I am now in, though the object of most people's views and desires, was in some degree inflicted upon me; and a certain concurrence of circumstances obliged me to engage in it; but I feel that it requires more strength of body and mind than I have, to go through with it." ²

In a letter to Doctor Madden,³ December 12th, he says: "A concurrence of circumstances has obliged me to change an easy for a laborious employment, in which, too, I fear, it will be much

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 186.

² "Letters," i. p. 56.

³ Samuel Madden, D. D., was born in Dublin, December, 1686, and became rector of Drummully, near Newtown Butler, County Fermanagh, in 1721. He assisted Prior in the establishment of the Dublin Society, and it was mainly through his influence that a charter of incorporation was obtained for it. He contributed annually £130, and after some years, £300 in premiums, awarded by the society for the encouragement of manufactures, etc. He died at Manor Waterhouse (Fermanagh), December, 1765.

less in my power to do good, than it was in my former. It may seem vain to say so, but I will own that I thought I could, and began to hope that I should, do some good in Ireland. I flattered myself that I had put jobs a little out of fashion, and your own manufactures a little in fashion, and that I had in some degree discouraged the pernicious and beastly practice of drinking, with many other pleasing visions of public good. At least I am sure I was earnest in my wishes, and would have been assiduous in my endeavours for it. Fortune, chance, or Providence, call it which you will, has removed me from you, and has assigned me another destination; but has not, I am sure, changed my inclinations, my wishes, or my efforts, upon occasion, for the interest and prosperity of Ireland; and I shall always retain the truest affection for, and remembrance of, that country; I wish I could say, of that rich, flourishing, and industrious nation. I hope it will in time be so, and I even think it makes some progress that way, though not so quick as I could wish; but, however, there are righteous enough to save the city, and the examples of you, and many of your friends, will, I hope, prove happily and beneficially contagious.”¹

The first letter in Lord Chesterfield's familiar correspondence in 1747 is to his son, who was then at Lausanne; writing to him on the subject

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 188.

of amusements and pleasures, on the 24th February :

“ Nombre de jeunes gens se livrent à des plaisirs qu'ils ne goûtent point, parceque, par abus, ils ont le nom de plaisirs. Ils s'y trompent même, souvent, au point de prendre la débauche pour le plaisir. Avouëz que l'ivrognerie, qui ruine également la santé et l'esprit, est un beau plaisir. Le gros jeu, qui vous cause mille mauvaises affaires, qui ne vous laisse pas le sol, et qui vous donne tout l'air et les manières d'un possédé, est un plaisir bien exquis ; n'est ce pas ? La débauche des femmes, à la vérité, n'a guères d'autre suite, que de faire tomber le nez, ruiner la santé, et vous attirer, de tems en tems, quelques coups d'épée. Bagatelles que cela ! Voilà, cependant, le catalogue des plaisirs de la plupart des jeunes gens, qui ne raisonnent pas, par eux mêmes, et qui adoptent, sans discernement, ce qu'il plait aux autres d'appeller du beau nom de Plaisir. Je suis très persuadé que vous ne tomberez pas dans ces égaremens, et que, dans le choix de vos plaisirs, vous consulterez votre raison et votre goût.

“ La société des honnêtes gens, la table dans les bornes requises, un petit jeu qui amuse sans intérêt, et la conversation enjouée et galante des femmes de condition et d'esprit, sont les véritables plaisirs d'un honnête homme ; qui ne causent ni maladie, ni honte, ni repentir. Au lieu que tout ce qui va au delà, devient crapule, débauche,

fureur, qui, loin de donner du relief, décrédite, et déshonore.”¹

Writing to him again upon the same subject, 27th March: “Pleasure is the rock which most young people split upon; they launch out with crowded sails in quest of it, but without a compass to direct their course, or reason sufficient to steer the vessel; for want of which, pain and shame, instead of pleasure, are the returns of their voyage. Do not think that I mean to snarl at pleasure, like a Stoic, or to preach against it like a parson; no, I mean to point it out, and recommend it to you, like an Epicurean: I wish you a great deal; and my only view is to hinder you from mistaking it. . . .”

After frankly owning the follies and errors of his own youth, especially with respect to gaming, as a warning to his son: “Were I to begin the world again, with the experience which I now have of it, I would lead a life of real, not of imaginary, pleasure. I would enjoy the pleasures of the table, and of wine; but stop short of the pains inseparably annexed to an excess in either. I would not, at twenty years, be a preaching missionary of abstemiousness and sobriety; and I should let other people do as they would, without formally and sententiously rebuking them for it, but I would be most firmly resolved not to destroy my own faculties and constitution, in compliance

¹ “Letters,” i. p. 58.

to those who have no regard to their own. I would play to give me pleasure, but not to give me pain ; that is, I would play for trifles, in mixed companies, to amuse myself, and conform to custom : but I would take care not to venture for sums, which, if I won, I should not be the better for, but, if I lost, should be under a difficulty to pay ; and, when paid, would oblige me to retrench in several other articles. Not to mention the quarrels which deep play commonly occasions. . . .

“I have not mentioned the pleasures of the mind (which are the solid and permanent ones), because they do not come under the head of what people commonly call pleasures, which they seem to confine to the senses. The pleasure of virtue, of charity, and of learning, is true and lasting pleasure ; which I hope you will be well and long acquainted with.”¹

His next letter, on April 3d, deserves attention on account of its wit : “If I am rightly informed, I am now writing to a fine gentleman, in a scarlet coat laced with gold, a brocade waistcoat, and all other suitable ornaments. The natural partiality of every author for his own works makes me very glad to hear that Mr. Harte has thought this last edition of mine worth so fine a binding ; and, as he has bound it in red, and gilt it upon the back, I hope he will take care that it shall be lettered too. A showish binding attracts the eyes, and

¹ “Letters,” i. p. 61.

engages the attention of everybody ; but with this difference, that women, and men who are like women, mind the binding more than the book ; whereas men of sense and learning immediately examine the inside, and, if they find that it does not answer the finery on the outside, they throw it by with the greater indignation and contempt. I hope that, when this edition of my works shall be opened and read, the best judges will find connection, consistency, solidity, and spirit in it. Mr. Harte may *recensere* and *emendare*, as much as he pleases ; but it will be to little purpose, if you do not coöperate with him. The work will be imperfect."

After thanking him for an account he had given of the salt-works : "But, notwithstanding that, by your account, the Swiss salt is (I dare say) very good, yet I am apt to suspect that it falls a little short of the true Attic salt, in which there was a peculiar quickness and delicacy. That same Attic salt seasoned almost all Greece, except Bœotia ; and a great deal of it was exported afterward to Rome, where it was counterfeited by a composition called urbanity, which in some time was brought to very near the perfection of the original Attic salt. The more you are powdered with these two kinds of salt, the better you will keep, and the more you will be relished." ¹

In a letter of the 14th April, urging attention

¹ "Letters," i. p. 64.

to whatever he is about, whether business or pleasure, he says :

“A man is fit for neither business nor pleasure, who either cannot, or does not, command and direct his attention to the present object, and, in some degree, banish, for that time, all other objects from his thoughts. If at a ball, a supper, or a party of pleasure, a man were to be solving, in his own mind, a problem in Euclid, he would be a very bad companion, and make a very poor figure in that company ; or if, in studying a problem in his closet, he were to think of a minuet, I am apt to believe that he would make a very poor mathematician. There is time enough for everything in the course of the day, if you do but one thing at once ; but there is not time enough in the year, if you will do two things at a time.

“The Pensionary de Witt, who was torn to pieces in the year 1672, did the whole business of the republic, and yet had time left to go to assemblies in the evening, and sup in company. Being asked how he could possibly find time to go through so much business, and yet amuse himself in the evenings as he did, he answered : ‘There was nothing so easy ; for that it was only doing one thing at a time, and never putting off anything till to-morrow that could be done to-day.’ This steady and undissipated attention to one object is a sure mark of a superior genius, as

hurry, bustle, and agitation are the never failing symptoms of a weak and frivolous mind.”¹

Lord Chesterfield, having succeeded in obtaining for his friend Mr. Dayrolles the post of king’s resident at The Hague, writes to him on the 4th May :

“MR. RESIDENT :—I have finished your affair this morning ; it went easy, and you must go very soon. Come to town immediately upon the receipt of this, and wind up your own private bottoms as well as you can in the meantime, for you must go on Friday. *Je vous en félicite. Adieu !*”²

The following letter to Mr. Prior, on the 6th May, is only another instance of Lord Chesterfield’s continued good-will to Ireland :

¹“Letters,” i. p. 66.

²“Letters,” iii. p. 198. Horace Walpole mentions this appointment in his usual satirical way : “I have no other event to tell you but the promotion of a new brother of yours. I condole with you, for they have literally sent one Dayrolles resident to Holland, under Lord Sandwich,—

. . . “*partes mimum tractare secundas.*”¹

This curious minister has always been a led-captain to the Dukes of Grafton and Richmond ; used to be sent to auctions for them, and to walk in the park with their daughters, and once went dry-nurse to Holland with them. He has belonged, too, a good deal to my Lord Chesterfield, to whom, I believe, he owes this new honour ;” he then refers to Dayrolles having been black rod in Ireland, as to which see vol. i. p. 332. — *Letter to Mann, May 19, 1747.*

¹“Horat. Epist.,” I. xviii. 14.

“MY GOOD FRIEND :— I have been long in your debt, and am ashamed of it ; but I am sure you do me too much justice to suspect me of either fraud or negligence. The truth is, that I have as little command of time as many people have of money, and, though my intentions are honest, I am often forced by necessity to be a very bad paymaster.

“I desire that the Dublin Society will dispose of the trifle that I gave them in the manner they shall think proper. They are the best judges, and have shown themselves so by all their past conduct. They have done more good to Ireland, with regard to arts and industry, than all the laws that could have been formed ; for, unfortunately, there is a perverseness in our natures which prompts us to resist authority, though otherwise inclined enough to do the thing, if left to our choice. Invitation, example, and fashion, with some premiums attending them, are, I am convinced, the only methods of bringing people in Ireland to do what they ought to do ; and that is the plan of your society.

“I am glad to find that your paper manufacture goes on so well ; if it does but once take root with you, I am sure it will flourish, for it is the beginning only of things that is difficult with you. You want stock to set out with, and patience for the returns ; but when once the profit begins to be felt, you will go on as well as any people in the world.

“I am surprised that the high duty upon glass here, and the suspension of the manufacture of it in some degree, has not encouraged you to apply yourselves to that part of trade, in which I am sure the profits would be very considerable; and your making your own bottles might be some little degree of equivalent for what emptying of bottles costs you. I wish every man in Ireland were obliged to make as many bottles as he empties, and your manufacture would be a flourishing one indeed.

“I am very glad to hear that your linen board is to give out no more flaxseed, but only premiums for the raising of it; for that same flaxseed was the seed of corruption, which throve wonderfully in the soil of particular people and produced jobs one hundred fold. . . .”

After thanking him for having sent some “extremely good stuff:”

“I should not be the friend that I really am to Ireland, if I were not so to you, who deserve so well of your country. I know few people who, like you, employ both their time and their fortunes in doing public good, without the thoughts or expectations of private advantage; when I say advantage, I mean it in the common acceptance of the word, which, thanks to the virtue of the times, implies only money; for otherwise your advantage is very considerable, from the conscious-

ness of the good you do, — the greatest advantage which an honest mind is capable of enjoying. May you long enjoy it, with health, the next happiness to it!"¹

We must now consider Lord Chesterfield's position as secretary of state. His motive for accepting that post in exchange for an employment which he had filled in a manner which had procured him the love and almost the adoration of the people of Ireland, was his hope of being able to bring about his favourite object, a safe and honourable peace. While lord lieutenant, he was, as we have seen, on the most cordial terms with the Duke of Newcastle; but no sooner did he accept the seals than the same jealousy of power on the duke's part, which had led to Lord Harrington's resignation, began to prevail. It was with the hope of facilitating a peace, overtures for which were made by France, that Lord Chesterfield had sent Mr. Dayrolles to The Hague; but his views and intentions were frustrated by the secret correspondence between Lord Sandwich, our plenipotentiary at The Hague, and the Duke of Newcastle; which, as it was no secret to the world, was a just cause of offence to Lord Chesterfield, as an encroachment upon his department.²

And although, by his insinuating manners, Lord

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 198.

² See letter from Mr. Fox to Sir C. H. Williams, Coxe's "Pelham Administration."

Chesterfield had brought the king to civility, familiarity, and perhaps liking to his conversation, he seems never to have thoroughly regained his favour. One occasion, however, is recorded where the earl obtained his purpose by his ready wit. Waiting on the king with a commission ready to be filled up in favour of a person to whom his Majesty was greatly averse, the king angrily refused, saying, "I would rather have the devil." "With all my heart," replied Lord Chesterfield; "I only beg leave to put your Majesty in mind, that the commission is indited to our right trusty and right well-beloved cousin." The king laughed, and said, "My lord, do as you please."¹

Lord Sandwich had at this time come home on leave of absence, and in a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, on June 2d, Lord Chesterfield says:

"Lord Sandwich, who arrived this morning, spoke very well of you to me, and did not discover the least discontent at your mission. I am in a great hurry to-night, and can add nothing more now, than that I am most truly and affectionately yours."²

Mr. Dayrolles's "mission" was not, however, approved of; for in his next letter to him, on June 9th, Lord Chesterfield writes:

"I have long thought that the Duke of New-

¹ Maty, p. 324.

² "Letters," iii. p. 201.

castle and Bentinck had a secret correspondence, in which I believe they have now engaged Sandwich. This latter, I have now found out, is much displeased at your being sent to The Hague; but you need not mind it; he shall not be able to hurt you, and on your part don't give him the least cause to complain, nor let him see that you know he is displeased with your being at The Hague."¹

Writing again, on June 16th, he says:

"Far from disliking the dissolution of the Parliament, I approved of, and promoted it, as much as anybody, and do think it a very right measure, as will appear, I dare say, by the majority which we shall have in the new one. Our enemies have not time to work, nor money to work with, as they would have had if this Parliament had died a year hence of a natural death.

"The news of Lord Sandwich succeeding me was put into the public papers here, whether by design or ignorance I don't know. Many people, I believe, think that my brother will wear out my patience, as indeed he has most people's; but as I have a good deal, I may hold out longer than people think. Besides that, things may mend."²

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 201.

² "Letters," iii. p. 203. Horace Walpole, writing to Mann, June 5th, says: "Don't be more frightened at hearing the Parliament is to be dissolved in a fortnight, than you are obliged to be as a good minister. . . . There are rumours of changes to attend its exit. People imagine Lord Chesterfield is to quit, but I know no other grounds for this belief, than that they conclude

In a letter to the Bishop of Waterford on June 18th, after inquiring about the linen manufacture, etc. :

“I wish my country people, for I look upon myself as an Irishman still, would but attend half as much to those useful objects, as they do to the glory of the militia and the purity of their claret. Drinking is a most beastly vice in every country, but it is really a ruinous one to Ireland ; nine gentlemen in ten in Ireland are impoverished by the great quantity of claret, which, from mistaken notions of hospitality and dignity, they think it necessary should be drunk in their houses ; this expense leaves them no room to improve their estates, by proper indulgence upon proper conditions to their tenants, who must pay them to the full, and upon the very day, that they may pay their wine-merchants.

“There was a law, in one of the ancient governments, I have forgot which, that empowered a man to kill his wife if she smelt of wine. I most sincerely wish that there were a law in Ireland, and better executed than most laws are, to empower the wives to kill their husbands in the like case ; it would promote sobriety extremely, if the effects of conjugal affection were fully considered.

the Duke of Newcastle must be jealous of him by this time. Lord Sandwich is looked upon as his successor, whenever it shall happen.”

"Do you grow fat? Are Mrs. Chenevix and your children all well? Are you as cheerful and as happy as your good conscience ought to make you? I hope them all; for upon my word, nobody loves and values you more than

"Your faithful friend and servant." ¹

From this time until his retirement, Lord Chesterfield's letters to his confidential correspondent, Mr. Dayrolles, are full of complaints of delays and indecision on the part of his "brother" minister, the Duke of Newcastle, who veered from peace to war, from war to peace. There was a scheme of taking thirty thousand Russians into the joint pay of the Dutch and English; "but upon mature and wise deliberation, it was thought proper to put off this affair to wait for events *en attendant*, which, God knows, in my mind, we have done but too long already." His opinion was for taking the Russians immediately; "because you know, that while we are in war, I am for making it vigorously, and with superior force, and not consuming ourselves, by inferior and ineffectual armies." ²

"I wish I could see a plan for either a vigorous war or a tolerable peace, or rather, a plan eventually for each. . . . All this *entre nous* absolutely; for I meddle very little; I execute orders quietly,

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 205.

² "Letters," iii. pp. 206-209.

and give no advice. . . . By this conduct I am better and better every day in the closet.

“Lord Sandwich embarks for Holland on Sunday night, or Monday morning at farthest. . . . Upon my soul we shall be undone if we have not a peace, for I am sure we should not carry on the war better next year than we have done this. Give the Austrians what we please, they will always be grossly deficient; and let the Dutch take what vigorous resolutions they please, I fear they have not the means of enforcing them. Our means fall short, and our capacity still shorter. *Nous ne sommes pas montés sur le ton de conquête*. However, don’t declare your opinion either way where you are; but speak cautiously and doubtfully. Sandwich I know has instructions from the Duke of Newcastle to watch you carefully; he goes back much puzzled between his Grace and me; he would be well with both, and sees that it is impossible. The Duke of Newcastle has, I believe, shown him my place *en perspective*, which possibly it may not be in his Grace’s power to dispose of.”¹

“What our real sentiments are here it is impossible for me to tell you; they vary so often. We have no plan for either war or peace; the least favourable event inclines us to the former, the least check to the latter, so that we are always either at the top or at the bottom of the house, and the middle floor is always to be let! . . .

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 211. July 17th.

"I send Lord Sandwich, by this post, his credentials of ambassador, which he has long solicited, but which he is neither to present nor mention till he receive further orders ; therefore, don't you seem to know anything at all of it. Far from having drawn up his own instructions, I can hardly say that he has any ; such is our indecision still." ¹

"I informed you wrong in my last when I told you I should by that post send Lord Sandwich his credentials of ambassador, for when I carried them afterward to the king he would not '*pour un diable*' sign them, but has indeed allowed him the full appointment. Don't mention a word of this. If Lord Sandwich does not think proper to speak to you about business, don't seem to observe it, but go on *tout de suite*." ²

"I don't at all wonder at Lord Sandwich's proceeding with you, as it is conformable to his conduct with regard to me. His lordship has for some time made his option between the Duke of Newcastle and myself, and I suppose thinks he has chose the best, in which however he may some time or other find himself mistaken. . . . But I take no notice of it, and I advise you to do so too. Their great point is to prevent any peace at all, the Prince of Orange thinking as vainly that the

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 215. July 31st. It had been reported at The Hague that Lord Sandwich had the sole framing of his instructions.

² "Letters," iii. p. 217. August 11th.

republic has resources, as the Duke of Newcastle thinks that he has abilities to carry on the war. I let them go on quietly, being convinced that events will soon show who is in the right and who in the wrong. Pray do not upon any account discover the least dissatisfaction either with regard to yourself or to me, but remember that *Volto sciolto e pensieri stretti* are often very necessary in business.¹ The taking of the Russians is, in my mind, eventually a right step, provided we make the right use of it; that is, to treat seriously of peace, with force in our hands for war. For I am convinced, that everything that does not tend to a peace, is absurd, and will in the end prove fatal.”²

“I am concerned for the public, which I take to be in a very dangerous situation; as to myself in particular, I am extremely easy. I will continue in public life, while I can do it with honour; and, when I cannot, I shall enjoy private life with pleasure, and I hope some reputation. The republic talks and looks big, but neither does, nor, I fear, can act up to it. And how they will repel

¹ The origin of this expression — a favourite one with Chesterfield — is to be found in a letter of Sir Henry Wootton, prefixed to Milton’s “Comus,” which Sir Henry says was the advice given him by one Alberto Scipioni. *Signor Arrigo mio, I pensieri stretti, e il viso sciolto* will go safely over the whole world. “That is, as I used to translate it, ‘your thoughts close and your countenance loose.’” — *Milton’s Works*, by Todd, v. p. 192.

² “Letters,” iii. p. 220. August 25th.

the dangers of this year, by the force which they are to raise the next, I am at a loss to discover.”¹

“If they mean, by my having nothing to say at court, that my opinion does not prevail there, they are very much in the right; and I should be very sorry that the measures which do prevail should be supposed to be mine. A little time, I fear, will show the fatal consequences of them. The stake now played for is no less than the republic itself; and I see no better prospect of either better cards, or better play next year, than, to our cost, we have seen this.”²

“I have just now received your letter of the 31st instant, N. S. The news which you mention to be sent from hence to your little court is, I believe, wished there to be true, and possibly I wish it more myself than anybody else does; but yet I will say that it is in nobody’s power, but my own, to verify it. How soon I may choose to do it, I cannot now determine; but this I know, that you judge very right in thinking that it must be very disagreeable to tug at the oar with one who cannot row, and yet will be paddling so as to hinder you from rowing. I think I have had a great deal of patience already, and how much longer it will hold, God knows; to do any good, I would bear a great deal, but as I find that impossible, and that we are to be ruined by incapacity, I do not much care

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 224. September 22d.

² “Letters,” iii. p. 226. October 2d.

to share in the reproach when I know I am free from the guilt." ¹

"Your politics in Holland are above my comprehension, as well as ours here. In pursuit of chimerical and unattainable views, we are running into certain ruin. Heat, prejudice, and obstinacy hurry you on in Holland; incapacity leads or rather misleads here. But enough of this and *entre nous* only. Je suis bien las de tout ceci et serois bien aise d'une bonne occasion de me sauver d'une galère sans pilote, et battue de vents contraires. Adieu, mon cher enfant." ²

And on January 12, 1748, he says: "Whether the tone of that court be peace or war, it differs only in point of time; for a peace there will necessarily be; if prudence makes it soon, it will be so much the better; but if sanguine folly delays it, necessity will, before it is long, make it, and make a damned bad one. We have not nor cannot have any force to look the French in the face with, till the middle of the campaign; before which time they will have struck their stroke, and the republic will beg, instead of refusing a peace." ³

Reports having reached Holland of Lord Chesterfield's intended resignation, which Mr. Dayrolles was unwilling to believe without confirmation from himself, Lord Chesterfield writes on

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 229. October 23d

² "Letters," iii. p. 230. November 17th.

³ "Letters," iii. p. 235.

January 26th: "Neither the state of foreign nor domestic affairs will permit me to continue much longer in my present situation. I cannot go on writing orders, of which I see and foretell the fatal tendency. I can no longer take my share of either the public indignation or contempt on account of measures in which I have no share. I can no longer continue in a post in which it is well known that I am but a *Commis*; and in which I have not been able to do any one service to any one man, though ever so meritorious, lest I should be supposed to have any power and my colleague not the whole. And lastly, I tell you very truly, I long for rest and quiet, equally necessary to my present state both of body and mind. Could I do any good, I would sacrifice some more quiet to it; but, convinced as I am that I can do none, I will indulge my ease, and preserve my character."

He gives another reason for disgust of business, "which is, that in this country one must, for political reasons, frequently prefer the most unworthy to the most worthy, and prostitute to importunity and undeserving greediness the rewards of merits. . . .

"Do not think neither that I mean a sullen retirement from the world; on the contrary, my retreat from business will give me both more time and better spirits for the enjoyment of social life, from which I will never withdraw myself." ¹

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 236.

There was another circumstance which determined Lord Chesterfield's resignation. We have seen how earnestly he had solicited the rank of colonel for George Stanhope.¹ On coming into office, he endeavoured to obtain this promotion for his relative through the influence of Lady Yarmouth, whose good-will he gained, and had all the help she could give; but, in the end, it failed entirely, for the king gave away five regiments, and made two aids-de-camp, with the rank of colonel, always omitting the name of Stanhope; and though Lord Chesterfield was not inclined to take this affair in a high way, he said "he saw that it was done to show that he had no credit, and to tell everybody not to apply to him if they wanted anything."²

On February 9th he writes :

"*Le sort est jetté* : you receive this letter from a sincere friend, but not from a secretary of state ; and I know you to be so true a friend too, that I am sure you value it more in the former character than in the latter. Last Saturday I resigned the seals into the king's hands, who parted with me in the most gracious manner possible. My health, my spirits, and my character, all concurred in this measure, and made it absolutely necessary for me. I retire without any personal quarrel with any man

¹ *Ante*, p. 7.

² "Diary of Lord Marchmont," pp. 225, 263. Letter from Mr. Fox to Sir C. H. Williams, Coxe, "Pelham Administration."

whatsoever ; and if I disapproved of measures, it was by no means upon account of their authors. Far from engaging in opposition, as resigning ministers too commonly do, I shall, to the utmost of my powers, support the king and his government ; which I can do with more advantage to them, and more honour to myself, when I do not receive £5,000 a year for doing it. I shall now, for the first time in my life, enjoy that philosophical quiet, which, upon my word, I have long wished for. While I was able, that is, while I was young, I lived in a constant dissipation and tumult of pleasures ; the hurry and plague of business, either in or out of court, succeeded, and continued till now. And it is now time to think of the only real comforts in the latter end of life, quiet, liberty, and health. Do not think, by the way, that by quiet and retirement I mean solitude and misanthropy ; far from it, my philosophy, as you know, is of a cheerful and social nature. My horse, my books, and my friends will divide my time pretty equally ; I shall not keep less company, but only better, for I shall choose it. Therefore do not fear finding me, whenever you take a little turn here, morose and cynical. On the contrary, you will find me as gentle as a dove ; but, alas ! not so amorous. At least, whatever else you find me, you will always find me with the truest affection,

“Yours.”¹

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 238.

And in a letter of the same date, enclosing the above, he says :

“As you will be asked a million of questions about my resignation, I have wrote you the letter in which this goes enclosed, by way of brief for you to talk out of ; and moreover, you may if you please (though with some seeming difficulty), show the letter itself to the curious. Various and absurd reports will, I know, be stirring upon this event ; I cannot help that, and must pay that tax as well as other people. One of those reports I am sure will be, and indeed in some measure already is, that my ambition was boundless, and that because I could not be everything, I would be nothing ; to which I shall only answer, that if such were my ambition, staying in court was a much more likely way of gratifying it than going out ; and that my chance was far from being a bad one, if I would have tried it, as an ambitious man certainly would have done. But upon my word, I gave you my true motives in my former letter, I told them to my friends here likewise, and as for the rest of the world, they are welcome to refine and speculate as much as ever they please for

“Yours sincerely.

“*Point de Vivacité !* Temper, Temper !

“The Duke of Newcastle has taken my department (in truth he had it before), and the new

secretary, whoever he shall be, will have the Southern. The difficulty is where to get one; some talk of the Duke of Bedford, to hold it till Lord Sandwich can come from the Congress; but nobody is yet fixed.

“Whoever it shall be, I will venture to prophesy that he will not agree with his colleagues so long as I did.”¹

To his son also Lord Chesterfield wrote on the same day, and to him, at all events, he no doubt expressed his real feelings: “You will receive this letter, not from a secretary of state, but from a private man; for whom at this time of life, quiet was as fit, and as necessary, as labour and activity are for you at your age, and for many years still to come. I resigned the seals, last Saturday, to the king; who parted with me most graciously, and (I may add, for he said so himself) with regret. As I retire from hurry to quiet, and to enjoy at my ease the comforts of private and social life, you will easily imagine that I have no thoughts of opposition, or meddling with business. *Otium cum dignitate* is my object. The former I now enjoy; and I hope that my conduct and character entitle me to some share of the latter. In short, I am now happy; and I found that I could not be so in my former public situation.”²

Whatever may have been Lord Chesterfield’s

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 240.

² “Letters,” i. p. 105.

inward feelings, he took his leave of public life with dignity, and with that evenly balanced temper and perfect self-control which had become habitual to him ; and to show that he did not retire in ill-humour, he procured a seat at the board of admiralty for his brother, John Stanhope. At parting, the king offered him a dukedom, which, with his usual good sense, he declined.¹ From this time, although Lord Chesterfield continued to take an interest in foreign and domestic politics, he virtually retired from the strife of parties ; and except on the occasions of bringing in his bill for the reformation of the calendar, and when he interposed as a mediator, he rarely took part in public affairs. During the remainder of his life, therefore, we shall view him as a philosophical observer of the events of his time ; watching over, and assisting the advancement of his son ; amusing his leisure with the building and adornment of his house in London and his villa at Blackheath ; and finally, after the death of his son, finding fresh interest and occupation in the instruction of his godson and heir, who succeeded him in the earldom.

Lord Chesterfield had been for some time engaged in the building of his house in London,

¹ Although, during his tenure of office, he had never touched a card, it is stated that on the very evening of the day that he resigned, he went to White's and resumed his habits of play.—*Maty*, pp. 183, 186.

which still bears his name. In a letter to Madame de Monconseil, he writes: "Une société aimable est, à la longue, la plus grande douceur de la vie, et elle ne se trouve que dans les capitales. C'est sur ce principe que je me ruine actuellement à bâtir une assex belle maison ici, qui sera finie à la Française, avec force sculptures et dorures."¹

And to Mr. Dayrolles: "My only amusement is my new house, which has now taken some form, both within and without. There is but one disagreeable circumstance that attends it, which is the expense."²

Shortly after his resignation, Lord Chesterfield went to Bath, whence he writes to his son on February 16th: "The first use that I made of my liberty was to come hither, where I arrived yesterday.³ My health, though not fundamentally bad, yet for want of proper attention of late, wanted some repairs which these waters never fail giving it. I shall drink them a month, and return to London, there to enjoy the comforts of social life instead of groaning under the load of business. I

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 214. 31 Juillet, 1747.

² "Letters," iii. p. 225. 22 Sept., 1747.

³ Horace Walpole, writing to Mann, Feb. 16, tells him "that my Lord Chesterfield has resigned the seals, that the Duke of Newcastle has changed his province, and that the Duke of Bedford is the new secretary of state. . . . Lord Chesterfield, who, I believe, had no quarrel but with his partner, is gone to Bath and his youngest brother, John Stanhope, comes into the admiralty, where Sandwich is now first lord."

have given the description of the life that I propose to lead for the future in this motto, which I have put up in the frieze of my library, in my new house :

“*Nunc veterum libris nunc somno et inertibus horis
Ducere sollicitæ jucunda obliviam vitæ.*”¹

I must observe to you upon this occasion that the uninterrupted satisfaction which I expect to find in that library will be chiefly owing to my having employed some part of my life well at your age. I wish I had employed it better, and my satisfaction would now be complete ; but, however, I planted while young that degree of knowledge which is now my refuge and my shelter. Make your plantations still more extensive ; they will more than pay you for your trouble.”

The following concluding words of this letter express Lord Chesterfield’s hopes and fears for his son, whose improvement and advancement became now his chief and almost his only care. We shall see in the course of his correspondence how far those hopes and fears were destined to be realised and disappointed.

“I have now but one anxiety left, which is concerning you. I would have you be what I know nobody is, perfect. As that is impossible, I would have you as near perfection as possible. I know nobody in a fairer way toward it than yourself, if

¹ “*Horatii Sat.*,” ii. 6, 61.

you please. Never were so much pains taken for anybody's education as for yours, and never had anybody those opportunities of knowledge and improvement which you have had and still have. I hope, I wish, I doubt, and I fear alternately. This only I am sure of, — that you will prove either the greatest pain or the greatest pleasure of

“Yours.”¹

Writing to him again on the 22d February: “Every excellency and every virtue has its kindred vice or weakness, and, if carried beyond certain bounds, sinks into the one or the other. Generosity often runs into profusion, economy into avarice, courage into rashness, caution into timidity, and so on ; insomuch, that I believe there is more judgment required for the proper conduct of our virtues than for avoiding their opposite vices. Vice, in its true light, is so deformed that it shocks us at first sight, and would hardly ever seduce us if we did not at first wear the mask of some virtue. But virtue is in itself so beautiful that it charms us at first sight, engages us more and more upon further acquaintance, and, as with other beauties, we think excess impossible, it is here that judgment is necessary to moderate and direct the effects of an excellent cause.”²

Lord Chesterfield stayed some time at Bath,

¹ “Letters,” i. p. 108.

² “Letters,” i. p. 112.

where, he says, in a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, February 23d, he had gone more for the sake of quiet and absence from London than for any great occasion he had for the waters.

“Without affectation I feel most sensibly the comforts of my present free and quiet situation; and if I had much vanity in my composition, of which I really think that I have less than most people, even that vanity would be fully gratified by the voice of the public upon this occasion. But, upon my word, all the busy, tumultuous passions have subsided in me, and that not so much from philosophy as from a little reflection upon a great deal of experience. I have been behind the scenes both of pleasure and business. I have seen all the coarse pullies and dirty ropes which exhibit and move all the gaudy machines; and I have seen and smelt the tallow candles which illuminate the whole decoration, to the astonishment and admiration of the ignorant audience.

“Since my resignation, my brother,¹ as you will have seen in the newspapers, is appointed commissioner of the admiralty, which he never would have been as long as I had continued in, the resolution being taken to exclude all those who might otherwise have been supposed to have come in upon my interest. As I retire without quarrelling and without the least intention to oppose, I saw no reason why my brother should decline this

¹ *Ante*, p. 35.

post ; and I advised him to accept of it, and the rather, as it was the king's own doing.

"George Stanhope,¹ too, I am told, is now to have the rank of colonel given him, which I could never procure him, so that it seems I have a much better interest out of place than I had in."²

And in a letter to the Bishop of Waterford, 1st March :

"I thank you for your kind letter, by which I am glad to find that you approve of my resignation, and of my resolution to enjoy the comforts of a private life ; indeed, I had enough both of the pageantry and hurry of public life to see their futility, and I withdraw from them, *uti conviviva satur*.³ This conviction from experience secured me from regret ; those who have only seen the gaudy outside of great stations languish for their hidden charms, which in my mind soon satiate after possession.⁴ . . .

"I have been here now a fortnight, and have found good by the waters, not that I had any great occasion for them ; but, to say the truth, I came here chiefly to be out of the way of being

¹ *Ante*, pp. 6, 31.

² "Letters," iii. p. 243.

³ *Cedat uti conviviva satur.* — *Horat. Sat.*, i. 1. 119.

⁴ "When I had the honour to see Lord Chesterfield some time after his resignation, one reason he told me why he was glad he had resigned, was because it was very difficult, in the public station he was in, to be entirely free from doing things that were not quite right." — *Note by the Bishop of Waterford.*

talked to and talked of while my resignation was the only object of conversation in town." ¹

In a letter to David Mallet, March 9th, he says :

"By this time I suppose that I am a little out of fashion as a subject of political refinements, and that new matter has shoved me off the coffee-house tables. I own I should not have been sorry to have heard, unseen, the various speculations thrown out and facts asserted concerning myself of late ; which I dare say were full as near the truth as those will be which some solid historians of these times will transmit to posterity. Not one of them will allow the desire of ease and quiet to have had the least share in my determination, but, on the contrary, will assert that it was only the pretence of disappointed ambition. Lord Chesterfield would be Cæsar or nothing, says a spirited politician ; there is something more in this affair than we yet know, says a deeper ; he expects to be called again, says a third ; while the silent pantomimical politician shrugs at everything eventually, and is sure not to be disproved at last. They are all welcome ; let them account for my present situation how they please. This I know and they do not, that I feel and enjoy the comfort of it."

And after saying that he had spoken to Mr. Pelham concerning him, "Our conversation ended, as all those conversations do, with general assurances on his part that he would do for you when

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 245.

he could. None but he who gives these assurances can know the real value of them; for he could not say more if he meant to realise them, and he would not say less if he did not; all that I can say is, that he shall not want a remembrancer."¹

Writing to his son on the same day, recommending him to sacrifice to the Graces,² he says:

"The different effects of the same things, said or done, when accompanied or abandoned by them, is almost inconceivable. They prepare the way to the heart, and the heart has such an influence over the understanding that it is worth while to engage it in our interest. It is the whole of women, who are guided by nothing else; and it has so much to say, even with men, and the ablest men, too, that it commonly triumphs in every struggle with the understanding. Monsieur de la Rochefoucauld, in his "Maxims," says, that *l'esprit est souvent la dupe du cœur*. If he had said, instead of *souvent*, *presque toujours*, I fear he would have been nearer the truth.³ This being the case, aim

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 246.

² Plato used to say to Xenocrates, the philosopher, who had a morose and unpolished manner, "Good Xenocrates, sacrifice to the Graces." Plutarch, "Life of Caius Marius." Clarendon says of Prince Maurice: "The prince never sacrificed to the Graces, nor conversed amongst men of quality, but had most used the company of ordinary and inferior men, with whom he loved to be very familiar."—*History of the Rebellion*.

³ The texts of La Rochefoucauld's maxims vary in different editions; but according to the best readings, this appears to

at the heart. Intrinsic merit alone will not do ; it will gain you the general esteem of all, but not the particular affection, that is, the heart of any. To engage the affection of any particular person, you must, over and above your general merit, have some particular merit to that person, by services done or offered ; by expressions of regard and esteem ; by complaisance, attentions, etc., for him ; and the graceful manner of doing all these things opens the way to the heart, and facilitates, or rather ensures, their effects. . . .

“A thousand little things, not separately to be defined, conspire to form these Graces, this *je ne sais quoi*, that always pleases. A pretty person, genteel motions, a proper degree of dress, an harmonious voice, something open and cheerful in the countenance, but without laughing, a distinct and properly varied manner of speaking ; all these things, and many others, are necessary ingredients in the composition of the pleasing *je ne sais quoi*, which everybody feels, though nobody can describe. Observe carefully, then, what displeases or pleases you in others, and be persuaded that, in general, the same thing will please or displease them in you.

“Having mentioned laughing, I must particularly warn you against it ; and I could heartily wish that you may often be seen to smile, but

be what he did say : Maxime cii., “L'esprit est toujours la dupe du cœur.” — *Edit. Aimé Martin, 1864.*

never heard to laugh while you live. Frequent and loud laughter is the characteristic of folly and ill manners. It is the manner in which the mob express their silly joy at silly things, and they call it being merry. In my mind there is nothing so illiberal, and so ill-bred, as audible laughter. True wit, or sense, never yet made anybody laugh; they are above it: they please the mind, and give a cheerfulness to the countenance. But it is low buffoonery, or silly accidents, that always excite laughter, and that is what people of sense and breeding should show themselves above. A man's going to sit down, in the supposition that he has a chair behind him, and falling down upon his breech for want of one, sets a whole company a laughing, when all the wit in the world would not do it; a plain proof, in my mind, how low and unbecoming a thing laughter is, not to mention the disagreeable noise that it makes, and the shocking distortion of the face that it occasions. Laughter is easily restrained by a very little reflection; but, as it is generally connected with the idea of gaiety, people do not enough attend to its absurdity. I am neither of a melancholy nor a cynical disposition, and am as willing, and as apt, to be pleased as anybody; but I am sure that, since I have had the full use of my reason, nobody has ever heard me laugh.¹

¹ Lord Chesterfield had the highest intellectual authorities for these opinions. Pope, "by no merriment, either of others or his

Many people, at first from awkwardness and *mauvaise honte*, have got a very disagreeable and silly trick of laughing whenever they speak, and I know a man of very good parts, Mr. Waller,¹ who cannot say the commonest thing without laughing, which makes those, who do not know him, take him at first for a natural fool."²

Soon after this, Lord Chesterfield returned to town, and writes to Mr. Dayrolles, March 22d: "I am now returned from the bath in a state of health, which I have not known for some years, and which is owing to quiet of mind and exercise of body. I am now master of my own time, and of my own motions. I do whatever I please, whenever I please, and am mightily pleased with it."

He goes on to tell that Charles Bentinck³ was come over to borrow twelve hundred thousand pounds, or at least a million sterling, without

own, was ever seen excited to laughter." Swift "stubbornly resisted any tendency to laughter."—*Johnson's Lives of the Poets*, iii. pp. 100, 193.

¹ "He was a very dull man, and spoke obscurely and in the meanest language, but was supposed to understand the revenue. Lord Chesterfield, who did not, but wished to do, went to Mr. Waller's at Beconsfield, for a fortnight, to be instructed, but Mr. Waller was so incapable of explaining what he knew that the earl, on his return, said he had been beating his head against a Wall — er." — *Walpole, MS. note*.

² "Letters," i. p. 118.

³ Count Bentinck, attached to the Prince of Orange, a man of "impetuous and impracticable temper."

which, he says that the republic must be inevitably ruined. When the king heard the purport of Charles's commission, he said, "Chesterfield told me six months ago that it would be so." After remarking upon the difficulty of obtaining such a loan, owing to the scarcity of money, he says: "If there is not a certainty of peace in three or four months at furthest, an entire stagnation of all credit, if not a bankruptcy, is universally expected."

In his next letter to Mr. Dayrolles, April 8th, he writes: "Here is a pamphlet come out, entitled 'My Apology,'¹ which I will send to my baron, with a bundle of other pamphlets, by the first opportunity, and he will show it you. It makes a very great noise here, as you will easily conceive that it must when you read it. Many people really believe, and many desire that it should be believed, to have been written by my direction at least; but, upon my word and honour, so far am I from having any hand directly or indirectly in

¹ "An Apology for a Late Resignation." London, 1748, 8vo. "It was generally believed to be written by Lord Marchmont in concert with Lord Chesterfield." — *MS. note by Walpole*, who also, in a letter to Mann, December 2, 1748, says that Lord Marchmont "was very near losing his place last winter, on being supposed the author of the famous apology for Lord Chesterfield's resignation." Lord Chesterfield's denial of any knowledge of the author was probably due in part to the fact to which he several times alludes in writing to Mr. Dayrolles, that his letters were opened at the post-office.

it, that I do not so much as guess at the author, though I have done all I could to fish him out." ¹

And writing again on 19th April, to Mr. Dayrolles, he says: "I am not yet able to guess who wrote my 'Apology,' which I am the more surprised at, as it must be somebody pretty well informed, all the facts being very near true. An answer to it is advertised, but not yet published. I am impatient to see it, that I may know, as I easily shall when I read it, whether it is written by order or not: if it is not, I shall not meddle with it; but, if it is, it shall have a reply." ²

At the end of this month, preliminaries of peace were signed at Aix-la-Chapelle, and hostilities were accordingly suspended. Lord Chesterfield, writing to Madame de Monconseil on 3d May, says: "Félicitons nous, madame, réciproquement de la paix faite. Je crois qu'elle nous convenoit aussi réciproquement; nous vous ruinions par mer, vous nous ruiniez par terre: vous faisiez des conquêtes sur terre dont vous n'aviez pas besoin, aux dépens de votre commerce, et de votre marine, pendant que nous prodiguions sur terre les fruits de l'un et de l'autre. Il n'a pas tenu à moi que cette paix ne se fût faite l'année

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 254.

² "Letters," iii. p. 257. "Was it probable that Lord Chesterfield would reply to the answer, if he had no hand in the first pamphlet?" — *Walpole's MS. note.*

dernière ; soyons plus sages à l'avenir, et restons bons amis." ¹

And writing more freely to Mr. Dayrolles at the same time :

"My prophecy, as you observe, was fulfilled *sonica*, which I heartily congratulate both you and myself upon, for, had not that part of my predictions come to pass in the moment that it did, the other part would, which was inevitable ruin. Had not the French politely signed the preliminaries when they did, but resolved to profit of the advantages which they had in their hands, we were undone. Most people here are astonished at the moderation of the French court, and cannot account for it from any known rules of policy. Deep and profound historians, who must assign some great and political cause for every event, will likewise, I believe, be at a loss to assign such a one for this. But I, who am apt to take things in a more simple light, and to seek for their causes more in the weaknesses than in the wisdom of mankind, account for it in this manner. The King of France is a quiet, unambitious prince, was weary of the war, and particularly of a camp life, which, as he had once adopted, he could not well lay aside while the war lasted. The French courtiers are not so unskilful as not to advise what they know their prince wishes, no matter whether it be consistent with, or contrary to, the

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 259.

public interest. This very principle, if you do but change the word peace to war, accounts likewise for our continuing the war so long after it was plain that we were not able to carry it on. But be the causes what they will, our escape is surely great in general, and the escapes of four people, in particular, are almost miraculous. The Duke of Cumberland has escaped defeat and disgrace. The Prince of Orange has escaped being deposed, and the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Sandwich, being ———. I do not therefore wonder in the least at the general joy, which you tell me is expressed at The Hague upon this occasion, from the princess and the baron, to the fisherman at Scheveling. Must not Bentinck now confess that either he lied like a tooth-drawer while he was here, or else that he knew nothing at all of the state of his own country? And must not Lord Sandwich confess himself a dupe, if he will not acknowledge himself to be something worse? . . .

“I believe the king will set out from hence next Saturday seven-night; I suppose that you will be at Helvoet to meet him, where I desire that you will be particularly attentive to do Lady Yarmouth any services that you can; she deserves them from us both, being much my friend, and yours.

“*Adieu, mon enfant: portez-vous bien.*”¹

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 261. Walpole, writing to Mann, April 29th,

Writing again to Mr. Dayrolles on May 13th, after saying that he is heartily glad that peace is made :

“ I was for making it sooner, and consequently better. I foresaw and foretold our weakness this campaign, and would have prevented, by a timely negotiation last October, those evident dangers to which it must necessarily expose us, and which we have escaped more by our good fortune than our wisdom. I may add, that my resignation made this peace, as it opened people’s eyes with relation to the imminent dangers of the war, and made the continuation of it too strong a measure for our minister to stand. As a proof of this, I resigned on the 6th of February last, and on the 9th Lord Sandwich had orders sent him to make the best peace that he could, but to make any rather than none. The republic is saved by it from utter ruin ; and England from bankruptcy.

“ The king sets out this night or to-morrow morning for Holland, attended only by Mr. Stone. It is given out that the Duke of Newcastle is to follow in three weeks ; but that is only given out, but not intended ; for I have reason to be pretty sure that he will not go at all.” ¹

says : “ Stocks rise ; the ministry are in high spirits, and *peu s’en faut*, but we shall admire this peace as our own doing. I believe two reasons that greatly advanced it are, the king’s wanting to go to Hanover, and the duke’s wanting to go into a salivation.”

¹ “ Letters,” iii. p. 263.

In a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, May 30th, cautioning him to avoid and seem ignorant of the cabals and intrigues by which the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Sandwich were endeavouring to throw upon the Prince of Orange all the blame with which the public had loaded them for not sooner bringing about terms of accommodation, he says :

“The Duke of Newcastle did certainly at first not intend to go abroad ; but when he perceived that it was generally suspected that he did not mean to go, and that it occasioned a great deal of talk and ridicule, he determined, much against his will, to *brusquer le passage de mer*, and certainly goes next week. *Il brillera bien dans les pays étrangers !*”¹

In his next letter to Mr. Dayrolles, on June 10th, he says :

“The Duke of Newcastle will be with you about the same time that this letter will ; he relies upon your doing everything for him at The Hague. You may easily guess what a hurry and bustle he will be in, in this beginning of his travels ;

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 270. The Duke of Newcastle appears to have had an extreme dread of the sea. Horace Walpole, writing to Mann, June 7th, says : “The Duke of Newcastle is not gone : he has kissed hands, and talks of going this week ; the time presses, and he has not above three days left to fall dangerously ill. There are a thousand wagers laid against his going ; he has hired a transport, for the yacht is not big enough to convey all the tables and chairs and conveniences that he trails along with him, and which he seems to think don’t grow out of England.”

therefore be officious about him, which you know he loves. But at the same time, *renfermez vous dans votre ignorance*, and tell him that you neither know nor meddle with anything out of your own sphere. And hint to him, likewise, that you hope that he will protect you against any attempts that may be made to remove you, and that you rely wholly upon his protection. This will flatter his silly vanity, and quiet his silly jealousy. . . .

"I am now extremely busy in moving to my new house, where I must be before Michaelmas next ; so that between my old house and my new one, I have really no house at all. As my new house is situated among a parcel of thieves and murderers, I shall have occasion for a house-dog ; and as madame's son and heir¹ puts you to expense of board-wages, it may be a conveniency to us both if you transfer him to me ; if you approve of this proposal, write to your gardener (Horace and Boileau both wrote to theirs) to send him to me ; and I will take care that, by your return, you shall have a hopeful son and heir of his to succeed him."²

Writing to Mr. Dayrolles, June 24th, Lord Chesterfield asks :

"Pray, how was Lady Yarmouth to you ? I suppose particularly civil : she has promised me

¹ A dog, which Mr. Dayrolles had named Baron Trenck, and whose arrival is mentioned in the next letter.

² "Letters," iii. p. 272.

to do you all the service that she can ; but that indeed is not much : I wish her power were equal to her good-will. . . .

"The mob in Holland, I see, has got the better, and abolished the farms ;¹ which will be attended with many inconveniences to the government, though the farms were attended with some relatively to the people. . . . But be it ever so good, any point, however right in itself, when extorted by the violence of the mob, is a dangerous precedent, and encourages those gentlemen to further demands, which at last can only be refused by regular force. And I prophesy that you will see, before you leave The Hague, the now quieted mob in motion again upon some other occasion.

"Baron Trenck arrived this morning, and seems to be a very civil gentleman. Your gardener, a man of gravity and dignity, assures me that his taste for mutton has left him ; and that there are few Surrey gentlemen so well behaved as he is ; which I can very easily believe."²

At the beginning of July, Lord Chesterfield went to Cheltenham, not on account of his health, which, at this time, he says, was pretty good, but for the dissipation and amusement of the journey ; and writing from that place, July 6th, to his son, who was then at Leipzig, respecting his studies

¹ "The taxes farmed and gathered by the excise-officers, called *Pachters*." — *Note by Mr. Dayrolles*.

² "Letters," iii. p. 274.

and diversions, he says : " All gaming, field-sports, and such sort of amusements, where neither the understanding nor the senses have the least share, I look upon as frivolous, and as the resources of little minds, who either do not think, or do not love to think." ¹

In a letter from Cheltenham to Mr. Dayrolles, July 18th, he says :

" I thank God I am out of the galley ; but, however, I wish it fair weather and a good voyage. I leave this place in two days for London. I have been here three weeks, and find myself much the better for the waters. In about a fortnight I shall go for a week to Lord Pembroke's, at Wilton, which will be my last excursion for this year, and then I shall settle in my new house, under the protection of Baron Trenck. I hope that by next summer, when peace shall have taken a certain consistency, you may get leave to make us both a visit. You will not, I believe, be sorry, and, upon my soul, I shall be glad." ²

Chesterfield House was now nearly completed, and in a letter to his son, after his return to town, July 26th, he says :

" I am very glad that Mr. Lyttelton approves of my new house, and particularly of my canonical pillars.³ My bust of Cicero is a very fine one,

¹ " Letters," i. p. 160.

² " Letters," iii. p. 278.

³ " James Brydges, Duke of Chandos, built a most magnifi-

and well preserved ; it will have the best place in my library, unless, at your return, you bring me over as good a modern head of your own ; which I should like still better. I can tell you that I shall examine it as attentively as ever antiquary did an old one.”¹

And writing to Madame de Monconseil, 30th July, he says :

“ Dans six semaines j’espère d’être établi, tant bien que mal, dans mon hôtel, où à la fin je serai bien logé. J’ai accommodé la plupart de mes chambres entièrement à la Française. J’ai une grande cour, et un grand jardin, deux choses très-rares dans cette ville, quoique très-communes à Paris. Enfin, venez la voir, madame ; il n’y a qu’un pas de chez vous ici, et j’ose vous assurer, qu’à l’exception de la bonne chère, de la bonne compagnie, et de tous les agrémens de la société, vous vous croiriez encore à Paris.”²

And having made his visit to Lord Pembroke, he writes to Mr. Dayrolles, August 16th :

“ I received your last while I was at Wilton, which place Pem has improved so much that I

cent and elegant house at Canons, about eight miles from London. It was superbly furnished with fine pictures, statues, etc., which after his death were sold by auction. Lord Chesterfield purchased the hall pillars, the floor, and staircase with double flights, which are now in Chesterfield House, Mayfair.” — *Note by Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope, 1774.*

¹ “ Letters,” i. p. 166.

² “ Letters,” iii. p. 279.

hardly knew it again. It is now in my mind the finest seat in England. I am returned to a very empty town, which I can bear with very well ; for if I have not all the company that I could like, I am at least secure from any company that I do not like, which is not the case of any one place in England but London. Besides, I have time both to read and to think. The first I like ; the latter I am not, as too many are, afraid of. The rest of the day is employed in riding and fitting up my house, which, I assure you, takes a good deal of time, now that we are come to the minute parts of finishing and furnishing.”¹

In a letter to Madame de Monconseil, 5th September, he gives the following lively description of part of his new house :

“Oui vraiment, madame, j’ai un boudoir, mais il a un défaut, c’est qu’il est si gai et si riant, qu’on n’y pourra jamais boudier quand on y sera seul : c’est un défaut aimable pour qui aime la bouderie aussi peu que moi, mais en tout cas, il est facile de le reparer, en y recevant les gens maussades, fâcheux, et désagréables, que de tems en tems on est obligé d’essuyer. Quand on m’annoncera un animal de la sorte, je courrai d’abord à mon boudoir, comme à mon sanctuaire, l’y recevoir ; là il aura moins de prise sur moi, car, de la façon que nous sommes faits, les objects

¹ “ Letters,” iii. p. 281.

extérieurs ne sont nullement indifférens par rapport à l'esprit, et tel sot qui m'accableroit dans une chambre lugubre, pourra peut-être m'amuser dans un cabinet orné et riânt. De tout ceci il résulte, que la véritable étymologie de boudoir est (pour parler Latin) *a non boudare*, comme *lucus*, un bois, *a non lucendo* ; c'est-à-dire qu'on ne boude point dans l'un, et qu'on ne voit goutte dans l'autre : au reste, si ce trait de profonde érudition vous embarrasse, l'Abbé Sallier, que je salue de tout mon cœur, vous l'expliquera, et vous en fera sentir toute la solidité. Voulez-vous la description, aussi bien que l'étymologie, de ce boudoir ? La voici. La boisure et le plafond sont d'un beau bleu, avec beaucoup de sculptures et de dorures ; les tapisseries et les chaises sont d'un ouvrage à fleurs au petit-point, d'un dessein magnifique sur un fond blanc ; par dessus la cheminée, qui est de *Giallo di Sienna*, force glaces, sculptures, dorures, et au milieu le portrait d'une très belle femme, peint par la Rosalba.¹ Je vous ferois la description du reste de la maison, mais comme le second Plinè a échoué en voulant donner la description de la sienne, où l'on n'entend absolument rien, je n'ai pas pu espérer d'y pouvoir réussir, et vous savez qu'il est de la sagesse de ne pas tenter des choses au dessus de ses forces." ²

¹ An Italian artist, distinguished by her works in crayons, and whose pictures were in great request.

² "Letters," iii. p. 286.

Writing to Doctor Madden, September 15th, he says :

“Though my cares for Ireland are ceased, you do me but justice in being convinced that my wishes for the prosperity of that country will cease but with my life. . . . How greatly would arts and sciences flourish in Ireland if those who are much better able than you are would contribute but half as much as you do to their improvement ! You shine, indeed, the more for it ; but I know you well enough to know that you would rather *prodesse quam conspici*. The Irish may be a rich and happy people, *bona si sua nōrint*. Free from the heavy load of debts and taxes under which the English groan, as fit for arts, sciences, industry, and labour as any people in the world, they might, notwithstanding some hard restraints which England, by a mistaken policy, has laid them under, push several branches of trade to great perfection and profit, and not only supply themselves with everything they want, but other nations too with many things. But jobs and claret engross and ruin the people of fashion, and the ordinary people (as is usual in every country) imitate them in little momentary and mistaken views of present profit and in whisky.”

Doctor Madden was desirous of incorporating by charter the Dublin Society ; and Lord Chesterfield in this letter, while admitting the advantages, points out the dangers that might arise, owing to

the jobs which always accompany charters, and concludes by promising to do all he can to promote Doctor Madden's object.¹

In a letter to his "good friend," Alderman Faulkener,² September 17th, thanking him for some publications, he says: "I hope business goes on well, and that you print and sell a great number of books, whether they are read or not. If they become but fashionable furniture, it will serve your purpose as well, or it may be better; for if people bought no more books than they intended to read, and no more swords than they intended to use, the two worst trades in Europe would be a bookseller's and a sword-cutler's; but luckily for both, they are reckoned genteel ornaments."³

In a letter to his son, September 20th, on the subject of the religious and military orders of Europe, the Teutonic, the Knights Templars, etc., he says:

"Their pious object was, to take away by force other people's property; and to massacre the proprietors themselves, if they refused to give up that property, and adopt the opinions of these invaders. What right or pretence had these con-

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 290.

² George Faulkener, printer and publisher of the *Dublin Journal*, a friend and correspondent of Swift's, and now alderman.

³ "Letters," iii. p. 292.

federated Christians of Europe to the Holy Land? Let them produce their grant of it in the Bible. Will they say that the Saracens had possessed themselves of it by force, and that, consequently, they had the same right? Is it lawful then to steal goods, because they were stolen before? Surely not.

"The truth is, that the wickedness of many, and the weakness of more, in those ages of ignorance and superstition, concurred to form those flagitious conspiracies against the lives and properties of unoffending people. The Pope sanctified the villainy, and annexed the pardon of sins to the perpetration of it. This gave rise to the Croisades, and carried such swarms of people from Europe to the conquests of the Holy Land. Peter the Hermit,¹ an active and ambitious priest, by his indefatigable pains, was the immediate author of the first Croisade. Kings, princes, all professions and characters united, from different motives, in this great undertaking, as every sentiment, except

¹ "Il n'avait d'autre nom que *Coucoupêtre* ou *Cucupitère*, comme le dit la fille de l'empereur *Comnène*, que le vit à Constantinople. Nous le connaissons sous le nom de *Pierre l'ermite*. Ce Picard, parti d'Amiens pour aller en pèlerinage vers l'Arabie, fut cause que l'Occident s'arma contre l'Orient, & que des millions de Européens perirent en Asie." — *Voltaire, Essai sur les Mœurs*, chap. liv. *De la première Croisade*.

Lord Chesterfield says: "Voltaire's 'History of the Croisades' shows, in a very short and strong light, the most immoral and wicked scheme that was ever contrived by knaves, and executed by madmen and fools, against humanity." — *Letters*, ii. p. 311.

true religion and morality, invited to it. The ambitious hoped for kingdoms; the greedy and the necessitous for plunder; and some were enthusiasts enough to hope for salvation, by the destruction of a considerable number of their fellow creatures, who had done them no injury. I cannot omit, upon this occasion, telling you that the Eastern emperors at Constantinople (who, as Christians, were obliged at least to seem to favour these expeditions), seeing the immense numbers of the *croisés*, and fearing that the western empire might have some mind to the eastern empire too, if it succeeded against the infidels, as *l'appétit vient en mangeant*, these Eastern emperors, very honestly, poisoned the waters where the *croisés* were to pass, and so destroyed infinite numbers of them.”¹

In a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, September 23d, Lord Chesterfield remarks upon his son's progress :

“Things go to the full as well as I could wish, and much better than I expected, at Leipsig; we are absolutely masters of Latin, Greek, French, and German, the last of which we write currently. We have *le droit public de l'empire*, history and geography very ready; so that, in truth, now we only want rubbing and cleaning. We begin for that purpose with Berlin at Christmas next; Vienna at Lady-day; and the academy at Turin,

¹ “Letters,” i. p. 188.

at midsummer, for a whole year. Then to Paris, *et si cela ne nous décrotte pas, il faut que le diable s'en mêle.* If at any of these places it should fall in your way, by letter or verbal recommendation, to help us, I am very sure that you will; for I never doubt of any marks of your friendship to the most faithful of your friends.”¹

In a letter to his son, September 27th, acknowledging the receipt of a Latin lecture upon war, after criticising the style, and remarking upon one doctrine laid down in it justifying the use of poison, and saying that stratagems of war, such as ambuscades, masked batteries, etc., are mutually to be expected and guarded against: “but poisoned arrows, poisoned waters, or poison administered to your enemy (which can only be done by treachery), I have always heard, read, and thought to be unlawful and infamous means of defence, be your danger ever so great.”²

“But the public lawyers now seem to me rather to warp the law, in order to authorise, than to check, those unlawful proceedings of princes and states, which, by being become common, appear less criminal; though custom can never alter the nature of good and ill.

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 297.

² And this is the opinion of the highest authorities. “At jus gentium si non omnium, certe meliorum, jam olim est, ne hostem veneno interficere liceat.” — *Grotius De Jure Belli et Pacis*, lib. iii. cap. iv. 15.

“Pray let no quibbles of lawyers, no refinements of casuists, break into the plain notions of right and wrong, which every man’s right reason, and plain common sense, suggest to him. To do as you would be done by, is the plain, sure, and undisputed rule of morality and justice. Stick to that; and be convinced, that whatever breaks into it, in any degree, however speciously it may be turned, and however puzzling it may be to answer it, is, notwithstanding, false in itself, unjust, and criminal. . . .

“I have seen a book, entitled ‘*Quidlibet ex Quolibet*,’ or, the art of making anything out of anything; which is not so difficult as it would seem, if once one quits certain plain truths, obvious in gross to every understanding, in order to run after the ingenious refinements of warm imaginations and speculative reasonings. Doctor Berkeley,¹ Bishop of Cloyne, a very worthy, ingenious, and learned man, has written a book to prove that there is no such thing as matter, and that nothing exists but in idea: that you and I only fancy ourselves eating, drinking, and sleeping; you at Leipzig, and I at London; that we think we have flesh and blood, legs, arms, etc., but that we are only spirit.² His arguments are, strictly speaking, un-

¹ George Berkeley, born 1685, died 1753.

² “When Bishop Berkeley said, ‘there was no matter,’
And proved it — ’twas no matter what he said:
They say his system ’tis in vain to batter,

answerable; but yet I am so far from being convinced by them, that I am determined to go on to eat and drink, and walk and ride, in order to keep that matter, which I so mistakenly imagine my body at present to consist of, in as good plight as possible. Common sense (which, in truth, is very uncommon) is the best sense I know of; abide by it; it will counsel you best. Read and hear, for your amusement, ingenious systems, nice questions subtly agitated, with all the refinements that warm imaginations suggest, but consider them only as exercitations for the mind, and return always to settle with common sense."¹

In the beginning of October, Lord Chesterfield, having been much out of order with "languors and vertigos," was obliged to go to Bath, whence he writes to Mr. Dayrolles, on 11th: "I have already received advantage from these waters, though I have drunk them but four days; which convinces me that they will set me quite right." He then suggests that his friend's first setting out at The Hague must have put him behindhand, and hopes that he will take care to retrieve, and kindly adds: "But, in the meantime, should you want money,

Too subtle for the airiest human head;
And yet who can believe it?"

— *Byron, Don Juan*, canto xi. i.

See an exposition of Berkeley's philosophy in his "Works," vol. iv. p. 367, edit. 1871, Oxford.

¹ "Letters," i. p. 193.

draw upon me *sans façon* ; for I will not have you run in debt to anybody else, and you and I can, I believe, trust each other.”¹

Lord Chesterfield at this time addressed two admirable letters to his son, October 12th and 19th, on the subject of “good company,” and conduct in it, from which I give a few extracts.

“Good company consists chiefly (but by no means without exception) of people of considerable birth, rank, and character ; for people of neither birth nor rank are frequently, and very justly, admitted into it, if distinguished by any peculiar merit, or eminency in any liberal art or science. . . .

“A company consisting wholly of people of the first quality cannot, for that reason, be called good company, in the common acceptation of the phrase, unless they are, into the bargain, the fashionable and accredited company of the place ; for people of the very first quality can be as silly, as ill-bred, and as worthless, as people of the meanest degree. . . .

“A company wholly composed of men of learning, though greatly to be valued and respected, is not meant by the words good company ; they cannot have the easy manners and *tournure* of the world, as they do not live in it. . . .

“But the company which of all others you should most carefully avoid is that low company which, in every sense of the word, is low indeed — low in rank, low in parts, low in manners, and low

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 298.

in merit. You will, perhaps, be surprised that I should think it necessary to warn you against such company ; but yet I do not think it wholly unnecessary, after the many instances which I have seen of men of sense and rank, discredited, vilified, and undone, by keeping such company.

“ Depend upon it, you will sink or rise to the level of the company which you commonly keep ; people will judge of you, and not unreasonably, by that. There is good sense in the Spanish saying, ‘ Tell me whom you live with, and I will tell you who you are.’ Make it therefore your business, wherever you are, to get into that company which everybody of the place allows to be the best company, next to their own ; which is the best definition that I can give you of good company.”

Having pointed out to him what sort of company he should keep, he gives him some rules for conduct in it : To “ talk often, but never long ; in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers.” To “ tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt, and very short.” “ Never hold anybody by the button, or the hand, in order to be heard out, for, if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.”

“ Take care never to seem dark and mysterious ; which is not only a very unamiable character, but a very suspicious one too ; if you seem mysterious

with others, they will be really so with you, and you will know nothing. The height of abilities is, to have *volto sciolto* and *pensieri stretti*; ¹ that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior, with a prudent and reserved interior; to be upon your own guard, and yet, by a seeming natural openness, to put people off theirs. . . .

“Neither retail nor receive scandal willingly; for though the defamation of others may for the present gratify the malignity of the pride of our hearts, cool reflection will draw very disadvantageous conclusions from such a disposition; and in the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.

“Mimicry, which is the common and favourite amusement of little low minds, is in the utmost contempt with great ones. It is the lowest and most illiberal of all buffoonery. Pray, neither practise it yourself, nor applaud it in others. Besides that, the person mimicked is insulted; and, as I have often observed to you before, an insult is never forgiven. . . .

“One word only as to swearing; and that I hope and believe is more than is necessary. You may sometimes hear some people in good company interlard their discourse with oaths, by way of embellishment, as they think, but you must observe, too, that those who do so are never those who contribute in any degree to give that company

¹ Chesterfield's favourite maxim. See *ante*, p. 27.

the denomination of good company. They are always subalterns, or people of low education ; for that practice, besides that it has no one temptation to plead, is as silly and as illiberal as it is wicked.

“ Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things ; for true wit or good sense never excited a laugh since the creation of the world. A man of parts and fashion is therefore only seen to smile, but never heard to laugh.”¹

Lord Chesterfield remained at Bath till the beginning of November, and writing to Mr. Dayrolles on the 4th, he repeats his offer of assistance, “ for upon my word, such sums as you can want will be no inconveniency to me to advance. . . .

“ *À propos* of money ; as I believe it is much wanted by many people, even of fashion, both in Holland and Flanders, I should think it very likely that many good pictures of Rubens, Teniers, and other Flemish and Dutch masters, may be picked up now at reasonable rates. If so, you are likely to hear of it, as a *virtuoso* ; and if so, I should be glad to profit of it, as an humble *dillettante*. I have already, as you know, a most beautiful landscape by Rubens, and a pretty little piece of Teniers ; but if you could meet with a large capital history, or allegorical piece, of Rubens, with the figures as big as the life, I would go pretty deep to have it, as also for a large and capital pic-

¹ “ Letters,” i. pp. 199, 205, and *ante* pp. 43, 44.

ture of Teniers. But as I would give a good deal for them if they were indisputably eminent, I would not give threepence for them unless they were so. I have pretty pictures enough already; but what I want to complete my collection, is only two or three of the most eminent masters, of whom I have none now. I can trust entirely to your taste and skill; so that, if you meet with such a thing, do not miss it for fifty pounds more or less.”¹

In a letter to his son, November 18th, urging the importance of the graces, advising him to invoke and sacrifice to them every day,² and all the day, Lord Chesterfield says:

“To show you that a very wise, philosophical, and retired man thinks upon that subject as I do, who have always lived in the world, I send you, by Mr. Eliot, the famous Mr. Locke’s book upon education, in which you will find the stress that he lays upon the Graces, which he calls (and very truly) good breeding.”

He then gives the following description of the famous Duke of Marlborough:

“Of all the men that ever I knew in my life (and I knew him extremely well), the late Duke of Marlborough possessed the graces in the highest degree, not to say engrossed them; and, indeed, he got the most by them, for I will venture (con-

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 300.

² *Ante* p. 42.

trary to the custom of profound historians, who always assign deep causes for great events) to ascribe the better half of the Duke of Marlborough's greatness and riches to those graces. He was eminently illiterate ; wrote bad English and spelled it still worse. He had no share of what is commonly called parts ; that is, he had no brightness, nothing shining in his genius. He had, most undoubtedly, an excellent good plain understanding, with sound judgment. But these alone would probably have raised him but something higher than they found him, which was page to King James the Second's queen. There the graces protected and promoted him ; for, while he was an ensign of the guards, the Duchess of Cleveland, then favourite mistress to King Charles the Second, struck by those very graces, gave him five thousand pounds, with which he immediately bought an annuity for his life, of five hundred pounds a year, of my grandfather, Halifax, which was the foundation of his subsequent fortune. His figure was beautiful, but his manner was irresistible, by either man or woman. It was by this engaging, graceful manner, that he was enabled, during all his war, to connect the various and jarring powers of the Grand Alliance, and to carry them on to the main object of the war, notwithstanding their private and separate views, jealousies, and wrongheadednesses. Whatever court he went to (and he was often obliged to go

himself to some resty and refractory ones), he as constantly prevailed, and brought them into his measures. The Pensionary Heinsius, a venerable old minister, grown gray in business, and who had governed the republic of the United Provinces for more than forty years, was absolutely governed by the Duke of Marlborough, as that republic feels to this day. He was always cool, and nobody ever observed the least variation in his countenance; he could refuse more gracefully than other people could grant; and those who went away from him the most dissatisfied as to the substance of their business, were yet personally charmed with him, and, in some degree, comforted by his manner. With all his gentleness and gracefulness, no man living was more conscious of his situation, nor maintained his dignity better."¹

Lord Chesterfield had now the misfortune to lose his brother, John Stanhope,² whose death he announces in a letter to his son, 6th December:

"I am at present under very great concern for

¹ "Letters," i. p. 221.

² "John Stanhope, of the admiralty, is dead, and Lord Chesterfield gets thirty thousand pounds for his life." — *Walpole to Mann, Dec. 15, 1748*. "John Stanhope, like his brothers and sister, had a great deal of wit and good breeding. He gave an instance of both at once. At Bath, seeing a nasty old miser, Mr. Curzon, brother of Sir Nathaniel, eating a roll and butter, without wiping his nose, which wanted it, he said with great civility, 'Mr. Curzon, upon my word, if you do not wipe your nose, you will lose that drop.'" — *Walpole's MS. notes*.

the loss of a most affectionate brother, with whom I had always lived in the closest friendship. My brother John died last Friday night, of a fit of the gout, which he had had for about a month in his hands and feet, and which fell at last upon his stomach and head. As he grew toward the last lethargic, his end was not painful to himself." ¹

In a letter of the same date to Mr. Dayrolles, he says :

"By the death of poor John, you have lost a true friend, and I a most affectionate brother and friend into the bargain." ²

Writing again to Mr. Dayrolles, 23d December, on the subject of pictures, he says :

"The family-piece, which you mention, by Vandyke, I would not give six shillings for, unless I had the honour of being of Sir Melchior's family.³ The good man and his wife generally sit serene in a couple of easy chairs, surrounded by five or six of their children, insignificantly motionless in the presence of papa and mamma ; and the whole family seem as insipid, and weary, as when they are really together. Their likenesses may indeed be valuable to their own posterity, but in my mind to nobody else. Titian has done more skil-

¹ "Letters," i. p. 226.

² "Letters," iii. p. 305.

³ "Sir Balthasar Gerbier ; Frederick, Prince of Wales, bought that picture. Half of it was not painted by Vandyke." — *MS. note by Walpole.*

fully in his fine picture of the Cornaro family, which he has put in action. . . .

"This wind, which keeps the duke still in Holland, keeps you in breath, and Lord Sandwich in a fever, who longs to be here, *pour s'orienter* a little at home. He and his Grace¹ were lately by no means well together, and even strong expressions in writing had passed between them. But all that may come right again, for politicians neither love nor hate. Interest, not sentiment, directs them. . . . An able man will do whatever he does *de bonne grace quoique le diable n'y perd rien*. Half anger and half confidence are the most imprudent things in the world."

Requesting Mr. Dayrolles to send him "some seed of the right Cantelupe melons," he says: "It is for Blackheath that I want it, where you can easily judge that my melon-ground is most exceedingly small. I am obliged to keep that place for seven years, my poor brother's lease being for that time; and I doubt I could not part with it, but to a very great loss, considering the sums of money that he had laid out upon it. For otherwise, I own that I like the country up, much better than down, the river."²

This villa at Blackheath, of which by his brother's death Lord Chesterfield had become the unwilling possessor, was afterward, as we shall see, his

¹ The Duke of Newcastle.

² "Letters," iii. p. 307.

favourite summer residence. He obtained an extension of the lease, built a handsome gallery, and made other additions to the house, to which, in compliment to his friend, Madame de Monconseil, he gave the name of Babiole ; and becoming, as he says, seized with the *furor hortensis*, greatly prided himself upon the cultivation of his melons and *ananas*,¹ as he usually calls them.

In another letter to Mr. Dayrolles, of the same date, Lord Chesterfield continues his negative to the Vandyke, and says : " My great room will be as full of pictures as it ought to be ; and all capital ones. . . . I am hurried by a complication of most disagreeable affairs,² but always,

" Yours."

Madame de Monconseil had promised to send him a pair of porcelain arms, the arrival of which he acknowledges on 26th December, in the following graceful terms :

" Ils sont arrivés sains et saufs, madame, je les ai, j'en suis charmé ; le goût en est parfait ; vous jugez bien qu'il est question de vos bras, dont il n'y a pas un doigt de cassé. Ils flatteront sûre-

¹ In English, pineapples.

² " The families of Devonshire and Chesterfield have received a great blow at Derby, where, on the death of John Stanhope, they set up another of the name. One Mr. Rivett, the duke's chief friend and manager, stood himself, and carried it by a majority of seventy-one. Lord Chesterfield had sent down credit for ten thousand pounds." — *Walpole to Mann, Dec. 26, 1748.*

ment les yeux de tout le monde, mais à moi, ils me flatteront encore plus le cœur. La main délicate de l'ouvrier sera ce que j'envisagerai le moins ; mais ce sera le souvenir et l'amitié de la personne, qui me les a envoyés, qui leur donneront leur véritable prix." ¹

In a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, 27th December, Lord Chesterfield says of his son :

"Your Leipsig acquaintance is setting out for Berlin. He has applied himself extremely, and with great success, at Leipsig, having made himself perfect master, as I am assured by his master, of Greek, Latin, the laws of nations and of the empire, and of the German language to boot ; which, by the way, he writes as well as any German I ever knew. I am therefore no longer in the least pain about the learning part, of which he has now got such a stock that he will have a pleasure, instead of a toil, in improving it. All that he wants now, is *les graces*, in pursuit of which he goes, as soon as the roads will permit, from Berlin to Turin, there to remain for at least a year. I know no court that sends out at least *des gens plus déliés*." ²

This year may conclude with two extracts from letters to his son. Writing to him, 20th December, advising not to discover too much contempt for those not strictly praiseworthy, he says : "In

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 311.

² "Letters," iii. p. 313.

the mass of mankind I fear there is too great a majority of fools and knaves; who, simply from their number, must to a certain degree be respected, though they are by no means respectable. And a man who will show every knave or fool that he thinks him such will engage in a most ruinous war against numbers much superior to those that he and his allies can bring into the field. Abhor a knave, and pity a fool, in your heart; but let neither of them unnecessarily see that you do so. Some complaisance and attention to fools is prudent, and not mean: as a silent abhorrence of individual knaves is often necessary, and not criminal."

And, December 30th, sending him the wishes of the season: "May you deserve a great number of happy new years! and, if you deserve, may you have them! Many new years, indeed, you may see, but happy ones you cannot see without deserving them. These, virtue, honour, and knowledge alone can merit—alone can procure. *Di tibi dent annos! à te nam cætera sumes*¹ was a pretty piece of poetical flattery, where it was said; I hope that, in time, it may be no flattery when said to you. But I assure you that, whenever I cannot apply the latter part of the line to you with truth, I shall neither say, think, nor wish the former. Adieu!"²

¹ "Ovidii Epist. ex Ponto," lib. II. i. 53.

² "Letters," i. pp. 234, 239.

At the beginning of 1749, Lord Chesterfield's son was at Berlin, where he appears to have been well received; and the earl, in his letters to him of January 10th and 24th, impresses upon him the importance of informing himself thoroughly of the government of the King of Prussia, — Frederick the Great, — “as he is indisputably the ablest prince in Europe.”¹

In a letter of 7th February, respecting his early prejudices, — which he had now by reflection overcome, — the first of which was his classical enthusiasm, he says :

“Homer and Virgil could have no faults, because they were ancient; Milton and Tasso could have no merit, because they were modern. And I could almost have said, with regard to the ancients, what Cicero, very absurdly and unbecomingly for a philosopher, says with regard to Plato, ‘*Cum quo errare malim quam cum aliis rectè sentire.*’² Whereas now, without any extraordinary effort of genius, I have discovered that nature was the same three thousand years ago as it is at present; that men were but men then as well as now; that modes and customs vary often, but that human nature is always the same.

¹ “Letters,” i. pp. 240, 244.

² The words are, “Errare mehercule malo cum Platone, quem tu quanti facias, scio, et quem ex tuo ore admirar, quam cum istis sentire.” — *Tuscul. Quæstionum*, lib. i. 17; Edit. Ernesti, vol. vi. p. 273.

And I can no more suppose that men were better, braver, or wiser, fifteen hundred or three thousand years ago, than I can suppose that the animals or vegetables were better then than they are now.

“I dare assert, too, in defiance of the favourers of the ancients, that Homer’s hero, Achilles, was both a brute and a scoundrel, and, consequently, an improper character for the hero of an epic poem; he had so little regard for his country that he would not act in defence of it because he had quarrelled with Agamemnon; and then, afterward, animated by private resentment only, he went about killing people basely, I will call it, because he knew himself invulnerable; and yet invulnerable as he was, he wore the strongest armour in the world; which I humbly apprehend to be a blunder, for a horse-shoe clapped to his vulnerable heel would have been sufficient. On the other hand, with submission to the favourers of the moderns, I assert, with Mr. Dryden, that the devil is in truth the hero of Milton’s poem; his plan, which he lays, pursues, and at last executes, being the subject of the poem. From all which considerations I impartially conclude that the ancients had their excellences and their defects, their virtues and their vices, just like the moderns; pedantry and affectation of learning decide clearly in favour of the former; vanity and ignorance, as peremptorily, in favour of the latter.”¹

¹ “Letters,” i. p. 247.

Lord Chesterfield was still occupied about his house and garden in London, of which he wrote, January 20th, to Mr. Dayrolles, that he expected to take possession in about a month; but, in a letter to Madame de Monconseil, 12th March, he says: "Je suis à présent dans une situation ridiculement violente; j'entre en deux jours dans ma nouvelle maison, qui n'est pas encore à demi meublée, quoique celle où je suis soit tout-à-fait démeublée. Je ne vis que des aumônes de mes amis, et j'écris cette lettre, faute de table, sur un livre sur mes genoux. Je la finis pourtant pour l'amour de vous, mais ce n'est pas pour me tirer d'une attitude gênante, à laquelle on ne pense pas quand on s'entretient avec vous."¹

With these occupations he seems, for the time, to have lost his interest in political affairs. Writing to Mr. Dayrolles, 9th March, he says: "It is said here that our ministers are altogether by the ears, and I believe that there is some degree of truth in the report. There is certainly no love lost between their two Graces. Lord Sandwich holds with, or rather governs, his Grace of Bedford; Fox is mutinous, and all the parts of the ministerial machine disjointed. What order will at last spring out of this confusion, I neither know nor care."

And again, March 31st, he writes: "I can tell you nothing, with any degree of certainty, of the

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 332.

squabbles among our ministers. That there are some, is undoubtedly true; but then, in the reports, they are either magnified or lessened, according to the wishes or the interests of the reporters. Their two Graces are evidently very ill together, which I long ago knew, and said, could not fail. Mr. Pelham is cordially well with neither of them, though affectedly well with his brother. The Duke of Bedford, governed in general, but not in every particular, by Lord Sandwich, is pretty strong, *moyennant* the Gower family and others whom he brings into Parliament. He likewise gains ground with the Duke of Cumberland, who is, in truth, minister as well as general, of which you will easily imagine his Grace of Newcastle is horribly jealous. These are, I believe, pretty near the outlines of the present ministerial piece. Mr. Pelham, who really means well, has the least power, and possibly for that very reason.

“But, upon the whole, *que le chien mange le loup ou le loup le chien*, I am got into my new house, from whence I shall be a most unconcerned spectator of those silly scenes. I have yet finished nothing but my boudoir and my library; the former is the gayest and most cheerful room in England, the latter the best. My garden is now turfed, planted, and sown, and will in two months more make a scene of verdure and flowers not common in London.

"I do not care for the Teniers you mention, both my picture-rooms being completely filled,—the great one with capital pictures, the cabinet with *bijoux*. So that I will buy no more, till I happen to meet with some very capital ones of some of the most eminent old Italian masters, such as Raphael, Guido, Correggio, etc., and in that case I would make an effort."¹

The following extract from a letter of Lord Chesterfield to Doctor Madden, April 15th, shows his continued interest in the affairs of Ireland:

"I congratulate both you and Ireland most heartily, upon the increasing fruits of your labours for the public good; for I am informed from all hands that a spirit of industry diffuses itself through all Ireland; the linen manufacture gains ground daily in the south and southwest, and new manufactures arise in different parts of the kingdom. All which, I will venture to say, is originally owing to your judicious and indefatigable endeavours for the good of your country. You know the nature of mankind in general, and of our countrymen in particular (for I still think and call myself an Irishman), well enough to know that the invitation by premiums would be much more effectual than laws, or remote considerations of general public good, upon which few people reason well enough to be convinced that their own solid private interest essentially depends. The Dublin

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 333.

Society, and, in particular, my good friends the Bishop of Meath and Prior, have seconded you very well, and it is not saying too much of them to say that they deserve better of Ireland than any one other set of men in it; I will not even except the Parliament. The premiums for flaxseed raised, instead of the former iniquitous distribution of it, have, I am told and believe, had very good consequences for the linen manufacture; and, as there was an infamous job got the better of, I am in hopes that all jobs will be hindered from creeping into that excellent establishment of the Protestant charter schools, which, if it be kept pure but for some years, will have a prodigious effect as to the religious and political state of Ireland; but if once Protestant children slip into those schools, as was attempted in my time, the end of their institution ceases.”¹

The following letter, April 19th, to his son, who was now on his way to Venice, is highly characteristic of Lord Chesterfield's cultivated and refined tastes: “There are liberal and illiberal pleasures as well as liberal and illiberal arts. There are some pleasures that degrade a gentleman as much as some trades could do. Sottish drinking, indiscriminate gluttony, driving coaches, rustic sports, such as fox-chases, horse-races, etc., are, in my opinion, infinitely below the

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 338; and see vol. i. p. 342.



Dessiné par Ziem.

Photogravure Goupil & C^{ie}.

honest and industrious professions of a tailor and a shoemaker, which are said to *déroger*.

“As you are now in a musical country, where singing, fiddling, and piping are not only the common topics of conversation, but almost the principal objects of attention, I cannot help cautioning you against giving into those (I will call them illiberal) pleasures (though music is commonly reckoned one of the liberal arts), to the degree that most of your countrymen do when they travel in Italy. If you love music, hear it: go to operas, concerts, and pay fiddlers to play to you; but I insist upon your neither piping nor fiddling yourself. It puts a gentleman in a very frivolous, contemptible light; brings him into a great deal of bad company; and takes up a great deal of time, which might be much better employed. Few things would mortify me more than to see you bearing a part in a concert, with a fiddle under your chin, or a pipe in your mouth.”¹

In a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, April 25th, remarking upon the dissensions in the ministry, he writes: “It is said, for example, that our great men are reconciled, and I believe that they say so themselves; but I believe at the same time *que le diable n’y perd rien*. One Grace² is too jealous not to suspect his best friend, and the other

¹ “Letters,” i. p. 261.

² Duke of Newcastle.

Grace¹ too obstinate to forgive or forget the least injury. Lord Sandwich, who governs the latter and detests the former, who in return abhors him, takes care to keep this fire alive, so that he may blow it into a flame whenever it may serve his purpose to do so; and I am much mistaken, if he does not make it blaze often. . . .

"However disjointedly business may go on, pleasures, I can assure you, go roundly. Tomorrow there is to be, at Ranelagh Garden, a masquerade in the Venetian manner.² It is to begin at three o'clock in the afternoon; the several *loges* are to be shops for toys, *limonades*, *glaces*, and other *rafraichissemens*. The next day come the fireworks, at which hundreds of people will certainly lose their lives or their limbs, from the tumbling of scaffolds, the fall of rockets, and other accidents inseparable from such crowds. In order to repair this loss to society, there will be a subscription masquerade on the Monday following, which, upon calculation, it is thought, will be the occasion of getting about the same number of people as were destroyed at the fireworks. . . .

"I am glad to hear that Madame de Berken-

¹ Duke of Bedford.

² Walpole, in a letter to Mann, May 3, 1749, gives a long and lively description of the amusements in celebration of the peace, and especially of this "jubilee masquerade in the Venetian manner. . . . Very little mischief was done, and but two persons killed."

roodt goes ambassadress¹ to Paris ; she will pass her time well there, and she deserves it.”²

In a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, May 16th, informing him that Lord Holderness was about setting out for The Hague as our minister there, Lord Chesterfield, after giving some details of a conversation between Mr. Pelham and himself respecting the desire of the government to remove Mr. Dayrolles from his post of resident, says :

“His object, I know, was public economy, which, as he cannot practise where he pleases, he wants to do where he can. But, however, after what passed between us, I will answer for it that he will do you no harm. . . .”

And then gives him the following wise worldly advice :

“But, however, I would not have your post, especially by your own admission, pass for an absolute sinecure, and an unnecessary expense to the government ; therefore I would advise you, when you ask leave to come here for two or three months, on account of your own private affairs, to say that the several details of your post are not so many at this time of the year, and will not be so teasing to the minister upon whom they will devolve by your absence. Lord Holderness, I

¹ “She was afterward separated from her husband for her gallantries at Paris, where he was minister, and where she settled.”
— *MS. note by Walpole.*

² “Letters,” iii. p. 341.

must acquaint you, has the pride that all little minds have; flatter that, and you may do what you will with him. Far from a jealousy of business, I think he will be very willing that you should do it all, if you please. If I were you, I would tell him, that now he was at The Hague, all the important business would doubtless be carried on by him only, and that I looked upon myself as no longer concerned in it; that I had, therefore, nothing now to write but the common occurrences of The Hague, but that I would constantly show his lordship my letters, if he would give himself the trouble to read them. This offer his laziness and pleasures will never let him accept; but it will give him a confidence in you, and then you will continue to write the best accounts you can get; and, without a compliment to you, I will venture to say that your letters will be the letters of business from The Hague, excepting those particular ones which the greffier may, upon some important and secret points, dictate to Lord Holderness. We will talk more fully upon this subject when I see you.”¹

In a letter to his son, May 22d, impressing upon him the importance of absolute mastery of one's temper and countenance, — so far, at least, as that no visible change do appear in either, whatever you may feel inwardly, — he says: “*Volto sciolto con pensieri stretti* is a most useful maxim in busi-

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 348.

ness.¹ It is so necessary at some games, such as *berlan*, *quinze*, etc., that a man who had not the command of his temper and countenance would infallibly be undone by those who had, even though they played fair; whereas in business you always play with sharpers, to whom at least you should give no fair advantages. It may be objected that I am now recommending dissimulation to you; I both own and justify it. It has been long said, *Qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare*; I go still farther, and say, that without some dissimulation no business can be carried on at all. It is simulation that is false, mean, and criminal: that is the cunning which Lord Bacon calls crooked or left-handed wisdom, and which is never made use of but by those who have not true wisdom. And the same great man says that dissimulation is only to hide our own cards; whereas simulation is put on in order to look into other people's. Lord Bolingbroke, in his 'Idea of a Patriot King,'² which he has lately published, says, very justly, that simulation is a stiletto; not only an unjust, but an unlawful, weapon, and the use of it is rarely to be excused, never justified: whereas dissimulation is a shield, as secrecy is armour; and it is no more possible to preserve secrecy in business, without some degree of dis-

¹ For the origin of this maxim, see *ante*, p. 27.

² See an account of this work in Walpole's letter to Mann, May 17, 1749.

simulation, than it is to succeed in business without secrecy. He goes on and says that those two arts of dissimulation and secrecy are like the alloy mingled with pure ore: a little is necessary, and will not debase the coin below its proper standard; but if more than that little be employed (that is, simulation and cunning), the coin loses its currency, and the coiner his credit.”¹

His son, who was at this time on his way to the Carnival at Venice, had been seized with inflammation upon his lungs; and Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, June 9th, says: “He is now recovering at Laybach; and, by this time, I hope, out of all danger. However, as soon as the heats are over, that is, at the latter end of September, I intend to send him to Naples, the best place in the world for tender lungs, and his are so yet. . . .

“The Parliament is to be prorogued next Tuesday, when the ministers will have six months’ leisure to quarrel, and patch up, and quarrel again. Garrick and the Violetti will likewise, about the same time, have an opportunity of doing the same thing, for they are to be married next week. They are, at present, desperately in love with each other. Lady Burlington was at first outrageous, but upon cooler reflection upon what the Violetti, if provoked, might say or rather invent, she consented to the match and superin-

¹ “Letters,” i. p. 275.





tends the writings.¹ *Adieu ; je languis de vous voir.*"²

About the middle of this month, Lord Chesterfield was himself taken ill of a fever, which he had for four or five days, and on his recovery, being still very weak, went to his villa at Blackheath. In a letter, June 22d, to his son, whom he supposed was by this time arrived at Venice, on the subject of the *antico moderno*, he says: "Sculpture and painting are very justly called liberal arts; a lively and strong imagination, together with a just observation, being absolutely necessary to excel in either; which, in my opinion, is by no means the case of music, though called a liberal art, and now in Italy placed even above the other two: a proof of the decline of that country. The Venetian school produced many great painters, such as Paul Veronese, Titian, Palma, etc., by whom you will see, as well in private houses as in churches, very fine pieces. The Last Supper, by Paul Veronese, in the church of St. George,

¹ See Walpole's letters to Montagu and to Mann, May 18th and June 25th: "The chapter of this history is a little obscure and uncertain as to the consent of the protecting countess, and whether she gives her a fortune or not." "The Violette was a German dancer first at the opera, and then at the playhouse; and in such favour at Burlington House that the tickets for her benefits were designed by Kent and engraved by Vertue."—*Walpole*. Garrick's marriage with Eva Maria Violette was, however, a remarkably happy one.

² "Letters," iii. p. 350.

is reckoned his capital performance, and deserves your attention ; as also does the famous picture of the Cornaro family by Titian. A taste of sculpture and painting is in my mind as becoming as a taste of fiddling and piping is unbecoming a man of fashion. The former is connected with history and poetry, the latter with nothing that I know of but bad company.”¹

In a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, June 23d, telling him that he is about to go to Blackheath for a week, and that the leave of absence for which Mr. Dayrolles had applied would be granted, and attributing the delay to the Duke of Newcastle’s “usual hurry and negligence,” he says : “I thank you heartily for the letters you have procured the boy for Naples ; he is now so well recovered that he is gone to Venice, where he will stay till the middle of September, and then proceed to Naples.”

And writing from Blackheath, July 8th, to Madame de Monconseil : “Je reviens depuis quinze jours d’une fièvre chaude, dont j’ai pensé ne pas revenir du tout : c’est votre étoile, madame, qui m’a sauvé, et qui n’a pas voulu que vous perdisiez encore un si fidèle serviteur. . . . Je suis actuellement, pour me rétablir, à une très petite maison, que j’ai à cinq petites milles de Londres, et que j’aurois appelé *Bagatelle*, si ce n’eût été par respect pour la vôtre ; mais que j’appelle *Babiole*,

¹ “Letters,” i. p. 282, and see *ante*, p. 83.

pour en marquer la subordination, et pour laisser à *Bagatelle* la préférence qui lui est due. *Babiole* est située dans un des parcs du roi, à cent pas de la Tamise, où l'on voit tous les jours une cinquantaine de gros vaisseaux marchands, et quelques vaisseaux de guerre, qui vont et qui viennent : les promenades sont les plus belles du monde, il y fait toujours sec, et l'air y est extrêmement fin." ¹

In a series of letters at this time to his son, Lord Chesterfield makes some admirable reflections upon men, their characters and manners :

"There is a certain dignity of manners absolutely necessary, to make even the most valuable character either respected or respectable. . . .

"Whoever is admitted or sought for in company, upon any other account than that of his merit and manners, is never respected there, but only made use of. We will have such-a-one, for he sings prettily ; we will invite such-a-one to a ball, for he dances well ; we will have such-a-one at supper, for he is always joking and laughing ; we will ask another, because he plays deep at all games, or because he can drink a great deal. These are all vilifying distinctions, mortifying preferences, and exclude all ideas of esteem and regard. Whoever is had (as it is called) in company for the sake of any one thing singly, is singly that thing, and will never be considered in any

¹ "Letters," iii. pp. 354, 356.

other light ; consequently never respected, let his merits be what they will.

“I have only mentioned some of those things which may and do, in the opinion of the world, lower and sink characters in other respects valuable enough ; but I have taken no notice of those that affect and sink the moral characters : they are sufficiently obvious. A man who has patiently been kicked may as well pretend to courage as a man blasted by vices and crimes may to dignity of any kind. But an exterior decency and dignity of manners will even keep such a man longer from sinking than otherwise he would be : of such consequence is the τὸ πρέπον, even though affected and put on ! Pray read frequently and with the utmost attention ; nay, get by heart, if you can, that incomparable chapter in ‘Cicero’s Offices upon the τὸ πρέπον, or the Decorum.’¹ It contains whatever is necessary for the dignity of manners.”²

And upon the subject of courts, and conduct there, he says :

“Nothing in courts is exactly as it appears to be ; often very different, sometimes directly contrary. Interest, which is the real spring of everything there, equally creates and dissolves friendships, produces and reconciles enmities ; or rather, allows of neither real friendships nor

¹ “De Officiis,” liber i. 27.

² “Letters,” i. p. 296. August 10th.

enmities; for, as Dryden very justly observes, 'Politicians neither love nor hate.'¹ This is so true, that you may think you connect yourself with two friends to-day, and be obliged to-morrow to make your option between them as enemies: observe, therefore, such a degree of reserve with your friends as not to put yourself in their power if they should become your enemies; and such a degree of moderation with your enemies as not to make it impossible for them to become your friends."²

In a letter of September 12th, Lord Chesterfield says that Sir Charles Williams,³ who arrived here last week, "tells me that he will answer for your learning, and that he believes you will acquire that address, and those graces, which are so necessary to give it its full lustre and value. But he confesses that he doubts more of the latter than of the former." And again, September 22d, he writes: "He told me, that in company you were frequently most provokingly inattentive, absent, and drait. . . . I know no one thing more offensive to a company, than that inattention and distraction. It is showing them the utmost contempt; and people never forgive contempt. No man is

¹ "Absalom and Achitophel," 223.

² "Letters," i. p. 300. August 21st.

³ "Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, minister at Dresden, was another on whom Lord Chesterfield relied for forming his son, and who paid great court to Lord Chesterfield by attention to him. — *MS. note by Walpole.*

distract with the man he fears, or the woman he loves ; which is a proof that every man can get the better of that distraction when he thinks it worth his while to do so ; and, take my word for it, it is always worth his while. For my own part, I would rather be in company with a dead man than with an absent one ; for if the dead man gives me no pleasure, at least he shows me no contempt ; whereas the absent man, silently indeed, but very plainly, tells me that he does not think me worth his attention. . . .

“ You have often seen, and I have as often made you observe, L——’s ¹ distinguished inattention and awkwardness. Wrapped up like a Laputan in intense thought, and possibly sometimes in no thought at all, which, I believe, is very often the case of absent people, he does not know his most intimate acquaintance by sight, or answers them as if they were at cross purposes. He leaves his hat in one room, his sword in another, and would leave his shoes in a third, if his buckles, though awry, did not save them ; his legs and arms, by his awkward management of them,

¹ George, in 1757 created Lord, Lyttelton. Walpole says of him : Absurdity was predominant in Lyttelton’s composition : it entered equally into his politics, his apologies, his public pretences, his private conversations. With the figure of a spectre, and the gesticulations of a puppet, he talked heroics through his nose, made declamations at a visit, and played at cards with scraps of history, or sentences of Pindar.” — *Memoires of George II.*, vol. i. p. 175.

seem to have undergone the *question extraordinaire* ; and his head, always hanging upon one or other of his shoulders, seems to have received the first stroke upon a block. I sincerely value and esteem him for his parts, learning, and virtue ; but, for the soul of me, I cannot love him in company. This will be universally the case, in common life, of every inattentive, awkward man, let his real merit and knowledge be ever so great. . . .”

Lord Chesterfield goes on to say, with respect to his son's travels, that Mr. Harte may steer his course wherever he thinks proper, but suggests their going direct to Rome.

“I think you and I cannot put our affairs into better hands than in Mr. Harte's ; and I will stake his infallibility against the Pope's, with some odds on his side. *A propos* of the Pope, remember to be presented to him before you leave Rome, and go through the necessary ceremonies for it, whether of kissing his slipper or his b——h ; for I would never deprive myself of anything that I wanted to do or see, by refusing to comply with an established custom. When I was in Roman Catholic countries, I never declined kneeling in their churches at the elevation, nor elsewhere, when the Host went by. It is a complaisance due to the custom of the place, and by no means, as some silly people have imagined, an implied approbation of their doctrine. Bodily attitudes and situations are things so very indifferent in them-

selves, that I would quarrel with nobody about them.”¹

Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son during the remainder of this year are almost entirely devoted to the subjects of good breeding and correct speaking; but excellent as they are, and deserving of the most careful perusal, they cannot here be given in full, while extracts would only be doing them injustice, and we must be content with a few of his general remarks. He cautions his son against the use of proverbial expressions, such as tit for tat, and favourite words, which he says, a vulgar man, for the sake of using often, commonly abuses, such as vastly angry, vastly kind, vastly handsome, and vastly ugly; and proscribes them from the diction of a gentleman, unless in their proper signification of size and bulk.² He is glad when his son is returned to Venice, for he says: “I love capitals. Everything is best at capitals, — the best masters, the best companies, and the best manners. Many other places are worth seeing, but capitals only are worth residing at.” “Capitals are always the seats of arts and sciences, and the best companies.” On familiarity and good breeding, he says: “The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friend-

¹ “Letters,” i. pp. 313, 317.

² A parallel to this, in the present day, is to be found in the absurdly indiscriminate use of the word “awfully,” — awfully jolly, awfully sad, awfully good, and awfully bad. And see *post*, p. 185.

ships, require a degree of good breeding, both to preserve and cement them. If ever a man and his wife, who pass nights as well as days together, absolutely lay aside all good-breeding, their intimacy will soon degenerate into a coarse familiarity, infallibly productive of contempt or disgust."

On the possibility of the union in the same person of the profoundest learning and the politest manners, he says: "Lord Bolingbroke is a strong instance on my side of the question; he joins, to the deepest erudition, the most elegant politeness and good breeding that ever any courtier and man of the world was adorned with. And Pope very justly called him 'all-accomplished St. John,' with regard to his knowledge and his manners. He had, it is true, his faults, which proceeded from unbounded ambition, and impetuous passions; but they have now subsided by age and experience, and I can wish you nothing better than to be what he is now, without being what he has been formerly. His address pre-engages, his eloquence persuades, and his knowledge informs all who approach him."

And he concludes the year by writing to him, December 26th: "*Di tibi dent annos! à te nam cætera sumes*, was said formerly to one by a man who certainly did not think it.¹ With the varia-

¹ "Ovidii Epist. ex Ponto," lib. ii. 1. "Germanico Cæsari."

"Di tibi dent annos! à te nam cætera sumes;
Sint modo virtuti tempora longa tuæ."

tion of one word only, I will, with great truth, say it to you: I will make the first part conditional by changing, in the second, the *nam* into *si*. May you live as long as you are fit to live, but no longer! or, may you rather die before you cease to be fit to live, than after! My true tenderness for you makes me think more of the manner than of the length of your life, and forbids me to wish it prolonged, by a single day, that should bring guilt, reproach, and shame upon you.”¹

Lord Chesterfield’s last letter, this year, is to his friend, the Bishop of Waterford, December 28th:

“This is to most people, and in most places, the season of lies, dignified and distinguished by the name of compliments; with me it is a season of truth, when I assure you that I wish you, and all who belong to you, whatever you wish for yourselves or for each other, more particularly health, with which nobody need be unhappy.

“Though you would not tell me how soon and how generously you provided for Doctor Young’s son,² he did, and with all the profession of gratitude which he owed you. I am as much obliged to you as he can be. I am glad that the young

¹ “Letters,” i. pp. 322–388.

² “I must observe here, that Lord Chesterfield never recommended any one to the ecclesiastical preferments in my gift, but Mr. Young. When he did, it was in the handsomest manner, by telling me twice in his letter, ‘Remember that I do not recommend, but if you approve of his character you will do a good-natured action.’” — *Note by the Bishop of Waterford.*

man has a good character, which you know I made a *conditio sine quâ non* of my request ; and I hope that my recommendation interfered with no views of your own in favour of any other person. . . .

“I have not yet been able to get the workmen out of my house in town, and shall have the pleasure of their company some months longer. One would think that I liked them, for I am now full of them at Blackheath, where I am adding a gallery. *Il ne faut jamais faire les sottises à demi.*”¹

Lord Chesterfield took every opportunity of endeavouring to improve his son's manners by enabling him to keep the very best company at whatever places he might be visiting. He had obtained and sent letters of recommendation for him to the Duke of Nivernois, the French ambassador at Rome, where he now was, who would show him “what manners and graces are.”

In his first letter, in 1750, to Madame de Monconseil, 1st January, he says : “Votre lettre, et celle de Monsieur de Nevers, ont fait tout l'effet que je pouvois souhaiter auprès de Monsieur de Nivernois, en faveur de votre élève ; j'en ai reçu une lettre avant-hier de Rome, dans laquelle il me marque que Monsieur et Madame de Nivernois l'ont accablé de politesses, et qu'il y est comme enfant, même gâté, de la maison. S'il ne mérite

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 366.

pas ces attentions, du moins il les reconnoit, et vous en attribue une bonne moitié.”¹

The following extracts from a letter of Lord Chesterfield’s to his son, January 8th, upon the subject of religion and morality, require no comment :

“Depend upon this truth, that every man is the worse looked upon, and the less trusted, for being thought to have no religion, in spite of all the pompous and specious epithets he may assume, of *esprit fort*, freethinker, or moral philosopher ; and a wise atheist (if such a thing there is) would, for his own interest and character in this world, pretend to some religion.

“Your moral character must be not only pure, but, like Cæsar’s wife, unsuspected. The least speck or blemish upon it is fatal. Nothing degrades and vilifies more, for it excites and unites detestation and contempt. . . .

“There is nothing so delicate as your moral character, and nothing which it is your interest so much to preserve pure. Should you be suspected of injustice, malignity, perfidy, lying, etc., all the parts and knowledge in the world will never procure you esteem, friendship, or respect. . . .

“There is one of the vices above-mentioned into which people of good education, and, in the main, of good principles, sometimes fall from mistaken notions of skill, dexterity, and self-defence ;

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 368.

I mean lying, though it is inseparably attended with more infamy and loss than any other. The prudence and necessity of often concealing the truth, insensibly seduces people to violate it. It is the only art of mean capacities, and the only refuge of mean spirits. Whereas concealing the truth, upon proper occasions, is as prudent and as innocent as telling a lie upon any occasion is infamous and foolish. . . .

“Lord Bacon very justly makes a distinction between simulation and dissimulation, and allows the latter rather than the former, but still observes that they are the weaker sort of politicians who have recourse to either. A man who has strength of mind and strength of parts wants neither of them. ‘Certainly’ (says he) ‘the ablest men that ever were have all had an openness and frankness of dealing; and a name of certainty and veracity; but then, they were like horses well-mannaged; for they could tell passing well when to stop, or turn: and at such times, when they thought the case indeed required dissimulation, if then they used it, it came to passe that the former opinion spread abroad, of their good Faith and clearness of dealing, made them almost invisible.’¹ . . .

“It is most certain that the reputation of chastity is not so necessary for a woman, as that of veracity is for a man, and with reason; for it is

¹ “Bacon’s Essays,” vi. “Of Simulation and Dissimulation.”

possible for a woman to be virtuous, though not strictly chaste, but it is not possible for a man to be virtuous without strict veracity. . . .

“You must be respectable, if you will be respected. I have known people slattern away their character, without really polluting it, the consequence of which has been, that they have become innocently contemptible; their merit has been dimmed, their pretensions unregarded, and all their views defeated. Character must be kept bright, as well as clean. Content yourself with mediocrity in nothing. In purity of character and in politeness of manners, labour to excel all, if you wish to equal many.”¹

Writing to his son again, January 25th, asking him if he has found a good *décrotteuse*, and saying that if he has one, “*il faut bien payer d’attentions et de petits soins*,” if he would have his sacrifice propitiously received :

“Women are not so much taken by beauty as men are, but prefer those men who show them the most attention.

“Would you engage the lovely fair?
With gentlest manners treat her;
With tender looks and graceful air,
In softest accents greet her.

“Verse were but vain, the Muses fail,
Without the Graces’ aid;

¹ “Letters,” i. p. 393.

The God of Verse could not prevail
To stop the flying maid.

“Attention by attentions gain,
And merit care by cares;
So shall the nymph reward your pain,
And Venus crown your prayers.¹

“*Probatum est.*”

Lord Chesterfield concludes by sending his son letters of recommendation to ladies of fashion at Milan. “Adieu! my dear friend! study hard; divert yourself heartily; distinguish carefully between the pleasures of a man of fashion and the vices of a scoundrel: pursue the former and abhor the latter, like a man of sense.”²

In a letter of 5th February, after giving him some excellent advice about combining business with pleasure, which, as we have seen, Lord Chesterfield knew so well how to practise himself, he says: “Vivacity and wit make a man shine in company; but trite jokes and loud laughter reduce him to buffoon. Every virtue, they say, has its kindred vice; every pleasure, I am sure, has its neighbouring disgrace. Mark carefully, therefore, the line that separates them, and rather stop a yard short, than step an inch beyond it.”³

Writing to his son, 8th February, on his prog-

¹ These verses are by Lord Chesterfield.

² “Letters,” i. p. 407.

³ “Letters,” i. p. 414.

ress in the Italian language, he gives the following criticism of Italian authors: "The good Italian authors are, in my mind, but few; I mean authors of invention; for there are, undoubtedly, very good historians, and excellent translators. The two poets worth your reading, and, I was going to say, the only two, are Tasso and Ariosto. Tasso's 'Gierusalemme Liberata' is altogether unquestionably a fine poem, though it has some low, and many false thoughts in it; and Boileau very justly makes it the mark of a bad taste, to compare *le clinquant du Tasse, à l'or de Virgile*. The image, with which he adorns the introduction of his epic poem, is low and disgusting; it is that of a forward, sick, puking child, who is deceived into a dose of necessary physic by *du bonbon*. The verses are these:

" 'Cosi all' egro fanciul porgiamo aspersi
Di soavi licor gli orli del vaso:
Socchi amari ingannato intanto ei beve,
E dall' inganno suo vita riceve.'

However, the poem, with all its faults about it, may justly be called a fine one.

"If fancy, imagination, invention, description, etc., constitute a poet, Ariosto is, unquestionably, a great one. His 'Orlando,' it is true, is a medley of lies and truths, sacred and profane wars, loves, enchantments, giants, mad heroes, and adventurous damsels; but then, he gives it you very

fairly for what it is, and does not pretend to put it upon you for the true *épopée*, or epic poem. He says :

“ ‘ Le Donne, i Cavalier, l’arme, gli amori,
Le cortesie, l’audaci imprese, io canto.’ ”

The connections of his stories are admirable, his reflections just, his sneers and ironies incomparable, and his painting excellent. When Angelica, after having wandered over half the world alone with Orlando, pretends, notwithstanding, —

“ ‘ . . . che’l fior virginal così avea salvo,
Come se lo portò dal matern’ alvo,’ ”

The author adds, very gravely :

“ ‘ Forse era ver, ma non però credibile
A chi del senso suo fosse Signore.’ ”

Astolpho’s being carried to the moon, by St. John, in order to look for Orlando’s lost wits, at the end of the 34th book, and the many lost things that he finds there, is a most happy extravagancy, and contains, at the same time, a great deal of sense. I would advise you to read this poem with attention. It is, also, the source of half the tales, novels, and plays that have been written since. . . .

“ Petrarca is, in my mind, a sing-song, love-sick poet, much admired, however, by the Italians ; but an Italian, who should think no better of him than I do, would certainly say, that he deserved his

Laura better than his *Lauro*, and that wretched quibble would be reckoned an excellent piece of Italian wit.

“The Italian prose writers (of invention I mean) which I would recommend to your acquaintance, are Machiavelli and Bocaccio ; the former, for the established reputation which he has acquired, of a consummate politician (whatever my own private sentiments may be of either his politics or his morality), the latter, for his great invention, and for his natural and agreeable manner of telling his stories.

“Guicciardini, Bentivoglio, Davila, etc., are excellent historians, and deserve being read with attention. The nature of history checks, a little, the flights of Italian imaginations ; which, in works of invention, are very high indeed. Translations curb them still more, and their translations of the classics are incomparable ; particularly the first ten, translated in the time of Leo the X., and inscribed to him, under the title of the ‘Collana.’ That original ‘Collana’ has been lengthened since ; and, if I mistake not, consists, now, of one hundred and ten volumes.”¹

At this time there had been two shocks of earthquake, respecting which Lord Chesterfield writes, 8th March, to Madame de Monconseil : “Nous avons eu ici ce matin un second tremblement de terre, plus vif encore que celui d’aujourd’

¹ “Letters,” i. p. 415.

hui il y a un mois. Toutes les maisons de Londres en ont été ébranlées, et quelques cheminées sont tombées ; c'étoit à cinq heures et demie ce matin. J'étois profondément endormi, mais la force de la secousse m'a réveillé en sursaut, et j'ai cru voir le moment où je serois écrasé. L'avez-vous senti chez vous, ou avons-nous joui privativement de ce phénomène ? En tout cas, j'espère qu'il ne vous aura pas effrayée dans votre situation présente ; vos ouvrages méritent bien d'être portés au dernier point de perfection." ¹

And in a letter to his son, on the 19th, he says : "In return for your earthquake, I can tell you that we have had, here, more than our share of earthquakes, for we had two very strong ones in eight and twenty days.² They really do too much honour to our cold climate ; in your warm one, they are compensated by favours from the sun, which we do not enjoy. . . ."

After urging upon him the necessity of acquiring the graces, the air, address, politeness, and, in short, the whole *tournure* and *agréments* of a man of fashion, Lord Chesterfield, with his usual good sense, says, with respect to reading and picking up scarce books : "Buy good books, and read

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 372. Madame de Monconseil was at this time *enceinte*, and the safe arrival of a daughter is alluded to in a subsequent letter of Lord Chesterfield's to her of 19th April.

² For full and amusing particulars of these earthquakes, and the scare caused by them, see Walpole's letters to Mann, February 25th, March 11th, April 2d, and May 19, 1750.

them ; the best books are the commonest, and the last editions are always the best, if the editors are not blockheads ; for they may profit of the former. But take care not to understand editions and title-pages too well. It always smells of pedantry, and not always of learning. . . . Beware of the *Bibliomanie*. . . . *Xapites, Xapites.*"¹

Lord Chesterfield's son was now preparing for his journey to Paris, where he was to be placed in La Guérinière's academy, and as the services of Mr. Harte would therefore be no longer required, the earl, after some difficulty, succeeded in obtaining for him a prebend of Windsor. Writing to Madame de Monconseil, 19th April, telling her that he is now free from uneasiness on her account, "par l'arrivée de Mademoiselle la seconde," and expressing his regret that he would not be able to visit Paris this year, "Pour m'en dédommager un peu, je vous enverrai un ambassadeur extraordinaire, muni de mes pleins pouvoirs, auquel je vous prie d'ajouter foi en tout ce qu'il vous dira de ma part. C'est votre élève, qui sera à Paris vers la St. Michel, établi à l'académie de La Guérinière. J'espère que son dernier séjour à Rome l'aura un peu formé, mais en tout cas je compte sur Paris, c'est-à-dire sur vous ; s'il est gauche ou impoli, je vous supplie de ne lui rien passer, mais de lui en parler très-sérieusement, et

¹ " Letters," i. p. 426.

de tems en tems lui lâcher des traits de ridicule, qui font souvent plus d'effet sur les jeunes gens, que les remontrances sérieuses." ¹

In a letter, April 27th, to Mr. Dayrolles, who had been in England on leave of absence between July, 1749, and March this year, and was by this time reëstablished at The Hague, he says :

"It is very true, that, after a series of difficulties, which, I believe, were never made before upon so trifling an occasion, Mr. Harte has at last got a prebend of Windsor. I am most extremely glad of it ; for, that debt being now paid, I owe no man living anything. As it is necessary that he should come over here to take possession of his stall, I have directed him to bring the boy to Paris, and to fix him in La Guérinière's academy there, *pour le dégourdir, le dégraisser et le décrotter*. Some proper steps have been already taken towards that at Rome.

"When he arrives at Paris, I will send him a letter of recommendation *à son Excellence Madame de Berkenroodt ; valeat quantum*. In all events, it will be a good house for him to frequent. *Vous y mettrez du vôtre aussi, s'il vous plait*, by writing a word or two in his favour to the lady, or her husband, or both." ²

In a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, 25th May, Lord Chesterfield describes a picture of the Holy Fam-

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 375.

² "Letters," iii. p. 377.

ily the "masterpiece of Titian," which he had purchased from the Chapter at Rheims, and was expecting soon to receive; but on 19th June he writes :

"I must say, as most fools do, who would have thought it? My fine Titian has turned out an execrable bad copy. By good luck, the condition of the obligation was such, that, if certain good judges at Paris should declare it either a copy, or essentially damaged, the Chapter of Rheims was to take it back again, I paying the carriage. This has happened; and the best painters in Paris pronounced it not only a copy, but a damned one; so that I am only in for the carriage back. The Chapter must have been more fools than knaves in the affair; for, had they known it to be a copy, they might have known, at the same time, that it would be returned them; by which they would get nothing but the discrediting of their picture for ever.

"I have received a letter from Madame du Boccage, containing a panegyric of his Majesty's resident at The Hague. Il est très aimable, très poli, il est au mieux avec tout ce qu'il y a de meilleur ici, et il fait très-bonne chère. Faire bonne chère, you know, always sums up a French panegyric. She says, that by your means she received a thousand civilities at The Hague. She did so here, notwithstanding that Madame de Mirepoix and she had a quarrel, in which they

both contrived, as all ladies when they quarrel do, to be both extremely in the wrong.¹ . . .

"I am very much *par voies, et par chemins*, between London and Blackheath, but much more at the latter, which is now in great beauty. The shell of my gallery is finished, which, by three bow-windows, gives me three different and the finest prospects in the world."

In his letters to Madame de Monconseil of 28th June and 25th July, Lord Chesterfield discusses the advantages and objections respecting his son's residence at the academy of La Guérinière; and writing to her, 9th August, finally decides in favour of it.

"Faute de trouver un meilleur parti, nous convenons donc de l'académie, pour les raisons que je vous ai données, et que l'Abbé Sallier paroît approuver. Votre élève, si je ne m'y trompe, a plus besoin d'être décrotté, par la compagnie de vos jeunes gaillards, que d'être retenu, et je crains plutôt sa trop grande application aux études, que sa trop grande dissipation dans le monde. Ce qui lui manque le plus, c'est cet air, cette tournure, ces manières, ce monde, qui sont nécessaires pour

¹ Walpole, in a letter to Mann, April 2d, says: "There is come from France a Madame Bocage, who has translated Milton; my Lord Chesterfield prefers the copy to the original." But this sarcasm is disproved by Lord Chesterfield's faint praise in a letter to Madame de Monconseil, 1st November, "*le Milton de Madame du Bocage, a, je vous en assure, beaucoup de mérite.*"

un jeune homme ; d'ailleurs, il a de l'ambition, et se pique, et se plaît à être dans les bonnes compagnies, de façon que j'ose répondre qu'il ne formera des liaisons qu'avec les meilleurs sujets de l'académie. . . .

"Vous aurez bientôt à Paris, Mylady Hervey, son fils, sa fille, son gendre, et *tutti quanti*." ¹

In a letter to his son, October 22d, Lord Chesterfield expresses his hope that he will get to Paris before Christmas, and recommends to his attention and advises him to form the most intimate connection with two persons whom he will find there, — the Earl of Huntingdon and Lady Hervey,² "who, to my great joy because to your great

¹ "Her second son, Augustus, Lady Mary Fitzgerald, her second daughter, and Mr. Fitzgerald, her husband." — *Walpole, MS. note*.

² The celebrated Mary Lepel, only daughter of Brigadier-General Nicholas Lepel, married, in 1720, John, Lord Hervey, son of the Earl of Bristol, and the Sporus of Pope. See Prologue to the "Satires." The following stanzas are from the well-known ballad by Lord Chesterfield and William Pulteney, Earl of Bath, respecting which see "Swift's Works," edition Scott, xvii. p. 75:

II.

"Bright Venus yet never saw
bedded
So perfect a beau and a
belle,
As when Hervey the handsome
was wedded
To the beautiful Molly
Lepel.

III.

"So pow'rful her charms, and
so moving,
They would warm an old
monk in his cell;
Should the Pope himself ever
go roving,
He would follow dear Molly
Lepel.

advantage, passes all this winter at Paris. She has been bred all her life at courts, of which she has acquired all the easy good breeding and politeness without the frivolousness. She has all the reading that a woman should have, and more than any woman need have, for she understands Latin perfectly well, though she wisely conceals it. As she will look upon you as her son, I desire that you will look upon her as my delegate; trust, consult, and apply to her without reserve. No woman ever had more than she has *le ton de la parfaitement bonne compagnie, les manières engageantes, et le je ne sçais quoi qui plait.*"¹

Writing to him again, November 8th, telling him what expenses he will allow him for his coach, servants, pleasures, etc., he says: "Having thus reckoned up all the decent expenses of a gentleman, which I will most readily defray, I come now to those which I will neither bear nor supply. The

X.

"Old Orpheus, that husband
so civil,
He followed his wife down
to hell,
And who would not go to the
Devil
For the sake of dear Molly
Lepel?"

XII.

"In a bed you have seen pinks
and roses:
Would you know a more
delicate smell,
Ask the fortunate man that
reposes
On the bosom of Molly
Lepel."

For the remaining stanzas see "Wit and Wisdom of Lord Chesterfield."

¹ "Letters," ii. p. 40.

first of these is gaming, which, though I have not the least reason to suspect you of, I think it necessary, eventually, to assure you that no consideration in the world shall ever make me pay your play-debts; should you ever urge to me that your honour is pawned, I should most immovably answer you that it was your honour, not mine, that was pawned, and that your creditor might even take the pawn for the debt.

“Low company and low pleasures are always much more costly than liberal and elegant ones. The disgraceful riots of a tavern are much more expensive, as well as dishonourable, than the (sometimes pardonable) excesses in good company. I must absolutely hear of no tavern scrapes and squabbles.

“I come now to another and very material point; I mean women; and I will not address myself to you upon this subject either in a religious, a moral, or a parental style. I will even lay aside my age, remember yours, and speak to you as one man of pleasure, if he had parts, too, would speak to another. I will by no means pay for ——— and their never-failing consequences, surgeons; nor will I upon any account keep singers, dancers, actresses, and *id genus omne*; and, independently of the expense, I must tell you that such connections would give me and all sensible people the utmost contempt for your parts and address. A young fellow must have as little

sense as address to venture, or, more properly, to sacrifice his health and ruin his fortune with such sort of creatures; in such a place as Paris especially, where gallantry is both the profession and the practice of every woman of fashion."¹

Nor does Lord Chesterfield forget to remind his son of the necessity of keeping up his classical learning.

"Let Greek, without fail, share some part of every day. I do not mean the Greek poets, the catches of Anacreon, or the tender complaints of Theocritus, or even the porter-like language of Homer's heroes, of whom all smatterers in Greek know a little, quote often, and talk of always; but I mean Plato, Aristoteles, Demosthenes, and Thucydides, whom none but adepts know. It is Greek that must distinguish you in the learned world, Latin alone will not. And Greek must be sought to be retained, for it never occurs like Latin. . . ."

And with respect to the French theatres he says:

"I recommend theatrical representations to you, which are excellent at Paris. The tragedies of Corneille and Racine and the comedies of Molière, well attended to, are admirable lessons both for the heart and the head. There is not, nor ever was, any theatre comparable to the French. If the music of the French operas does not please

¹ "Letters," ii. p. 50.

your Italian ear, the words of them, at least, are sense and poetry, which is much more than I can say of any Italian opera that I ever read or heard in my life.”¹

In December there occurred a circumstance not alluded to by Lord Chesterfield in his letters, nor mentioned by Maty: the offer to him of the presidency of the council.

Horace Walpole, in a letter to Mann, December 19th, says: “Overtures have been made to Lord Chesterfield to be president, but he has declined it, for he says he cannot hear causes, as he is grown deaf;” and again, on the 22d, he writes: “There are two *bons mots* of his lordship, much repeated, better than ordinary. He says ‘he would not be president, because he would not be between two fires;’² and that ‘the two brothers are like Arbuthnot’s Lindamira and Indamora;’³ the latter was a peaceable, tractable gentlewoman, but her sister was always quarrelling and kicking, and, as they grew together, there was no parting them.”

At the end of this year young Stanhope arrived in Paris, where, except for such advice and assistance as he might receive from Madame de Mon-

¹ “Letters,” ii. p. 54.

² Alluding to the differences between Mr. Pelham and the Duke of Newcastle.

³ “See the ‘Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus’ in Swift’s works; Indamora alludes to Mr. Pelham, Lindamira to the Duke of Newcastle.” — *Walpole*.

conseil and other friends to whose care Lord Chesterfield had recommended him, he was left, at the age of eighteen, almost his own master. In his last letter to him this year, 24th December, he says : " Comme je vous laisse sur votre bonne foi à Paris sans surveillant, je me flatte que vous n'abuserez pas de ma confiance. Je ne demande pas que vous soyez Capucin ; bien au contraire, je vous recommande les plaisirs, mais j'exige que ce soient les plaisirs d'un honnête homme. Ces plaisirs là donnent du brillant au caractère d'un jeune homme ; mais la débauche avilit et dégrade. J'aurai des relations très vraies et détaillées de votre conduite, et selon ces relations je serai plus, ou moins, ou point du tout, à vous. Adieu !

" P. S. Je vous souhaite, mon cher, autant de nouvelles années que vous mériterez, et pas une de plus. Mais puissiez vous en mériter un grand nombre ! " ¹

Lord Chesterfield's letters at the beginning of 1751, to his friends in Paris, and to his son, relate chiefly to what was now his great anxiety, his son's improvement, under their auspices, in manners and the graces, in which, however, he seems to have continued sadly deficient, though some of the earl's correspondents flattered him with better accounts of his son's endeavours to please than the young man, strictly speaking, deserved.

¹ " Letters," ii. p. 71 ; and see *ante*, p. 98.

Writing to him on January 14th, he says :

"Among the many good things Mr. Harte has told me of you, two in particular gave me great pleasure. The first, that you are exceedingly careful and jealous of the dignity of your character ; that is the sure and solid foundation upon which you must both stand and rise. A man's moral character is a more delicate thing than a woman's reputation of chastity. A slip or two may possibly be forgiven her, and her character may be clarified by subsequent and continued good conduct ; but a man's moral character, once tainted, is irreparably destroyed. . . .

"I will send you, by the first opportunity, a short book written by Lord Bolingbroke, under the name of Sir John Oldcastle, containing remarks upon the history of England ; which will give you a clear general notion of our Constitution, and which will serve you, at the same time (like all Lord Bolingbroke's works), for a model of eloquence and style." ¹

And again, on the 21st, he says : "In all my letters from Paris, I have the pleasure of finding, among many other good things, your docility mentioned with emphasis. . . . I am assured, by

¹ Lord Chesterfield is supported in this opinion by the Earl of Chatham, who, in a letter to his nephew, May 4, 1754, says : "Oldcastle's 'Remarks' to be studied and almost got by heart, for the inimitable beauty of the style, as well as the matter."
— *Correspondence of the Earl of Chatham*, vol. i. p. 109.

different people, that your air is already much improved ; and one of my correspondents makes you the true French compliment of saying, *J'ose vous promettre qu'il sera bientôt comme un de nous autres."*

Lord Chesterfield, who always wrote an admirably clear, bold hand, and maintained that every man who has the use of his eyes and of his hand can write whatever hand he pleases, in a letter to his son of January 28th, complains of his very bad writing, saying: "If you were to send a *poulet* to a fine woman, in such a hand, she would think that it really came from the *poulaillier*, which, by the bye, is the etymology of the word *poulet*; for Henry the Fourth of France used to send *billets-doux* to his mistresses, by his *poulaillier*, under pretence of sending them chickens; which gave the name of *poulets* to those short, but expressive, manuscripts."

And in the same letter, upon the subject of friends and acquaintances, he wisely says: "Take care to make as many personal friends, and as few personal enemies as possible. I do not mean, by personal friends, intimate and confidential friends, of which no man can hope to have half a dozen in the whole course of his life; but I mean friends in the common acceptation of the word, that is, people who speak well of you, and who would rather do you good than harm,

consistently with their own interest and no farther." ¹

I have now to record an important episode in Lord Chesterfield's life; for it is to his industry and eloquence that we are indebted for the reformation of the calendar—a measure which, with the assistance of the Earl of Macclesfield, and other able mathematicians, he proposed and carried, in spite of opposition and prejudice, by a bill which he brought in on the 25th February.²

The errors in the Julian method of computation, according to the calendar reformed by Julius Cæsar, had long been the subject of attention by astronomers, when Pope Gregory XIII. undertook, in 1582, the reformation of the Roman calendar; and in the new calendar published by him, he ordered that ten days should be deducted from that year, by calling what would have been the 5th October, the 15th October, 1582, and thus created what is commonly known as the new style; by which he also ordered that the year

¹ "Letters," ii. pp. 77–88.

² In his character of the Duke of Newcastle, who was "exceedingly timorous, both personally and politically, dreading the least innovation," Lord Chesterfield says: "When I brought the bill into the House of Lords for correcting and amending the calendar, I gave him previous notice of my intentions. He was alarmed at so bold an undertaking, and conjured me not to stir matters that had long been quiet; adding, that he did not love new-fangled things. I did not, however, yield to the cogency of these arguments, but brought in the bill, and it passed unanimously."

should thenceforward be reckoned from the 1st January; and this reformed calendar was subsequently adopted by nearly all the European powers except England, "as if," says Walpole, "it were matter of heresy to receive a calendar amended by a Pope." ¹ Up to the time of passing Lord Chesterfield's act, there were two calculations for the commencement of the year: first, the historical year, which began on the 1st January; secondly, the civil, ecclesiastical and legal year, which began on the 25th March; so that events occurring between the 1st January and the 25th March were referred to different years by different writers. To obviate, as far as possible, the mistakes caused by this custom, it was usual to add the date of the historical to that of the legal year, when using any date between the 1st January and the 25th March. Thus, as has been seen in the correspondence between the Duke of Newcastle and Lord Chesterfield, the duke dates his letters, for instance, February, 174 $\frac{4}{5}$, the upper figure being the civil and legal year, the lower figure the historical year.

The difference between the old and the new styles at this time was eleven days, so that the 1st January, 1751, of the old, corresponded with the 12th January of the new style. The confusion thus caused in correspondence between foreign countries and England is sufficiently obvious.

¹ "Memoires of George II.," vol. i. p. 44.

On March 18th, Lord Chesterfield moved the second reading of his bill; and Lord Macclesfield stated the purpose of it: first, to regulate the commencement of the year, so that the 1st day of January should be taken and deemed to be the first day of the year in all succeeding times; secondly, the correction of the calendar in two respects, — first, with regard to the civil year, by which the times of our fixed festivals, and the dates of all our transactions, are determined, and secondly, in relation to the method used to find the time of Easter, and of the movable feasts thereon depending. He then pointed out the inconveniences caused by the difference of eleven days in the beginnings of the months in foreign countries and in Great Britain: “That is, the same day which, in each month, is with us the first, is called the twelfth day of the month throughout almost all the other parts of Europe; and in like manner through all the other days of the month, we are just eleven days behind them.”¹ After dwelling upon the inconveniences this caused, Lord Macclesfield proceeded to explain the astronomical calculations upon which the bill was founded. It passed without a division.

¹ 14 “*Parl. Hist.*,” 981. The bill was drawn and the tables prepared by Mr. Davall, a barrister, and was carefully examined and approved by Mr. Folks, president of the Royal Society, and Doctor Bradley, the royal astronomer at Greenwich. — 14 *Parl. Hist.*, p. 991.

The very modest account which Lord Chesterfield gives in his letters to his son of his own share in this matter is evidently with the view of impressing upon him the importance and power of eloquence. Unfortunately there is no record of his speech.

Writing to him, February 28th, he says: "I have of late been a sort of an *astronome malgré moi*, by bringing last Monday, into the House of Lords, a bill for reforming our present calendar, and taking the new style. Upon which occasion I was obliged to talk some astronomical jargon, of which I did not understand one word, but got it by heart, and spoke it by rote from a master."

And on March 18th, the day of the second reading, he writes: "I acquainted you in a former letter that I had brought a bill into the House of Lords, for correcting and reforming our present calendar, which is the Julian, and for adopting the Gregorian. I will now give you a more particular account of that affair, from which reflections will naturally occur to you that I hope may be useful, and which I fear you have not made. It was notorious, that the Julian calendar was erroneous, and had overcharged the solar year with eleven days. Pope Gregory XIII. corrected this error; his reformed calendar was immediately received by all the Catholic powers of Europe, and afterward adopted by all the Protestant ones, except Russia, Sweden, and England. It was not, in my opinion,

very honourable for England to remain in a gross and avowed error, especially in such company ; the inconvenience of it was likewise felt by all those who had foreign correspondences, whether political or mercantile. I determined, therefore, to attempt the reformation ; I consulted the best lawyers, and the most skilful astronomers, and we cooked up a bill for that purpose. But then my difficulty began ; I was to bring in this bill, which was necessarily composed of law jargon and astronomical calculations, to both which I am an utter stranger. However, it was absolutely necessary to make the House of Lords think that I knew something of the matter, and also to make them believe that they knew something of it themselves, which they do not. For my own part, I could just as soon have talked Celtic or Sclavonian to them as astronomy, and they would have understood me full as well ; so I resolved to do better than speak to the purpose, and to please instead of informing them. I gave them, therefore, only an historical account of calendars, from the Egyptian down to the Gregorian, amusing them now and then with little episodes ; but I was particularly attentive to the choice of my words, to the harmony and roundness of my periods, to my elocution, to my action. This succeeded, and ever will succeed ; they thought I informed, because I pleased them ; and many of them said, that I had made the whole very clear to them, when, God

knows, I had not even attempted it. Lord Macclesfield, who had the greatest share in forming the bill, and who is one of the greatest mathematicians in Europe, spoke afterward with infinite knowledge, and all the clearness that so intricate a matter would admit of; but as his words, his periods, and his utterance were not near so good as mine, the preference was most unanimously, though most unjustly, given to me."

And again, on April 7th, he says: "Whatever may be said at Paris of my speech upon the bill for the reformation of the present calendar, or whatever applause it may have met with here, the whole, I can assure you, is owing to the words and to the delivery, but by no means to the matter; which, as I told you in a former letter, I was not master of. I mention this again, to show you the importance of well-chosen words, harmonious periods, and good delivery; for, between you and me, Lord Macclesfield's speech was, in truth, worth a thousand of mine. It will soon be printed, and I will send it you. It is very instructive."¹

And writing in a lighter style to Madame de Monconseil, April 11th, he accounts for his delay in answering her last letter by saying: "*C'est que n'ayant plus à faire avec les corps terrestres, je me suis amusé avec les corps célestes, et je me suis si bien familiarisé avec les planètes, que, si vous le*

¹ "Letters," ii. pp. 105, 115, 126.

vouliez, je suis en état de vous donner un supplément à la ‘Pluralité des Mondes.’¹ Ne croyez pas, au reste, que je préférasse ce commerce avec les planètes au vôtre; rien moins: au contraire, c’étoit pour établir, par acte de Parlement, votre style dans ce pays ici. J’avois remarqué, depuis longtems que vous datiez vos lettres onze jours plutôt que moi, et que je les recevois avant même que le jour de leur date fut venu ici. J’étois persuadé que vous deviez avoir reason; je le dis à des astronomes, qui m’assurèrent qu’oui, et que si je m’en informois du soleil ou de la lune, ils ne vous désavoueroient point; que même un Pape avoit été de votre avis, il y a près de deux cens ans, et avoit introduit ce qu’on appelle le nouveau style. Comme bon Protestant je ne voulois avoir rien à faire avec un Pape, mais c’étoit votre style, qui est bien le meilleur que je connoisse, que je voulois adopter. Il m’a fallu pourtant, pour satisfaire au public, qui n’a pas l’honneur de vous connoître comme moi, le payer de quelques argumens astronomiques. De là je suis devenu astronome, et c’est un plaisir que de m’entendre parler d’années tropiques, d’années luni-solaires, intercalaires, etc.; mais enfin voilà votre style établi ici. Voyez par

¹ By Fontenelle, “*Bernard le Bouvier de Fontenelle*, né a Rouen le 11 Fevrier, 1657. On peut le regarder comme l’esprit le plus universel que le siècle de *Louis XIV.* ait produit. . . . Sa ‘Pluralité des Mondes’ fut un ouvrage unique en son genre . . . mort le 9 Janvier, 1757, âgé de cent ans moins un mois et deux jours.” — *Voltaire, Ecrivains du Siècle de Louis XIV.*

là comment le public ignore presque toujours les véritables causes des évènements ; car il ne vous soupçonne pas d'entrer pour quelque chose dans celui-ci." ¹

But although the bill passed easily through both Houses of Parliament,² the vulgar prejudices against the change long continued. "When Lord Macclesfield's eldest son stood the great contested election for Oxfordshire in 1754, one of the most vehement cries raised by the mob against him was, 'Give us back the eleven days we have been robbed of ;' and even several years after (in 1762), when Doctor Bradley, worn down by his labours in the cause of science, was sinking under the disease which closed his mortal career, many of the common people attributed his sufferings to a judgment from Heaven for his having been instrumental in what they considered to be so impious an undertaking." ³

To resume the extracts from Lord Chesterfield's correspondence. In the above letter to his son of the 18th March, he says : "Having mentioned Lord Bolingbroke's style, which is, undoubtedly, infinitely superior to anybody's, I would have you read his works, which you have, over and

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 422.

² The act is 24 Geo. II. c. 23.

³ Works and correspondence of James Bradley, Oxford, 1832. "Memoir," ch. x. p. lxxxi.

over again, with particular attention to his style. Transcribe, imitate, emulate it, if possible; that would be of real use to you in the House of Commons, in negotiations, in conversation; with that, you may justly hope to please, to persuade, to seduce, to impose; and you will fail in those articles, in proportion as you fall short of it.”¹

Frederick, Prince of Wales, died on the 20th March, and Lord Chesterfield, writing to his son on the 25th, says: “The death of the Prince of Wales, who was more beloved for his affability and good nature, than esteemed for his steadiness and conduct, has given concern to many, and apprehensions to all. The great difference of the ages of the king and Prince George, presents the prospect of a minority: a disagreeable prospect for any nation! But it is to be hoped, and is most probable, that the king, who is now perfectly recovered of his late indisposition, may live to see his grandson of age. He is, seriously, a most hopeful boy; gentle and good-natured, with good sound sense. This event has made all sorts of people here historians, as well as politicians. Our histories are rummaged for all the particular circumstances of the six minorities we have had since the Conquest, viz., those of Henry III., Edward III., Richard II., Henry VI., Edward V., and Edward VI.; and the reasonings, the speculations, the conjectures, and the predictions, you will easily

¹ “Letters,” ii. p. 117.

imagine, must be innumerable and endless, in this nation, where every porter is a consummate politician. Doctor Swift says, very humourously, 'Every man knows that he understands religion and politics, though he never learned them; but many people are conscious they do not understand many other sciences, from having never learned them.'"¹

In allusion to the household of the Princess Dowager of Wales, and of her son, Prince George, presently created Prince of Wales, and who afterward became George III., Lord Chesterfield writes to his son, April 7th: "In two years' time, which will be as soon as you are fit for it, I hope to be able to plant you in the soil of a young court here; where, if you have all the address, the suppleness, and versatility of a good courtier, you will have a great chance of thriving and flourishing. Young favour is easily acquired, if the proper means are employed; and when acquired, it is warm, if not durable; and the warm moments must be snatched and improved. *Quitte pour ce qui en peut arriver après.* Do not mention this view of mine for you, to any mortal; but learn to keep your own secrets, which, by the way, very few people can do." It is perhaps needless to say that "this view" was never acted upon.

The circumstance of Lord Chesterfield having been an *astronome malgré lui*, seems to have given

¹ "Letters," ii. p. 123.

him for the time a taste for such studies ; hence he advises his son to obtain "a clear notion of the planetary system," and says : "Fontenelle's 'Pluralité des Mondes' will almost teach you all you need know upon that subject. As for geometry, the first seven books of Euclid will be a sufficient portion of it for you. It is right to have a general notion of those abstruse sciences, so as not to appear quite ignorant of them, when they happen, as sometimes they do, to be the topics of conversation ; but a deep knowledge of them requires too much time, and engrosses the mind too much."

But soon returning to mundane affairs, he wittily adds : "I repeat it again and again to you, let the great book of the world be your principal study. *Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ* : which may be rendered thus in English : Turn over men by day, and women by night. I mean only the best editions."

And in his next letter to him, he says : "Le grand secret c'est l'art de plaire, et c'est un art qu'il ne tient qu'à un chacun d'acquérir, supposant un certain fond de sens commun. Un tel vous plaît par tel endroit ; examinez pourquoi, faites comme lui, et vous plairez par le même endroit aux autres. Pour plaire aux femmes, il faut être considéré des hommes. Et pour plaire aux hommes il faut sçavoir plaire aux femmes." ¹

¹ "Letters," ii. pp. 125, 127.

And in subsequent letters, he says, "Mankind is more governed by appearances, than by realities ; and, with regard to opinion, one had better be really rough and hard, with the appearance of gentleness and softness, than just the reverse. Few people have penetration enough to discover, attention enough to observe, or even concern enough to examine, beyond the exterior ; they take their notions from the surface, and go no deeper ; they commend, as the gentlest and best-natured man in the world, that man who has the most engaging exterior manner, though possibly they have been but once in his company. . . . Happy the man who, with a certain fund of parts and knowledge, gets acquainted with the world early enough to make it his bubble, at an age when most people are the bubbles of the world ! for that is the common case of youth. They grow wiser, when it is too late ; and ashamed and vexed at having been bubbles so long, too often turn knaves at last. Do not therefore trust to appearances and outside yourself, but pay other people with them ; because you may be sure that nine in ten of mankind do, and ever will, trust to them. This is by no means a criminal or blamable simulation, if not used with an ill intention. I am by no means blamable in desiring to have other people's good word, good will, and affection, if I do not mean to abuse them.

"Be cautious how you contract friendships, but be desirous, and even industrious, to obtain an

universal acquaintance. Be easy, and even forward, in making new acquaintances; that is the only way of knowing manners and characters in general, which is at present your great object. . . . If you would be a great man in the world when you are old, shine and be showish in it while you are young; know everybody and endeavour to please everybody — I mean exteriorly, for fundamentally it is impossible. Try to engage the heart of every woman, and the affections of almost every man you meet with.”¹

And with a view to a further knowledge of manners and of the world, he recommends such books as treat particularly of those subjects: “For example, if you read in the morning some of La Rochefoucauld’s maxims, consider them, examine them well, and compare them with the real characters you meet with in the evening. Read La Bruyere in the morning, and see in the evening whether his pictures are like. Study the heart and the mind of man, and begin with your own. Meditation and reflection must lay the foundation of that knowledge; but experience and practice must, and alone can, complete it. Books, it is true, point out the operations of the mind, the sentiments of the heart, the influence of the passions — and so far they are of previous use; but without subsequent practice, experience, and observation, they are as ineffectual, and would even

¹ “Letters,” ii. pp. 138, 144.

lead you into as many errors, in fact, as a map would do, if you were to take your notions of the towns and provinces from their delineations in it. . . . If to your merit and knowledge you add the art of pleasing, you may very probably come in time to be secretary of state ; but, take my word for it, twice your merit and knowledge, without the art of pleasing, would, at most, raise you to the important post of resident at Hamburg or Ratisbon.¹ . . .

“ Courts are the best keys to characters ; there every passion is busy, every art exerted, every character analysed ; jealousy, ever watchful, not only discovers, but exposes, the mysteries of the trade, so that even bystanders *y apprennent à deviner*. Let misanthropes and would-be philosophers declaim as much as they please against the vices, the simulation, and dissimulation of courts ; those invectives are always the result of ignorance, ill humour, or envy. Let them show me a cottage, where there are not the same vices of which they accuse courts ; with this difference only, that in a cottage they appear in their native deformity, and that in courts, manners and good breeding make them less shocking, and blunt their edge. No, be convinced that the good breeding, the *tournure, la douceur dans les manières*, which alone are to be acquired at courts, are not the showish trifles only

¹ This seems prophetic, for both these “ posts ” were afterward held by Mr. Stanhope.

which some people call or think them ; they are a solid good ; they prevent a great deal of real mischief ; they create, adorn, and strengthen friendships ; they keep hatred within bounds ; they promote good humour and good will in families, where the want of good breeding and gentleness of manners is commonly the original cause of discord."

And in another letter, recurring to the same subjects, he says, " Loud laughter is extremely inconsistent with *les bienséances*, as it is only the illiberal and noisy testimony of the joy of the mob at some very silly thing. A gentleman is often seen, but very seldom heard to laugh. Nothing is more contrary to *les bienséances* than horse play, or *jeux de main* of any kind whatever, and has often very serious, sometimes very fatal consequences. Romping, struggling, throwing things at one another's head, are the becoming pleasantries of the mob, but degrade a gentleman ; *giuoco di mano, giuoco de villano*, is a very true saying, among the few true sayings of the Italians.¹ . . .

" There is a *bienséance* also with regard to people of the lowest degree ; a gentleman observes it with his footman, even with the beggar in the street. He considers them as objects of compassion, not of insult ; he speaks to neither

¹ The French have the same saying: *jeux de main, jeux de vilain*.

d'un ton brusque, but corrects the one coolly, and refuses the other with humanity. There is no one occasion in the world, in which *le ton brusque* is becoming a gentleman. In short, *les bienséances* are another word for manners, and extend to every part of life. They are propriety; the graces should attend in order to complete them."

On the subject of riding, he says, in a letter of June 30th: "I suppose you have hunted at Compiègne. The king's hunting there, I am told, is a fine sight. The French manner of hunting is gentleman-like; ours is only for bumpkins and boobies. The poor beasts here are pursued and run down by much greater beasts than themselves; and the true British fox-hunter is most undoubtedly a species appropriated and peculiar to this country, which no other part of the globe produces."¹

Let us return to Lord Chesterfield's general correspondence. In a letter to Madame du Boccage, 20th May, accompanying some books which he was sending her, in return for some which he had received: "C'est Shakespeare, Milton, Dry-

¹ "Letters," ii. pp. 153, 164.

Byron, after describing Don Juan's trophies in the hunting-field, says:

"He thought at heart like courtly Chesterfield,
Who, after a long chase o'er hills, dales, bushes,
And what not, though he rode beyond all price,
Ask'd next day, 'if men ever hunted twice?'"

— *Don Juan*, Canto xix. st. xxxv.

den, et Pope, l'honneur de notre nation ; qui, s'ils vous connoissoient, se feroient honneur d'être placés chez vous. . . . Ayez quelque bonté pour Dryden, jaloux de la préférence que vous avez donnée à Milton et à Pope. Vous ferez à Shakespeare tel accueil que vous jugerez à propos, vu que quelquefois il mérite le meilleur, et quelquefois le plus mauvais." ¹

Writing to Madame de Monconseil, 23d May, he makes a punning comparison between the French *anas* and his pineapples : "Au défaut des plaisirs, qui m'ont abandonné, et auxquels je ne pense plus à moins d'en procurer s'il m'étoit possible aux autres, je vais la semaine prochaine prendre, à leur place, les petits amusemens de *Babirole*, c'est-à-dire m'y promener, chipoter beaucoup dans mon petit jardin, et y soigner mes ananas, et mes melons : c'est que dans ces deux articles, je prétends briller. Passez-moi la mauvaise plaisanterie, et je vous dirai que les Ménagianas, les Scaligérianas, et tout ces sortes d'Anas, n'approchent point de mes Ananas." ²

And shortly after, in a letter from Blackheath to the Bishop of Waterford : "I have been a country gentleman a great while, for me, that is ; for I have now been a fortnight together at Blackheath, and stay three or four days longer. The *furor hortensis* has seized me, and my acre of ground

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 424.

² "Letters," iii. p. 426.

here affords me more pleasure than kingdoms do to kings; for my object is not to extend, but to enrich it. My gardener calls me, and I must obey.”¹

On the occasion of Mr. Dayrolles’s marriage in July, to a lady in England, described by Maty as “no less distinguished by the goodness of her heart, than by the graces and beauty of her person, and her various accomplishments,”² Lord Chesterfield writes to him on the 31st: “I most heartily wish you and Mrs. Dayrolles joy, and I believe you have had it. May it continue long! I came to town this morning on purpose to make my compliments to you both, but you were gone to shady groves. I hope you will take those of Greenwich in their turn, and the sooner the better.

“‘En ceci
La femme est comprise aussi.’

“Lady Chesterfield would have come, to have waited upon Mrs. Dayrolles, but was prevented by a great cold.”³

Lord Chesterfield remained during the summer at Blackheath, whence he writes to Madame de Monconseil, 1st August: “Depuis trois mois, je suis presque toujours ici, où j’ai plus joui de ma

¹ “Letters,” iii. p. 429.

² Maty, p. 199. Her name is not stated by him; but Walpole’s MS. note is, “daughter of Colonel Peterson.”

³ “Letters,” iii. p. 429.

nouvelle galerie que de mon jardin, ou des charmantes promenades voisines, tant le tems a été mauvais. . . . Le peu de fruit que j'ai n'a point de goût, mais heureusement mes ananas, qui, à ce qu'on dit, rassemblent les goûts de tous les fruits, ont bravé le froid, moyennant un bon feu qu'ils tiennent, chez eux. Malgré cela, quelques livres, et quelques amis, font couler le tems assez doucement, et c'est tout ce que je demande; je ne prétends plus en jouir."

The next passage in this letter relates to his friend, Lord Bolingbroke, who was now afflicted with the complaint from which, and from the means adopted for its cure, he soon afterward died. "Je vois souvent notre ami Bolingbroke, mais je le vois avec bien du chagrin. Une humeur à la joue, qu'il a eue depuis longtems, s'est dernièrement déclarée cancereuse, et fait de grands progrès depuis peu. Jusqu'ici cela ne lui a pas causé de douleur, et c'est tout ce qu'il demande, car pour le reste, il a pris son parti. En vérité un esprit comme le sien, si fort au dessus du commun, méritoit bien que la nature eût aussi fait un effort en sa faveur, du côté du corps, et lui eût donné une santé et une durée extraordinaires."¹

Mr. Stanhope came on a visit to his father about the middle of August, and remained till November. Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to Major Irwine, September 1st, says of him: "My young

¹ "Letters," iii. p. 432.

man has been with me here this fortnight, and in most respects I am very well satisfied with him ; his knowledge is sound and extensive, and, by all that I have yet observed, his heart is what I could wish it. But for his air and manners, Paris has still a great deal to do."

And in a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, October 5th, from Bath, where he had taken his son to "rub him till his reëxportation to Paris," he says: "I read here a great deal, but then it is partly for my own amusement, and partly for the improvement of my little friend, who is with me. In that way he labours most willingly, and is even for more of it than I desire to give him. But what I labour at most, and find the most difficulty in, is, to give him *les manières, la politesse, et la tournure*, of a man of fashion. He thinks knowledge is all ; there I differ from him, and endeavour to convince him that, without manners and address, it is very useless. He makes his compliments to you and Madame Dayrolles. Pray make mine to her too ; and tell her that, time out of mind, there has always been *un vieux Dayrolles, et un jeune Dayrolles*, and that as you cannot now claim the latter appellation, it is incumbent upon her to make us *jeune Dayrolles, dans la fabrique duquel je la prie très instamment de mettre beaucoup du sien.*"¹

And again, in a letter to Madame de Monconseil,

¹ This conveys a reference to Mr. Dayrolles's plainness of feature, as to which, see vol. i. p. 332.

7th October : " Je vous l'avoueraï, votre petit ambassadeur à son premier abord me frappa furieusement, non par les graces qui l'accompagnoient, mais par son air, et ses manières. Je ne comprends pas encore où il les avoit pêchés." ¹

On November 15th, he writes to Mr. Dayrolles : " My boy set out this morning for Paris, improved a good deal, in my mind, *du côté des manières*. Lord Albemarle has promised to employ him in his bureau as much as if he were *secrétaire de légation*, and if he does, it will be just as well as if he were, the salary excepted, which I do not much mind." ²

The sudden death of the Prince of Orange, and the consequent situation of affairs in the United Provinces, rendering the position of an English minister at The Hague one not to be envied, Lord Chesterfield was very glad to congratulate Mr. Dayrolles upon being transferred at this time from The Hague to the post of king's resident at Brussels, and writes : " In all events you will be out of the scrape, and I am very glad of it. If you get into any at Brussels with Monsieur le Marquis Botta d'Adorno, it will be of no great consequence, at he is not in very good odour here." ³

Mr. Stanhope was now entered upon a scene

¹ " Letters," iii. pp. 436, 437.

² " Letters," iii. p. 448.

³ " Letters," iii. p. 451. December 6th. But see *post*, p. 158.

of business, being engaged in Lord Albemarle's bureau at Paris ; and Lord Chesterfield, in an admirable letter to him, 19th December, on the subject of official correspondence, says : " The first thing necessary in writing letters of business is extreme clearness and perspicuity ; every paragraph should be so clear and unambiguous that the dullest fellow in the world may not be able to mistake it, nor obliged to read it twice in order to understand it. This necessary clearness implies a correctness, without excluding an elegance of style. Tropes, figures, antitheses, epigrams, etc., would be as misplaced and as impertinent in letters of business, as they are sometimes (if judiciously used) proper and pleasing in familiar letters, upon common and trite subjects. In business, an elegant simplicity, the result of care, not of labour, is required. Business must be well, not affectedly, dressed, but by no means negligently. Let your first attention be to clearness, and read every paragraph after you have written it, in the critical view of discovering whether it is possible that any one man can mistake the true sense of it, and correct it accordingly." ¹

Lord Bolingbroke died on the 15th December, and on the 30th, Lord Chesterfield writes to Madame de Monconseil : " N'êtes-vous pas bien touchée, mais je suis sûr que vous l'êtes, de la misérable mort de notre ami Bolingbroke ? Le

¹ " Letters," ii. p. 188.

remède a avancé sa mort, contre laquelle il n'y avoit point de remède, car son cancer n'étoit point ce qu'on appelle topique, mais universel, et tout son sang en étoit infecté incurablement. Ce que je regrette le plus, c'est que le remède lui a causé des douleurs cruelles ; mal que je crains bien plus, pour mes amis et pour moi-même, que la mort. Je perds un ami chaud, aimable, et instructif ; je l'avois vu quinze jours avant sa mort, quand il comptoit, comme je faisois aussi, sur sa guérison, et il me pria de ne plus revenir jusqu'à ce qu'elle fut complete, à quoi il s'attendoit en dix ou douze jours. Le lendemain, les grandes douleurs commencèrent, et ne le quittèrent que deux jours avant sa mort, pendant lesquels il resta insensible. Quel homme ! Quelle étendue de connoissances ! Quelle mémoire ! Quelle éloquence ! Ses passions, qui étoient fortes, faisoient tort à la délicatesse de ses sentimens, ou les confondoient, et souvent exprès : on lui rendra plus de justice à présent, qu'on ne lui en a rendu de son vivant." ¹

In the beginning of 1752, Lord Chesterfield wrote some excellent letters to his son respecting the French laws and constitution ; but they are too long for insertion here, and extracts would only do them injustice. We have seen from Lord Chesterfield's letters on the subject of music, that he had no great love for it as an art ; and in a letter to his son, January 23d, after some remarks

¹ " Letters," iv. p. 1.

upon the French and English theatres, he says :
“As for operas, they are essentially too absurd and extravagant to mention ; I look upon them as a magic scene, contrived to please the eyes and the ears at the expense of the understanding ; and I consider singing, rhyming, and chiming heroes, and princesses and philosophers, as I do the hills, the trees, the birds, and the beasts, who amicably joined in one common country dance to the irresistible tune of Orpheus’s lyre. Whenever I go to an opera, I leave my sense and reason at the door with my half-guinea, and deliver myself up to my eyes and my ears.”¹

Writing to him, February 14th, that he will send him a work of Lord Bolingbroke’s “Upon the Use of History,” in several letters to Lord Hyde, then Lord Corbury,² which was now in the press, he says : “It is hard to determine whether this work will instruct or please most. The most material historical facts, from the great era of the treaty of Munster, are touched upon, accompanied by the most solid reflections, and adorned by all

¹“Letters,” ii. p. 208. Horace Walpole mentions of the “Viscontina, a singer who was admired more than liked,” that “Lord Chesterfield was told that she said she was but four and twenty ;” he answered, “I suppose she means four and twenty stone !”

² Who was complimented also by Pope for his refusal of a pension :

“Disdain whatever Cornbury disdains.”

See “Imitations of Horace,” book i. epist. vi. 61 and notes.

that elegance of style which was peculiar to himself, and in which, if Cicero equals, he certainly does not exceed him, but every other writer falls short of him. I would advise you almost to get this book by heart." ¹

Lord Chesterfield's letters to his son at this time are full of instruction upon the constitution and affairs of France, and of advice to him in the position he now occupied. "Whatever business you have, do it the first moment you can; never by halves, but finish it without interruption, if possible. Business must not be sauntered and trifled with; and you must not say to it, as Felix did to Paul, 'at a more convenient season I will speak to thee.' The most convenient season for business is the first; but study and business, in some measure, point out their own times, to a man of sense; time is much oftener squandered away in the wrong choice and improper methods of amusement and pleasures." ²

In a letter to him about this time also, he gives an excellent description of the Chapter of the Garter which was about to be held; ³ and writing to Mr. Dayrolles, 17th March, he says: "The Chapter of the Garter, as I dare say you already know, was held last Friday. I was at it, and so was at least half the town. . . . The Countess

¹ "Letters," ii. p. 214, and see *ante*, p. 118.

² "Letters," ii. p. 227. March 5th.

³ "Letters," ii. p. 230.



of Coventry appeared as such, for the first time, at the Chapter, and was afterward presented to the king, and, in the newspaper style, met with a most gracious reception. My lord has adorned and rigged her out completely. She adorns herself too much, for I was near her enough to see manifestly that she had laid on a great deal of white which she did not want, and which will soon destroy both her natural complexion and her teeth. Duchess Hamilton, her sister, is to appear next week, and will, in my mind, outshine her, though I fear not long.”¹

A letter from Lord Chesterfield to his son, April 13th, contains a remarkable instance of his prophetic wisdom. Acknowledging the receipt of some pieces relative to the dispute between the king and the Parliament at Paris, he says: “The representation of the Parliament is very well

¹The two beautiful Miss Gunnings, of whom we read so much in the letters of Horace Walpole. The younger, Elizabeth, married, 14 February, the sixth Duke of Hamilton; the elder, Maria, married, 5 March, the sixth Earl of Coventry. Walpole, in a letter to Mann, 27 February, says: “About a fortnight since, at an immense assembly at my Lord Chesterfield’s, made to show the house, which is really most magnificent, Duke Hamilton made violent love at one end of the room while he was playing pharaoh at the other end; that is he saw neither the bank nor his own cards, which were of three hundred pounds each: he soon lost a thousand;” and then tells how, two nights afterward, “they were married with a ring of the bed-curtain;” “and what is most silly, my Lord Coventry declares that now he will marry the other.”

drawn, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. They tell the king very respectfully, that in a certain case, which they should think it criminal to suppose, they would not obey him. This has a tendency to what we call here revolution principles.

"I do not know what the Lord's anointed, his vice-regent upon earth, divinely appointed by him, and accountable to none but him for his actions, will either think or do, upon these symptoms of reason and good sense, which seem to be breaking out all over France; but this I foresee, that before the end of this century, the trade of both king and priest will not be half so good a one as it has been. Duclos, in his 'Reflections,' has observed, and very truly, *qu'il y a un germe de raison qui commence à se développer en France*.¹ A *développement* that must prove fatal to regal and papal pretensions. Prudence may, in many cases, recommend an occasional submission to either; but when that ignorance, which an implicit faith in both could only be founded, is once removed, God's vice-regent, and Christ's vicar, will only be obeyed and believed as far as what the one orders, and the other says, is conformable to reason and truth."²

He goes on to say: "Voltaire sent me from

¹ "Considérations sur les Mœurs du Siècle," by Charles Pineau Duclos, several times alluded to by Lord Chesterfield in his letters at this period.

² See this subject treated of again, *post*, pp. 173, 174.

Berlin his 'History du Siècle de Louis XIV.' It came at a very proper time ; Lord Bolingbroke had just taught me how history should be read ; Voltaire shows me how it should be written. . . . It is the history of the human understanding, written by a man of parts, for the use of men of parts. . . . Free from religious, philosophical, political, and national prejudices, beyond any historian I ever met with, he relates all those matters as truly and as impartially, as certain regards, which must always be to some degree observed, will allow him ; for one sees plainly that he often says much less than he would say, if he might. He has made me much better acquainted with the times of Louis XIV. than the innumerable volumes which I had read could do ; and has suggested this reflection to me, which I had never made before, — His vanity, not his knowledge, made him encourage all, and introduce many arts and sciences in his country. He opened in a manner the human understanding in France, and brought it to its utmost perfection ; his age equalled in all, and greatly exceeded in many things (pardon me, pedants !) the Augustan. . . . What is much more surprising, is, that he stopped the operations of the human mind just where he pleased ; and seemed to say, 'thus far shalt thou go, and no farther.' For, a bigot to his religion, and jealous of his power, free and rational thoughts upon either never entered into

a French head during his reign ; and the greatest geniuses that ever any age produced, never entertained a doubt of the divine right of kings, or the infallibility of the Church. Poets, orators, and philosophers, ignorant of their natural rights, cherished their chains ; and blind active faith triumphed, in those great minds, over silent and passive reason. The reverse of this seems now to be the case in France ; reason opens itself ; fancy and invention fade and decline.”¹

Lord Chesterfield's next letter to Mr. Dayrolles contains his first intimation of the ailment that, in spite of the wit and philosophy with which he always endeavoured to speak of it, and to console himself, gradually, and at last completely, estranged him from society and from public life.

Writing to him, April 17th, he says : “ I have been extremely deaf, and consequently extremely dull, this last fortnight. I am something better now, though far from being restored to my former hearing. As I have no cold, nor any bodily disorder to ascribe this deafness to, as symptomatical only, it makes me the more uneasy, by reviving in my thoughts my strong hereditary right to it ; a right which, as I do not indefeasibly allow even in kings, I would by no means exert as a private man, but would very willingly part with it to any minister, to whom hearing is often disagreeable,

¹ “ Letters,” ii. p. 237.

or to any fine woman, to whom it is often dangerous.”¹

And in a letter to Major Irwine, April 25th, at Dublin: “I live too much out of the world to entertain you, and lately I have lived too much out of it to entertain myself; for I have been for these last two months extremely deaf, from what cause I know not any more than the doctors whom I have consulted, but the effects I still feel, though not in quite so great a degree.”

The next passage shows how history repeats itself: “As well as I can judge at this distance, from the various accounts I have had of your squabbles and quarrels in Ireland, *c’est tout comme chez nous*. The great point is, who shall govern the government; and I presume that all heads have been too busy upon that point to think one moment of the real interests of Ireland.”²

Mr. Stanhope was at this time about to leave Paris, and to go through the courts upon the Rhine in his way to Hanover, and in several admirable letters to him, of April 30th, May 11th, 27th, and 31st, and during June and July, Lord Chesterfield gives his son the wisest worldly advice as to his conduct, impressing upon him especially the importance of observing the two maxims, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*; and the *volto sciolto e pensieri stretti*. These letters, to

¹ “Letters,” iv. p. 16.

² “Letters,” iv. p. 17.

which I can but draw attention, also contain valuable historical accounts of the places Mr. Stanhope was to pass through.

The king had gone to Hanover at the end of March to complete his scheme for the election of a king of the Romans.¹ Lord Chesterfield's object in sending his son to that place was that he might be present at the ceremony, but his stay there was to depend upon whether things turned out well or ill for him,² and in anticipation of his visit, he sent him the following letter, dated May 15th, addressed to the Duke of Newcastle,³ who, as secretary of state, was in attendance upon the king :

“Your Grace will give me leave to recommend to your protection at Hannover one whom you honoured with the kindest reception when in England. He has been ever since employed in Lord Albemarle's bureau at Paris, where I suppose he has learned the common routine at least of that kind of business to which he has been long destined, and for which I have reason to hope that he will not be absolutely unfitt. But in that, as well as in the military department, seni-

¹ Walpole to Mann, March 23d. Smollett, iii. p. 335.

² In consequence of his illegitimate birth, which, as we shall see, was a continual drawback to Mr. Stanhope's official promotion.

³ Now first published.

ority is of great consequence, and experience of great use; if, therefore, he could date early from *secrétaire de légation* (though without any salary), it would extremely accelerate both his knowledge and his subsequent preferment should he ever deserve any. I would not be thought, because I am sure I do not mean to be, a troublesome and importunate solicitor even in the only one thing that I have at heart, and I know very well that those first little wicketts to the gates of preferment are not every day open. I therefore only beg that your Grace will be so good as to have him eventually in your thoughts, that when favourable opportunity shall present itself, I may be with as much gratitude as I am now with truth and respect,

“Your Grace’s,” etc.¹

In the beginning of this month, May, Lord Chesterfield had a fall from his horse, which he describes in a letter of the 19th to Mr. Dayrolles: “This goes to you from a deaf crippleman, confined to his bed or his chair for above a fortnight past. My little black mare, whom you have long known to be as quiet as anything of her sex can be, wanted to drink in Hyde Park. Accordingly I rode her into one of the little ponds, and in

¹ “Newcastle Papers,” 32,727, f. 190. The date of its delivery to the Duke of Newcastle appears from the endorsement:

“^{July 26}
^{Aug. 6} by Mr. Stanhope.”

order to let her drink I loosed the bridon, which, by her stooping, fell over her head. In backing her out of the pond, her foot unluckily engaged itself in the bridon ; in endeavouring to get clear of it, she hampered herself the more, and then, in a great *saut de mouton*, she fell backward, and threw me with great violence about six feet from her. I pitched directly upon my hip-bone, which, by unaccountable good fortune, was neither fractured nor dislocated ; but the muscles, nerves, etc., are so extremely bruised and strained, that to this moment, and this is the nineteenth day, I feel some pain, and cannot stand upon that leg at all. This confinement, especially at this time of the year, when I long to be at Blackheath, is not, as you will easily guess, very agreeable, and what makes it still less so, is my increasing deafness. I have tried a thousand infallible remedies, but all without success. I hope for some good from warm weather, for hitherto we have had none. But this is more than enough concerning my own infirmities, which I am of an age to expect, and have philosophy enough to bear without dejection.”¹

Shortly afterward, Lord Chesterfield went to Blackheath, whence he writes, 30th June, to Mr. Dayrolles :

“I am here in my hermitage, very deaf, and consequently alone. I read as much as my eyes

¹ “Letters,” iv. p. 20.

will let me, and I walk and ride as often as the worst weather I ever knew will allow me. *D'ailleurs*, good health, natural good spirits, some philosophy, and long experience of the world, make me much less dejected and melancholy than most people in my situation would be, or than I should have been myself some years ago. I comfort myself with the reflection that I did not lose the power, till after I had very near lost the desire, of hearing. I have been long and voluntarily deaf to the voice of ambition, and to the noise of business, so that I lose nothing upon that head; and when I consider how much of my life is past, and how little of it, according to the course of nature, remains, I can almost persuade myself that I am no loser at all. By all this, you see that I am neither a dejected nor a sour deaf man.”¹

In a letter to his son, July 21st, he makes the following witty remarks on wit: “That ready wit which you so partially allow me, and so justly Sir Charles Williams, may create many admirers; but, take my word for it, it makes few friends. It shines and dazzles like the noonday sun, but, like that, too, is very apt to scorch; and therefore is always feared. The milder morning and evening light and heat of that planet soothe and calm our minds. Good sense, complaisance, gentleness of manners, attentions, and graces are the only things that truly engage, and durably keep the

¹ “Letters,” iv. p. 27.

heart at long run. Never seek for wit; if it presents itself, well and good; but even in that case, let your judgment interpose; and take care that it be not at the expense of anybody. Pope says very truly:

“‘There are whom Heaven has blest with store of wit,
Yet want as much again to govern it.’

And in another place, I doubt with too much truth:

“‘For wit and judgment ever are at strife,
Though meant each other’s aid — like man and wife.’¹

“The Germans are very seldom troubled with any extraordinary ebullitions or effervescences of wit, and it is not prudent to try it upon them; whoever does, *offendet solido*.”²

On July 24th Lord Chesterfield writes to Mr. Dayrolles on the birth of a son, to whom he had undertaken to be godfather: “I most heartily congratulate you upon the safe arrival of my godson, and Madame Dayrolles upon his civil departure; but as for himself, considering the place

¹ “Essay on Criticism,” 80–83. Lord Chesterfield was quoting partly from memory, and partly from an early version, the later and correct version being:

Some, to whom heav’n in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other’s aid, like man and wife.”

² “Letters,” ii. p. 277.

he has left, and that which he is come into, I suspend my congratulations, but most sincerely wish that he may have great reason to receive, and his friends to make him, those congratulations threescore years hence. When one is in the world, one must make the best of it; but, considering what that best is upon the whole, I doubt it is only making the best of a bad bargain. However, may that best be as good to him as it ever has been, or can be, to anybody!"¹

On August 11th Lord Chesterfield writes to the Duke of Newcastle² acknowledging a letter from him in answer to that of the 15th May, which his son had delivered, and says: "But I cannot acknowledge as I would wish the marks of your Grace's favour and protection to Mr. Stanhope, in which I flatter myself that I have some share; at this rate, I shall soon have very little share of him, since I look upon him already as belonging more to your Grace than to me. When I took the liberty of mentioning in my former a secretaryship *de legation*, I mentioned it only eventually, and as the first and lowest step of the foreign political ladder, and I did not pretend to look so high as a residentship. I knew the state of the two secretaryships to the two embassys of France and Spain, and had experienced your Grace's kindness with regard to the

¹ "Letters," iv. p. 32.

² Now first published.

former; but I thought that a secretaryship *de legation* might subsist without an embassy, and where there was only an envoy; as I remembered a Saxon secretary *de legation*, when Comte Fleming was here, and as there is now a Bavarian secretary *de legation* under Comte Haslang. But what your Grace is pleased to mention of a residentship, and particularly that to Venice, is the thing in the world that I should have wished for, if I had dared to think of it. I know that Mr. Stanhope has knowledge, I believe he has discretion, but I am sure that he is young and unexperienced; nothing therefore could be so advantageous for him as to begin the routine of business at least at such a place as Venice, where what business there is is of such a nature that his Majesty's service would not suffer much from those little errors which might possibly (though I hope they would not) arise from inexperience. I hope that Lord Holdernessee may be yet unengaged, in which case I dare say your Grace's recommendation would prevail with him. And if he has no present engagement, I will promise and engage that Mr. Stanhope shall, after a year's residence at Venice, at a week's warning from Lord Holdernessee, make way for whoever his lordship may be then inclined to send there in his stead. For as I intend to bring him, at my own expense, into the next Parliament, I shall be very willing that he should then return, and re-

ceive your Grace's orders there. In short, I submit the whole to your Grace, and transfer my young man intirely to you. I dare say he will be diligent and gratefull, and I am very sure that I will always acknowledge the obligation, and be ever with the greatest attachment and respect,

"Your Grace's," etc.¹

Lord Chesterfield's letters to Mr. Dayrolles at this time all relate to the foregoing letter, and his hopes for the advancement of his son through the influence of the Duke of Newcastle. Writing to him, September 15th, he says: "My boy has been a good while at Hanover; he kissed the king's hand, which was all I expected or desired. *Visage de bois*, you take for granted, *et c'étoit dans les formes*. But the Duke of Newcastle has been most excessively kind and friendly to him; had him always to dine with him, even *en famille*, and has even suggested to me a very advantageous foreign commission for him, which I hope and believe will take place. Between you and me (pray do not mention it yet to any mortal living), it is to succeed Sir James Gray at Venice, as resident, Sir James being appointed the king's envoy at Naples. This is a much better thing than I either asked or could have hoped for. . . ."

And with respect to himself, he says: "I leave my hermitage at Blackheath next week for Bath,

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,729, f. 79.

where I am to bathe and pump my head ; but I doubt it is with deaf people as with poets, when the head must be pumped little good comes of it. However, I will try everything, just as I take a chance in every lottery, not expecting the great prize, but only to be within the possibility of having it.”¹

In October, Mr. Stanhope went to Brussels, partly as the guest of Mr. Dayrolles, by whom he was also to be employed in his bureau ; but although he had been well received at Hanover, a very unpleasant incident occurred in consequence of Mr. Dayrolles having introduced him to Prince Charles of Lorraine, and a violent remonstrance was made by the imperial minister, Marquis de Botta, on the irregularity of Mr. Dayrolles’s conduct in presenting a person of Mr. Stanhope’s birth. It was in vain that Mr. Dayrolles urged that “he did not see why a gentleman who had been well received by the Kings of Sicily and Poland, who had been presented by Lord Albemarle to the King of France, and by the Duke of Newcastle to the King of England, might not have the honour likewise of being presented to Prince Charles of Lorraine.” The result was that the Marquis de Botta agreed to keep the matter secret and that Mr. Dayrolles persuaded Mr. Stanhope to set off immediately from Brussels.²

¹ “Letters,” iv. p. 38.

² See letters to Mr. Dayrolles, October 7th, 18th, 25th, vol. iv. pp. 40-45, and letter to his son, ii. p. 285.

Lord Chesterfield writes to Mr. Dayrolles, 30th October: "I am very sure that you are much more concerned than I am at the accident that happened between you and Marquis de Botta relatively to my boy. My greatest concern arises from the apprehensions that it may possibly affect you at that formal court; if it does not, there is no harm done. You conducted yourself in the whole affair with all the prudence of a man much less irascible than you naturally are, especially where your friends are concerned. As for the boy himself, people in his situation must sometimes expect disagreeable things of that nature; and I have made use of this incident in my letter to him to show him how necessary it is for him to counterbalance this disadvantage by superior merit and knowledge.¹ He has desired to go again to Paris, which I have very willingly consented to, as he is received there in the best companies, and employed by Lord Albemarle in the most secret correspondence. This incident makes me still more desirous than before that the Duke of Newcastle's proposal for him may take place; which, together with his being in Parliament, as he will be in the next, will put an end to all these discussions."²

In a letter from Bath to the Bishop of Waterford, November 11th, he says: "These waters,

¹ That letter is wanting.

² "Letters," iv. p. 47.

which I have now used six weeks in every way that it is possible to use them, drinking, bathing, and pumping, have done my hearing some good, but not enough to refit me for social life. I stay here a fortnight longer, in hopes of more benefit, which my physician promises me strongly ; as I do not expect it, if I receive it it will be the more welcome. If not, I have both philosophy and religion enough to submit to my fate without either melancholy or murmur ; for though I can by no means account why there is either moral or physical evil in the world, yet, conscious of the narrow bounds of human understanding, and convinced of the wisdom and justice of the eternal Divine Being who placed them here, I am persuaded that it is fit and right that they should be here.”¹

Lord Chesterfield returned to town early in December, and his last letter this year is to the Bishop of Waterford on the 19th: “I am extremely glad to find, by your last very friendly letter, that you enjoy that greatest blessing of this life, the health of body and mind. . . . The mind must have some worldly objects to excite its attention, otherwise it will stagnate in indolence, sink into melancholy, or rise into visions and enthusiasm. Your children cannot be in a better way than, by your account, they seem to be in at present. Your son learns what a boy should learn, and your daughters read what girls should

¹ “ Letters,” iv. p. 53.

read — history ; the former cannot know too much, and the latter ought not. . . .

“I am neither better nor worse than when I wrote to you last. I have tried many things, and am going on to try many others, but without expecting any benefit from any medicine but patience.”¹

Lord Chesterfield's first letter in 1753 is to his son on New Year's Day, and is on a subject of more general interest, the writings of his favourite author, Voltaire. “I have lately read, with great pleasure, Voltaire's two little histories of “*Les Croisades*,” and “*l'Esprit Humain*,” which I recommend to your perusal, if you have not already read them.”

After making the remarks which have been already cited on *Les Croisades*,² he says : “There is a strange, but never-failing relation, between honest madmen and skilful knaves ; and whenever one meets with collected numbers of the former, one may be very sure that they are secretly directed by the latter. The Popes who have generally been both the ablest and the greatest knaves in Europe wanted all the power and money of the East, for they had all that was in Europe already. The times and the minds favoured their design, for they were dark and uninformed ; and Peter the Hermit, at once a knave and a madman, was a

¹ “Letters,” iv. p. 56.

² *Ante*, p. 60.

fine papal tool for so wild and wicked an undertaking. I wish we had good histories of every part of Europe, and indeed of the world, written upon the plan of Voltaire's "De l'Esprit Humain;" for I own I am provoked at the contempt which most historians show for humanity in general; one would think by them that the whole human species consisted but of about a hundred and fifty people, called and dignified (commonly very undeservedly too) by the titles of emperors, kings, popes, generals, and ministers."¹

Lord Chesterfield's next, and many subsequent letters to his son, who had long employed the greatest share of his time, and now engrossed it, are mainly directed to fitting him for a diplomatic career; and are rich in admirable reflections upon that knowledge of the world so necessary to success in it, and those manners and graces which Mr. Stanhope seems never to have valued, and therefore never acquired. But, as I have already said, the letters upon these subjects are too long to be inserted in full in this work, and extracts would only do them injustice.

Writing to Mr. Dayrolles, February 16th, he says: "I grow deafer, and consequently more *isolé* from society, every day. I can now say of the world, as the man in 'Hamlet,' 'What is Hecuba to me, or I to Hecuba?' My best wishes, however, will attend my friends, though all my hopes

¹ "Letters," ii. p. 311.

have left me. I have in vain tried a thousand things that have done others good in the like case, and will go on trying, having so little to lose, and so much to get. The chapter of knowledge is a very short, but the chapter of accidents is a very long one. I will keep dipping in it, for sometimes a concurrence of unknown and unforeseen circumstances, in the medicine and the disease, may produce an unexpected and lucky hit. But no more of myself — that self, as now circumstanced, being but a disagreeable subject to us both.”¹

In this, and in his next letters to Mr. Dayrolles, of March 13th, April 6th, and May 25th, Lord Chesterfield expresses his hope and belief that by the influence of the ministers, who, he was convinced, were sincere in their desires to serve him, his son would be appointed to the residency of Venice; saying, “I own I have set my heart upon the success of this affair, which I think is decisive of his fortune.” With this view Lord Chesterfield sent for his son from Paris, that he might be upon the place, and attend three or four Wednesdays’ and Fridays’ levees. On April 6th he writes to Mr. Dayrolles: “I am now, for the first time in my life, impatient for the summer, that I may go and hide myself at Blackheath, and converse with my vegetables *d’égal à égal*, which is all that a deaf man can pretend to. . . . Deaf as I am, I would not change the interior quiet and tranquillity

¹“Letters,” iv. p. 62.

of my mind for the full possession of all the objects of my former pursuits. I know their futility, and I know now that one can only find real happiness within one's self."

And to Madame de Monconseil, 3d May : "Voici, madame, la saison pour *Bagatelle* et *Babiole* ; en peu de jours je compte d'aller à ce dernier endroit, m'y enterrer, je ne dis pas vif, car cela ne se dit pas d'un sourd, mais végétant. J'y serai dans la seule compagnie à laquelle je ne suis pas à charge actuellement, c'est-à-dire mes choux ; mais pour vous, qui avez tout ce qu'il faut pour goûter, et pour donner, les douceurs de la société, profitez de *Bagatelle* pour le rétablissement de votre santé, et pour l'oubli de vos chagrins."

And in a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, May 25th, he says : "I go next week to Blackheath for the whole summer, if we are to have any, there to read and saunter in quiet. That place agrees with my health, and becomes my present situation. It employs my eyes, my own legs, and my horse's agreeably, without having any demand upon my ears, so that I almost forget sometimes that I have lost them."

And again expressing his hope and belief that his son would be appointed resident at Venice : "The variety of passengers from all countries that he will see there, will, I hope, give him more desire to please, which is what he wants, and what I endeavour to inculcate into him. He is too care-

less and indifferent for one of his age ; and has not yet *l'art de se faire valoir*, which is a very necessary one. La Bruyère observes very justly, *qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir*. I hope that will come." ¹

Writing to Mr. Bodens ² from Blackheath, 19th June, he says : "Company is now no company to me, nor am I company for anybody. I am buried here, and my ghost is not allowed to wander twenty miles, so that you must excuse my attendance at Hutt Hall ; but if there are horses enough in Surry to drag you into Kent, I shall be extremely glad to see you here ; I use the word see in the literal sense, it being the only sense left to yours.

"Mr. Stanhope returns you a thousand compliments and thanks for your kind invitation, but as he watches my corpse cannot have the pleasure of waiting upon you." ³

On the 30th June, Lord Chesterfield sent the following letter from Blackheath to the Duke of Newcastle : ⁴

¹ "Letters," iv. pp. 68, 70, 74.

² Of whom Horace Walpole says : "Captain Charles Bodens, a man of some humour and universal parasite. He wrote a comedy called the 'Modish Couple,' which occasioned a great riot at the play-house, as the court and people of quality, his patrons, would support it, and the town would damn it."—*MS. notes*.

³ "Newcastle Papers," 32,732, f. 76. Now first published.

⁴ Now first published.

“The visits of a deaf man being still more troublesome than his letters, your Grace will, I am persuaded, excuse my omitting the former and preferring this method of applying to you in favour of one whom you have already distinguished by your kindness and protection.

“Sir James Gray is, I find, nominated his Majesty’s minister to the court of Naples, by whose promotion the residency to Venice, which your Grace was pleased to hint to me, is now vacant. You will give me leave, therefore, to remind you in favour of Mr. Stanhope of those good offices which your Grace so kindly promised me in recommending to his Majesty’s successor to Sir James Gray at Venice; for in the multiplicity of your business such a trifle may very possibly slip out of your memory, though not out of your intention. The business of a resident at Venice is of a nature to give some experience, but to want none, so that youth is no objection there, and Mr. Stanhope is not without some experience of the routine at least of those affairs, Lord Albemarle having been so kind as both to employ and trust him a good deal in his bureau. I am sensible that his birth is a disadvantage to him, but I am in hopes, too, that it may not prove more disadvantageous to him than the same kind of birth has proved to others. The late General Churchill’s son’s was not a great deal better, and yet proved no bar to his being employed even immediately about his Maj-

esty's person, as well as in an important foreign commission.

"The Venetian residents who are sent here are at most *cittadini*, and all that one knows of their birth is, that they were once born; and I could perhaps name some who have the honour to be in his Majesty's service abroad, the obscurity of whose birth seems equall to illegitimacy. As I shall bring him into the next Parliament at my own (and probably no small) expense, I flatter myself that his seat there will be so far like the cloak of charity as to cover one sin at least, and upon my word I know of no other, for which he wants a cover.

"I hope his Majesty has no objection to my conduct ever since I retired from his service; I have endeavoured and shall as long as I live endeavour to show the most respectfull attachment to his person, and the warmest zeal for the support of his government. This is the last and only mark of his favour that I can or will ever ask, and therefore I hope that when your Grace shall be pleased to use your friendly offices and interest in this affair, you will meet with no obstruction merely upon my account.

"I have troubled your Grace already too long; and will therefore conclude by most earnestly requesting your favour, your friendship, and your zeal in this affair, which I have extremely and which is the only one that I have at heart. *Hanc*

ultimam oro veniam. I shall ever acknowledge it with the warmest gratitude, and it will (if possible) add to the sentiments of truth and respect with which I have at present the honour to be," etc.¹

This application had, however, no success; for the duke writes in answer, August 8th, that the having tried every method that occurred to him was the reason for having so long delayed acquainting him "that the king does not think proper to comply with the application which has been made to him. His Majesty's reasons seem'd confin'd singly to one circumstance. And the instance of Mr. Churchill was not thought by the king a parallel case, as Mr. Churchill's commission was only for one particular object, and as Mr. Churchill was then high advanced in the army;" and concludes his letter by expressing the pain it gives him to write upon the subject, and again assures Lord Chesterfield of having done everything in his power to procure a satisfactory answer.²

Lord Chesterfield's reply to the above, on 9th August,³ suggests another cause of failure:

"My thorough conviction that your Grace sincerely endeavoured to procure Mr. Stanhope the commission which you so kindly suggested for

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,732, f. 133.

² "Newcastle Papers," 32,732, f. 427.

³ Now first published.

him excites my acknowledgement full as much as if your Grace's endeavours had proved more successfull, but at the same time the cause of your disappointment makes me consider Mr. Stanhope's situation as more unfortunate than ever I apprehended it to be, the motive for his exclusion being a perpetual one, which no time can remove.

"It is very true that Mr. Churchill was sent to Vienna but upon one affair, but it is as true, too, that whoever is sent resident to Venice goes upon no affair at all.

"Mr. Cressner, his Majesty's present resident at Liege, is outlawed, as is also Sir John Goodrich, who was appointed his Majesty's minister at Bruxelles, and refused on the other, not on this side of the water. These circumstances make me but too justly apprehend that Mr. Stanhope suffers chiefly from his relation to him who is with the utmost truth and respect," etc.¹

In a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, August 16th, Lord Chesterfield writes : "You will be surprised, when I tell you, as I confess I was when I was told, that our Venetian scheme is at an end by his Majesty's flat refusal, notwithstanding that the Duke of Newcastle and Lady Yarmouth did (as I sincerely believe) all they could to make it succeed. . . . The only reason he alleged for his refusal was his birth, which reason, as his Majesty had been told

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,732, f. 435.

before, had not weighed with him against Charles Churchill,¹ whose birth was certainly not much better, and who had however been sent as minister to the first court in Europe, and had the honour of being immediately about his Majesty's person as groom of his bedchamber. I own that, considering my conduct since I retired from court, the difficulties I could have raised, instead of the facility I showed, and considering that I declared that as this was the first, it should also be the last, favour I would ever ask, I did not expect such a refusal of such a trifle. But it is over, and I have philosophy enough never unavailingly to regret what cannot be retrieved. I look forwards, and in that view I shall bring your little friend into the next Parliament; and the Parliamentary cloak, more extensive, if possible, than that of charity, will cover that involuntary sin. . . . He goes in about three weeks, first to Holland for a month or so, and from thence to the three electoral courts of Bonn, Manheim, and Munich, where there are never any English, for that is my great object."

And writing to Madame de Monconseil, 13th September, he says: "*Votre petit garçon ne va pas à Venise, comme je m'en étois flatté; je m'en croyois sûr, mais à la cour y a-t-il quelque chose de sûr? Oui, qu'on y promet beaucoup, et qu'on,*

¹ Natural son of General Churchill by Mrs. Oldfield, the actress. He married Mary, daughter of Sir Robert Walpole by Miss Skerrett, who was afterward the second Lady Walpole.

y tient peu. En attendant mieux, je l'ai encore transporté ; il est parti la semaine passée pour la Hollande, et de là il doit aller hiverner aux Cours Electorales de Bonn, Manheim, Munich, Dresde," etc.¹

Having sent his son to Holland, Lord Chesterfield went to Bath in October, and though the waters did him a great deal of good as to his general health, they had no effect in the essential point of his deafness. On his return to town in November, he writes to Mr. Dayrolles on the 16th : "I am full as deaf, and consequently full as absurd, as ever. I give up all hopes of cure ; I know my place, and form my plan accordingly, for I strike society out of it."

The bill which had been passed in the previous session for the naturalisation of the Jews, and which Lord Chesterfield called a very right one, though many people thought it, and many pretended to think it, calculated and intended for the destruction of the Christian religion in England, is of no other interest here than on account of the observations made by Lord Chesterfield upon the occasion of its repeal. Writing to Mr. Dayrolles, 16th November, he says : "Yesterday the Parliament met ; and the Duke of Newcastle, frightened out of his wits at the groundless and senseless clamours against the Jew bill passed last year,

¹ " Letters," iv. pp. 81, 83.

moved for the repeal of it ; and accordingly it is to be repealed.”¹

And in a letter to his son, November 26th, he says : “The ministers here, intimidated by the absurd and groundless clamours of the mob, have, very weakly, in my mind, repealed, this session, the bill which they had passed the last, for rendering Jews capable of being naturalised, by subsequent acts of Parliament.”² Nothing is truer in politics than this reflection of the Cardinal de Retz, *Que le peuple craint toujours quand on le craint pas* ; and, consequently, they grow unreasonable and insolent, when they find that they are feared. Wise and honest governors will never, if they can help it, give the people just cause to complain ; but then, on the other hand, they will firmly withstand groundless clamour. Besides that, this noise against the Jew bill proceeds from that narrow mob-spirit of intoleration in religious and inhospitality in civil matters ; both which all wise governments should oppose.”

¹ “Letters,” iv. p. 94. Among the thousand absurd and scurrilous pamphlets, etc., published on the occasion of the bill being passed, Lord Chesterfield mentions one of some humour : “An advertisement, as from a surgeon, who takes the liberty to inform the public upon this occasion, that he has a fine hand at circumcision of adult persons as well as children, and that he performs that operation with little pain and no danger to the patient, and at the most reasonable rate.”

² For particulars of this measure, see Smollett, iii. pp. 346, 383 ; Mahon, “History of England,” iv. p. 35.

Lord Chesterfield goes on to make some equally judicious remarks upon the quarrels at this time existing in France, between the secular and ecclesiastical jurisdiction, of which it may be sufficient to say that they were caused by the clergy endeavouring to defy and place themselves above the law :¹ "The confusion in France increases daily, as, no doubt, you are informed where you are. There is an answer of the clergy's to the remonstrances of the Parliament, lately published, most artfully and plausibly written, though founded upon false principles; the *jus divinum* of the clergy, and, consequently, their supremacy in all matters of faith and doctrine, are asserted; both which I absolutely deny. Were those two points allowed the clergy of any country whatsoever, they must necessarily govern that country absolutely; everything being, directly or indirectly, relative to faith or doctrine; and whoever is supposed to have the power of saving and damning souls to all eternity (which power the clergy pretend to), will be much more considered, and better obeyed, than any civil power, that forms no pretensions beyond this world. Whereas, in truth, the clergy in every country are, like all other subjects, dependent upon the supreme legislative power, and are appointed by that power, under whatever restrictions and limitations it pleases, to keep up decency and

¹ For the details of this dispute, see Voltaire, "Siècle de Louis XIV.," chap. xxxi. "Querelles entre le clergé et le Parlement."

decorum in the Church, just as constables are to keep peace in the parish."

Writing again to his son, December 25th, he says of the affairs of France: "They grow serious, and in my opinion will grow more and more so every day;" and sums up with the following words, "that have become memorable:"¹ "In short, all the symptoms which I have ever met with in history, previous to great changes and revolutions in government, now exist, and daily increase in France."²

In a letter to Major Irwine, December 29th, on the subject of some disputes then going on in Ireland, relative to the appropriation of the revenue, he says: "I thought, at least, that I perfectly understood the meaning of all your disputes and quarrels in Ireland, while they related only to the roasting or the Boyleing³ (pardon a written quibble) of Arthur Jones Nevil, Esq.;⁴ and I heard of them with the same indifference with which I formerly heard of those of Charles Lucas,⁵ apoth-

¹ Carlyle, "French Revolution," Book i. chap. ii.

² "Letters," ii. pp. 343, 346, and see *ante*, p. 146.

³ An allusion to the name of the Irish Speaker, Henry Boyle, afterward created Earl of Shannon.

⁴ Which Walpole annotates with another quibble: "He had committed some fraud, I think, in building the barracks, and was turned out of his place, on which it was said, that the best architect in England was 'In I go' Jones; and the worst in Ireland, 'Out I go' Jones." — *MS. notes on Maty*.

⁵ Who had headed the discontented in Ireland, and had been

ecary. Those objects were indifferent to me because I thought them so to Ireland ; and I humbly apprehend, that the only point in question was the old one, who should govern the governor ?”

He refers to this subject again, in a letter to Mr. Dayrolles 1st January, 1754, saying : “The beginning of the whole affair was only the old question, who should govern the government ; this produced violent personal piques and acrimony, and consequently formed and animated parties.”

Respecting Lord Bolingbroke’s philosophical works, Lord Chesterfield writes to his son, January 15th : “The works of the late Lord Bolingbroke are just published, and have plunged me into philosophical studies ; which hitherto I have not been much used to, or delighted with, convinced of the futility of those researches ; but I have read his philosophical essay upon the extent of human knowledge. He there shows very clearly, and with most splendid eloquence, what the human mind can and cannot do ; that our understandings are wisely calculated for our place in this planet, and for the link which we form in the universal chain of things ; but that they are by no means capable of that degree of knowledge which our curiosity makes us search after, and which our vanity makes us often believe we arrive at. I

banished. See Lord Chesterfield to Irwine, Oct. 26, 1749, and Walpole’s “Memoires of George II.,” i. p. 244.

¹ “Letters,” iv. pp. 95, 100.

shall not recommend to you the reading of that work. But I shall recommend to your frequent and diligent perusal all his tracts that are relative to our history and constitution; upon which he throws lights and scatters graces which no other writer has ever done.”¹

The following passage, from a letter to his son, February 26th, shows that some overture had been made, or was expected to be made, to Lord Chesterfield to resume the Lord Lieutenancy of Ireland: “I can assure you, that you will have no opportunity of subscribing yourself, my Excellency’s, etc. Retirement and quiet were my choice some years ago, while I had all my senses, and health and spirits enough to carry on business; but now I have lost my hearing, and find my constitution declining daily, they are become my necessary and only refuge. I know myself (no common piece of knowledge, let me tell you), I know what I can, what I cannot, and consequently what I ought to do. I ought not, and therefore will not, return to business, when I am much less fit for it than I was when I quitted it. Still less will I go to Ireland, where, from my deafness and infirmities, I must necessarily make a different figure from that which I once made there. My pride would be too much mortified by that difference.”²

¹ “Letters,” ii. p. 351.

² “Letters,” ii. p. 365.

In consequence of the death of Mr. Pelham on the 6th March — an important and unexpected event — numerous changes took place in the ministerial arrangements, though the power continued in the same hands. As soon as they were completed, Parliament was dissolved, and in the new elections, during the month of April, Mr. Stanhope was, by the influence of the Duke of Newcastle, and the zealous friendship of Mr. Elliot, elected without opposition, though “not gratis,” for Mr. Elliot’s borough of Liskeard, in Cornwall.¹

Lord Chesterfield accordingly wrote to the Duke of Newcastle,² April 29th :

“It is impossible to be more sensible than I am of the honour of your Grace’s letter, and of the kind attention you express to Mr. Stanhope’s election. I had an account from Mr. Elliot some days ago that he and young Mr. Nugent had been unanimously elected for Liskeard.

“Give me leave upon this occasion to recommend him again to your Grace’s protection, and to desire that you will look upon him as entirely belonging to you. I am not fashionable enough to ask for a place for him to-morrow, because he came into Parliament yesterday ; but should he deserve your Grace’s favour, I am sure you will show it him at a proper time ; and should he not deserve, I shall not desire it.

¹ “Letters,” iv. pp. 109-121.

² Now first published.

"I would have had the honour of attending your Grace and receiving your commands in person, had I not more considered your time and ease than my own inclinations ; but the distant respect of a deaf man is the most acceptable on one side and the most discreet on the other. No distance nor no time will lessen that truth and respect with which I have the honour to be," etc.¹

Lord Chesterfield had, some time before this, been very ill with what he describes as "goutish rheumatism, or a rheumatic gout ;" and as he says the "learned insisted upon his going to Aix la Chapelle and Spa, which they promised him would restore his health and spirits, and perhaps relieve his deafness," he very reluctantly made the trip ; and leaving England at the end of April, remained at Spa till the middle of July, when he returned home, with much benefit of his general state of health, but not the least to his deafness.²

Writing to Mr. Dayrolles from Blackheath August 1st, thanking him and Mrs. Dayrolles for their kind and friendly reception at Brussels, and their company at Spa, he says : " This, I find, is my proper place ; and I know it, which people seldom do. I converse with my equals, my vegetables, which I found in a flourishing condition, notwithstanding the badness of the weather, which has been full as cold and wet here as we

¹ " Newcastle Papers," 32,735, f. 207.

² " Letters," iv. pp. 103, 131.

had at Spa. I wish I could send you some of my pineapples, which are large and excellent ; but without magic that cannot be done, and I have no magic. Contentment is my only magic ; and, thank God, I have found out that art, which is by no means a black one.”¹

Lord Chesterfield's letters, during the remainder of this year, to Mr. Dayrolles, Madame de Monconseil, and others, consist chiefly of incessant complaints of his increasing deafness ; of the giddinesses and disorders in his head ; and of the Spa waters having given him but what the builders call a half repair, “which is only a mere temporary vamp.” In October he returned to London, and then went to Bath, whence, in a letter to the Bishop of Waterford, November 14th, he writes : “I consider myself here as an old decayed vessel, of long wear and tear, brought into the wet-dock, to be careened and patched up, not for any long voyage, but only to serve as a coaster for some little time longer. How long that may be, I little know, and as little care ; I am unrelative to this world, and this world to me. My only attention now is to live, while I do live in it, without pain, and when I leave it, to leave it without fear. . . .”² And with respect to the bishop using his interest at a pending election at Waterford, he says : “I believe I may, without the least

¹ “Letters,” iv. p. 133.

² “Letters,” iv. p. 137.

breach of charity, lay it down for a principle that the contending parties now in Ireland think no more of the public good than they do of the squaring of the circle ; so that you may, with the safest conscience imaginable, throw your interest into either scale. . . . The question is by no means how Ireland shall be governed, but by whom ; and whoever prevails, the difference to the country will, to use a low expression, be no more than that between a cat in a hole and a cat out of a hole."

During this and the preceding year, Lord Chesterfield had been amusing his leisure by contributing some essays on social topics to the *World*, a paper edited by Edward Moore, under the *nom de plume* of Fitz Adam ; and in November and December of this year, he wrote two papers in recommendation of the Dictionary upon which Johnson had been for some years employed, and which was then about to be published. "I heard the other day with great pleasure from my worthy friend, Mr. Dodsley, that Mr. Johnson's English Dictionary, with a grammar and history of our language prefixed, will be published this winter in two large volumes in folio."¹

The circumstances which led to these papers being written have been much misrepresented and

¹ *World*, Nov. 28, 1754. "Though these papers contributed so much to the reputation of Doctor Johnson's Dictionary, he behaved in a very brutal and ungrateful manner to the earl."—*MS. note by Walpole.*

misunderstood. In 1747, Johnson had addressed the plan or prospectus of his Dictionary to Lord Chesterfield, in a manner which, if the earl had known it, was not very complimentary, at least, according to Johnson's own account to Boswell, thirty years afterward. "Sir, the way in which the plan of my Dictionary came to be inscribed to Lord Chesterfield, was this: I had neglected to write it by the time appointed. Dodsley suggested a desire to have it addressed to Lord Chesterfield. I laid hold of this as a pretext for delay, that it might be better done, and let Dodsley have his desire. I said to my friend, Doctor Bathurst, 'Now if any good comes of my addressing to Lord Chesterfield, it will be ascribed to deep policy, when, in fact, it was only a casual excuse for laziness.'"

Upon receiving the plan, Chesterfield gave Johnson an interview, and made some suggestions and alterations, which were adopted. Johnson also received from the earl the sum of ten pounds. Whether there was more than one interview is not recorded; but Boswell tells the story of Johnson having been kept waiting on one occasion, when Chesterfield had company with him, and his indignation upon seeing Colley Cibber walk out, upon which he went away in a passion and never returned; and then goes on to tell that Johnson assured him that there was not the least foundation for it. Yet Johnson, in his letter to Lord

Chesterfield, after the appearance of the papers in the *World*, says: "Seven years have now past since I waited in your outward rooms or was repulsed from your door;" and that he has brought his work "to the verge of publication without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour."¹

But, assuming the story to be true, surely no slight was intended. Chesterfield was not to know that Johnson was waiting; and had his visit been a little earlier, the positions of the parties might have been reversed, and Cibber would have had to wait.

The respective social positions of Chesterfield and Johnson seem always to have been overlooked. In 1747, Chesterfield was secretary of state, and persons who visit secretaries of state were liable then, as now, to be "kept waiting." As to the words "repulsed from the door," they can be only a rhetorical flourish.

Johnson was not then the Johnson as we know him in the pages of Boswell: he was a comparatively unknown man; he had published nothing of importance but his "London," and his "Life of Savage." Johnson's letter is, to say the least of it, unjust in another particular, — his denial of any "act of assistance." Langton says that Johnson omitted any allusion to the ten pounds because

¹ Letter to Lord Chesterfield, February, 1755. Boswell's "Life of Johnson," edit. Croker, vol. i. pp. 245, 249.

it was "so inconsiderable a sum." But Johnson had received no more than ten pounds for his "London," and got but fifteen pounds for his "Vanity of Human Wishes ;" and whatever he might have thought of ten pounds when he wrote the letter, it was to him, in 1747, as he himself said to Boswell, in reference to another and later payment, "a great sum."

Again, as to "encouragement." The "plan," excellent as it was, was only a plan, which might never have been executed. Were secretaries of state then, any more than they are now, expected to provide liberally for any stranger who announces an important work, which he may never be able to execute? As it was, though Johnson said he had "no doubt he could do the work in three years," it occupied nearly seven; and during those years, how was Chesterfield to know that the dictionary was in progress? Johnson was before the world as the author of various works during that time, but not such as might be expected to proceed from a diligent lexicographer. One other matter deserves consideration. Although Johnson's manners were probably not much to Chesterfield's taste, yet, bearing in mind his kindness to men of merit, and especially to literary men, I do not believe they would have prevailed against him. But another cause soon prevented personal "encouragement,"—the state of the earl's health, which might well excuse him from

cultivating Johnson's acquaintance; and latterly, his deafness, which, as we have seen, completely estranged him from society.

It comes then to this: When Johnson was soliciting the patronage of Chesterfield, he was glad to accept the sum of ten pounds, which, when his too sensitive pride had taken offence at imaginary neglect, he could treat as too inconsiderable to be mentioned, and return his patron's literary assistance with a letter, which, however dignified may be its terms, seems to me to justify Walpole in calling Johnson's conduct brutal and ungrateful.

The following passages from the second paper on Johnson's Dictionary are of more general interest: ¹

"Language is indisputably the more immediate province of the fair sex: there they shine, there they excel. The torrents of their eloquence, especially in the vituperative way, stun all opposition, and bear away, in one promiscuous heap, nouns, verbs, moods, and tenses. If words are wanting, which indeed happens but seldom, indignation instantly makes new ones, and I have often known four or five syllables that never met one another before, hastily and fortuitously jumbled into some word of mighty import."²

¹ The *World*, December 5, 1754. "The Language of Ladies."

² "(Of the jumble of syllables) I once heard a woman in a passion say 'Perfidion seize you.'" — *MS. note by Walpole.*

"Not contented with enriching our language by words absolutely new, my fair countrywomen have gone still farther, and improved it by the application and extension of old ones to various and very different significations. They take a word and change it, like a guinea into shillings for pocket money, to be employed in the several occasional purposes of the day. For instance, adjective vast and its adverb vastly mean anything, and are the fashionable words of the most fashionable people. A fine woman, under this head I comprehend all fine gentlemen too, not knowing in truth where to place them properly, is vastly obliged, or vastly offended, vastly glad or vastly sorry.¹ Large objects are vastly great, small ones are vastly little, and I had lately the pleasure to hear a fine woman pronounce, by a happy metonymy, a very small gold snuff-box that was produced in company to be vastly pretty, because it was vastly little. Mr. Johnson will do well to consider seriously to what degree he will restrain the various and extensive significations of this great word."

War with France was at this time imminent, but the king having nevertheless intimated his

¹ "Humming is a cant word for vast. A person meaning to describe a very large bird said it was a humming bird." — *MS. note by Walpole.*

I have already remarked that this abuse of the word vast is paralleled now by the abuse of the word awful. A well-dressed youth one day in the park asked me the time; on telling it him he answered, "Thanks awfully."

intention of setting out for Hanover immediately after the prorogation of Parliament, Earl Poulett, on April 24th, moved that an humble address be presented to his Majesty that he would be graciously pleased to lay aside his intentions of visiting his electoral dominions, and not to leave these kingdoms in so critical and dangerous a conjuncture. The motion was not seconded; upon which Lord Chesterfield moved the House to adjourn, and as Lord Poulett looked upon this motion as a negative to his own, he insisted upon a division, when he appeared to be the only lord against the adjournment.¹

Lord Chesterfield, writing to Mr. Dayrolles, 2d May, says: "You have certainly heard of, and probably seen, Lord Poulett's² extraordinary motion, which he made in the House of Lords, just before the rising of the Parliament, when it could not possibly have any good effect, and must necessarily have some very bad ones. It was an inde-

¹ 15 "Parl. Hist.," 520. Horace Walpole, describing the occurrence in a letter to Bentley, May 6th, says: "My Lord Chesterfield (who of all men living seemed to have no business to defend the Duke of Newcastle after much the same sort of ill usage) said the motion was improper, and moved to adjourn. T'other earl said, 'Then, pray, my lords, what is to become of my motion?' The House burst out a-laughing; he divided it, but was single. He then advertised his papers as lost. Legge, in his punning style, said, 'My Lord Poulet has had a stroke of an apoplexy; he has lost both his speech and motion.'"

² "Lord P. had been lord of the bedchamber, and was angry Lord Rochford was preferred to him for groom of the stole."—*MS. note by Walpole.*

Horace Walpole

From the painting by Sir Joshua Reynolds





cent, ungenerous, and malignant question, which I had no mind should either be put or debated, well knowing the absurd and improper things that would be said both for and against it, and therefore I moved the House to adjourn, and so put a quiet end to the whole affair. As you will imagine that this was agreeable to the king, it is supposed that I did it to make my court, and people are impatient to see what great employment I am to have, for that I am to have one they do not in the least doubt, not having any notion that any man can take any step without some view of dirty interest. I do not undeceive them. I have nothing to fear, I have nothing to ask, and there is nothing that I will or can have. Retirement was my choice seven years ago; it is now become my necessary refuge. Blackheath, and a quiet conscience, are the only objects of my cares. What good I can do as a man and a citizen it is my duty and shall be my endeavour to do, but public life and I, we are parted for ever.”¹

Lord Chesterfield had at this time, as he states in his letters to the Bishop of Waterford and Mr. Dayrolles, hoped to have amused his leisure hours at Blackheath by preparing some historical tracts of his own times, which he intended to write with the strictest regard to truth, and none to persons, himself not excepted.² But of this plan he was

¹ “Letters.” iv. p. 152.

² Maty, p. 208; “Letters,” iv. pp. 154, 157. “I have, can have

disappointed by his failing health, and the only portions extant are the characters of some of his contemporaries, which have been published in his works, and extracts from which appear in these pages.

In his letter to the Bishop of Waterford, 26th June, remarking upon the disputes in Ireland, which were rather suspended than quieted, he says: "Both sides would be highly offended, if one were to advise them to apply themselves to civil matters only, in the limited sense of that word; I mean, trade, manufactures, good domestic order, subordination, etc., and not to meddle so much with politics, in which I cannot help saying, they are but bunglers. The people have liberty enough, and the Crown has prerogative enough. Those are the real enemies to Ireland, who would enlarge either at the expense of the other, and who have started points that ought never to have

no doubt but Lord Chesterfield had written, or at least begun, memoirs of his own time. His relation, Mr. Charles Stanhope, elder brother of Lord Harrington, told me so positively. Lady Hervey told me more than once that she had seen and read them. Everybody expected on his death to hear he had left memoirs, but his friends said he had burnt them a little before his death, being offended at Sir John Dalrymple's history, and saying he would leave no materials for aspersing great names. Still I question whether they are not extant. Several characters which made part of them certainly do exist, and the editor of this work, p. 293, seems to hint that the account of the earl's embassy to Holland, written by himself, is not destroyed."

— *Walpole's MS. notes on Maty.*

been mentioned at all, but which will now perpetually recur."

The following letter to the Duke of Newcastle¹ exhibits Lord Chesterfield's readiness to do a kindness whenever it lay in his power.

"BLACKHEATH, June 29th.

"Your Grace will, I flatter myself, pardon this second importunity, upon the same principle that you forgave the first, humanity to an old and faithful servant of mine, who, after forty years service, I have been able to provide for but very poorly. One Mr. Hall, clerk of the fifteen per cents on calicoes and muslins,² is lately dead; his place, as I am informed, is worth about ninety pounds a year, and Justice Vaughan will certify to your Grace that this young man, Philip White (to whom Mr. Pelham gave the place he now has and promised a better), is every way qualified for it. The prayer of this memorial I believe your Grace guesses, and therefore I will not trouble you with it; I am sure it would be extremely unnecessary for me to detain you one moment longer by any professions of that truth and respect with which I have the honour to be," etc.³

¹ Now first published.

² See Chamberlayne's "*Magnæ Britanniae Notitia, or the Present State of Great Britain.*" Part II. book ii.

³ "Newcastle Papers," 32,856, f. 392.

This application appears to have been successful, for on July 23d, Lord Chesterfield writes to the Duke of Newcastle: "Your Grace has made me very happy by making a very honest family so; but that my thanks may not be as troublesome to you as my applications were, they shall be as short as they are sincere. It is impossible to be more sensible than I am of your kindness to me upon this occasion, or to be with greater truth and respect, your Grace's," etc.¹

In August, Lord Chesterfield was elected a member of the Academy of Inscriptions at Paris; and his letter of thanks for the honour will be found in his correspondence.² He refers to it in his letters to the Bishop of Waterford, in which he says: "*L'Académie des Belles Lettres* at Paris having, God knows why, associated me to their body, in return to this unexpected and undeserved compliment I have been obliged to write many letters to individuals, and one to the *Académie en corps*, which was to be a kind of speech; and I fear it was of the very worst kind, for I have been long disused to compliments and declamations."

And again, telling him that he will send him a copy of the letter: "It was wrote *invitâ Minervâ*, and is the poor offspring of a rape upon my reluctant mind."³

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,857, f. 326.

² "Letters," iv. p. 160.

³ "Letters," iv. pp. 167, 173.

On November 13th, Mr. Stanhope made his first, and, as it appears, his last speech, or attempt at a speech, in the House of Commons, respecting which Lord Chesterfield writes to him on the 17th: "I heartily congratulate you upon the loss of your political maidenhead, of which I have received from others a very good account. I hear, that you were stopped for some time in your career; but recovered breath, and finished it very well. I am not surprised, nor indeed concerned, at your accident; for I remember the dreadful feeling of that situation in myself; and as it must require a most uncommon share of impudence to be unconcerned upon such an occasion, I am not sure that I am not rather glad you stopped."¹

The "occasion" was the great debate on the address respecting the Hessian and Russian subsidiary treaties, which had been entered into by the king. Concerning these treaties, which were strongly opposed, Lord Chesterfield writes, December 10th, to the Duke of Newcastle:² "The less I deserved the more I was sensible of that mark of your Grace's attention with which you honoured me yesterday. A vote of approbation must undoubtedly be moved, and of the two treaties jointly, but in my humble opinion that

¹ "Letters," iv. p. 175. Walpole, in a letter to Conway, November 15th, giving an account of the debate, mentions Stanhope, among others, as "very bad."

² Now first published.

vote cannot be too gently worded. Perhaps too the question may better not be turned into an address of thanks to his Majesty, but be merely a resolution of the House that the treaties with Russia and Cassel tend to preserve the tranquillity of Europe and the security of the empire, or to that effect. For I find in many lords a great dislike to the Hessian, though a willing acquiescence to the Russian treaty; and should the approbation of them both joyntly be made too strong, it might be a reason for some and a pretence for more to vote against both.

"I had a long conversation yesterday with Lord Halifax upon this subject, but without effect, for I found him not only warm, but immoveable against both treatys."¹

The close of this year also witnessed Lord Chesterfield's last appearance in the House of Lords, in a debate, 10th December, on a motion for a vote of censure on the treaties with Russia and Hesse Cassel, when Earl Temple moved that the two subsidiary treaties lately concluded with the Empress of Russia and the Landgrave of Hesse Cassel respectively tend to involve this nation in an expensive and ruinous war upon the Continent; and Lord Chesterfield compared those who, led by some prejudice to engage upon the wrong side of the question, avoid order and perspicuity as much as possible, to shopkeepers who

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,861, f. 273.

sell damaged goods or insufficient wares, and take care to darken their windows.¹

In a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, 19th December, commenting upon the proceedings in Parliament, he says : "Even our insignificant House sat one day last week till past ten at night upon the Russian and Hessian subsidiary treaties ; but I was not able to sit it out, and left it at seven, more than half dead ; for I took it into my head to speak upon them for near an hour, which fatigue, together with the heat of the House, very near annihilated me." ²

From this day, which, as Maty has said, may be looked upon as the close of Lord Chesterfield's political career, — except on one memorable occasion, when he came forward to assist in the junction between Pitt and the Duke of Newcastle in 1757, — his interest in public affairs is limited to his correspondence.

In a letter to the Duke of Newcastle,³ January 18, 1756, congratulating him upon the conclusion of a treaty with the King of Prussia for the preservation of peace in Germany, he says : "In the present situation of affairs it is a very great event, and may I hope be attended by farther good consequences, for as it will incense France against him, it will probably incense him against France,

¹ 15 "Parl. Hist.," 615, 625.

² "Letters," iv. p. 179.

³ Now first published.

and the disunion of those two powers is highly necessary for the security of Europe. I have abused Halifax upon the verification of my own prophecy and the falsification of his.”¹

And writing to him again, February 3d, he says: “Lord Marchmont has I know told your Grace that it was my opinion that, since the main matter with the court of Berlin was concluded, nobody above a *chargé d'affaires*, a sort of Michel,² should be sent there. . . . Things are well with that court as they are at present. I know no one person who would go there as a resident minister of a superior order, who is in the least fit for it, and one who is not fit for it would, however, think that he must be busy, and probably spoil business. Some inferior person who should not presume to be meddling would be the properest person to send there. For rank without abilities and dexterity makes a very bad foreign minister.”³

About this time, Lord Chesterfield went “ill to the Bath, continued ill there, and returned,” as he says in a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, April 5th, “still worse.” But whatever might be his state of health, he was always ready, as will presently be seen, whenever called upon, to interpose with his wise and prudent counsel.

The two courts, the old one at St. James’s and

¹ “Newcastle Papers,” 32,862, f. 135.

² The Prussian envoy at the Court of St. James’s.

³ “Newcastle Papers,” 32,862, f. 319.

the young one at Leicester House, had been for some time upon very ill terms, due partly to the desire of the king to withdraw the Prince of Wales from the control of his mother, the princess dowager.

Lord Chesterfield, writing to the Duke of Newcastle¹ from Blackheath, 17th May, after saying that it seems not very material under what roof the Prince of Wales is to sleep, whether at St. James's or at Kensington: "I confess I dread an open breach in the royall family in the present situation of publick affairs, which I may venture to call, at least, a disagreeable one, and next to that for reasons too obvious to mention I dread its becoming a Parliamentary consideration next session. . . .

"When the king's gracious offer of £40,000 a year shall be made to the Prince of Wales, those who would willingly defeat it and widen the breach will have nothing to lay hold of but his Royal Highness's being taken away from the princess and that probably his evil counsellors will advise him obstinately to reject, which though in truth it is no hardship will be called one by knaves (a numerous body) and thought one by fools (another numerous body) who will be affected by the pathetic declamations of children's being torn from a tender mother. But then this concession, if

¹ Now first published.

made at all, should in my humble opinion be reserved to the last, and be granted as a particular mark of his Majesty's indulgence. Upon this supposition, what more can be desired or proposed by the most turbulent incendiary in Parliament? The allowance must be owned to be fully sufficient for his Royall Highness's present situation. His naming favourites and servants for the employments near his person is a demand too unprecedented and too frivolous to be urged or deffended, especially at his age. So that, upon the whole, it is my poor opinion that the concession of his remaining at Leicester fields may be prudently made if things should turn upon that point singly, and I think it the likeliest if not a sure method to prevent any application to Parliament, for the thing will not then be tenable."

After some further remarks to the same effect :

"As his Majesty did me the undeserved honour of requiring my weak opinion upon this subject, I thought it my duty to add these thoughts, the result of my most mature consideration, to those which I offered to your Grace in our last conversation ; I am very diffident of them myself, because I am very diffident of myself and more particularly in my present weak and crazy state. All that I can say for them is that they are sincere and disinterested and flow singly from that zeal with which, till I am quite cold myself, will ever be

warm for the interest and prosperity of his Majesty and his royall family.”¹

The result was that the king sent the prince a letter on the 31st May, intimating that he would settle £40,000 a year on him, and that he had ordered the apartments of the late prince at Kensington and of the queen at St. James’s to be fitted up for him. But, as leaving his mother was not made a condition of the gift, the prince accepted the allowance, and remained at Leicester House, and as the prince attained his majority — eighteen — in June, this ill-judged step of authority went no farther.²

In a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, June 27th, Lord Chesterfield gives him some sensible advice as to the destinations of his sons, telling him not to consider so much what he would choose for them as what they are likely to succeed best in; that children often show a determined preference for some particular profession, which it would be imprudent in their parents to oppose, because, in that case, they would surely not succeed so well, or perhaps at all, in any other. “In the meantime, give them all eventually a good education, so as to qualify them, to a certain degree, for whatever profession you and they may hereafter agree upon; for I repeat it again, their approbation is full as

¹ “Newcastle Papers,” 32,865, f. 37.

² See Walpole’s letters to Mann, June 8th and 14th; “Memoires of George II.,” vol. ii.; “Bubb Dodington’s Diary,” p. 345.

necessary as yours. These, however, are the general rules, by which I would point out to them the professions which I should severally wish them to apply to. I would recommend the army, or the navy, to a boy of a warm constitution, strong animal spirits, and a cold genius ; to one of quick, lively, and distinguishing parts, the law ; to a good, dull, and decent boy, the Church ; and trade to an acute, thinking, and laborious one. I wish that my godson, for whom you must allow me some degree of predilection, may take a liking to the law, for that is the truly independent profession. People will only trust their property to the care of the ablest lawyer, be he Whig or Tory, well or ill at court.”¹

Lord Chesterfield remained at Blackheath all the summer, crawling, as he said, upon the face of the earth, “weary of, but not murmuring at, his disagreeable situation,” though “*isolé* in the midst of his friends and acquaintance.”²

In a letter to the Duke of Newcastle,³ July 21st, in favour of his nephew, Sir Charles Hotham, he says : “Being still as unable as desirous to attend your Grace in person, you will, I hope, give me leave in this manner to present my nephew, Sir Charles Hotham, to pay his court to you. I have told him in confidence, and nobody else, of your Grace’s favourable dispositions toward him, which

¹ “Letters,” iv. p. 189.

² Letter to the Bishop of Waterford, July 15th.

³ Now first published.

he seems to feel as he ought, and as I am sure I do. In the little knowledge I yet have of him, he seems to have manners, attentions, and the turn of a gentleman. Except Spain he has been in every part of Europe, even at Petersburg, Stockholm, and Copenhagen, and is perfect master of all the usefull modern languages. In short, I think he is a plant that will thrive in a court soil, and I wish that the soil of a certain court were better prepared, than I fear it is, to receive new and proper plantations." ¹

The following letters ² relate to the post which Lord Chesterfield procured at this time for his son — the residency at Hamburgh.

The Duke of Newcastle, writing to Lord Chesterfield, 17th September, says: "It is with the greatest pleasure I am to acquaint your lordship that I have just received the king's orders to let my Lord Holderness know that his Majesty was pleased to appoint Mr. Stanhope to be his minister at Hamburgh. I this day laid your lordship's request before the king, and if I may be allowed to use the expression, his Majesty had as much pleasure in granting it as I had in laying it before him. The king ordered me to tell your lordship that he was extreamely glad of an opportunity of doing this or anything that should be agreeable to you, and of shewing the real sense he has of your

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,866, f. 241.

² Now first published.

lordship's affection and zeal for his person and government. You will do me the justice to think I am not a little happy with this event, and indeed the manner, could your lordship have seen it, would have pleased you more than the thing itself. I beg my compliments and congratulations to Mr. Stanhope. He will wait upon my Lord Holderness, and he may kiss the king's hand whenever he pleases. I hope to hear that your lordship's health continues to mend, and am, etc." ¹

In answer to the foregoing, Lord Chesterfield writes on the same day from Blackheath to the Duke of Newcastle:

"What shall I, what can I say to express my gratitude for his Majesty's extreme goodness to me in the great favour which he has been pleased to do to Mr. Stanhope, and the most gracious manner in which your Grace informs me that he did it with regard to me? I can only beg of his Majesty to add one more and greater favour to it, which is that he will give credit to the sentiments of my heart, which my words can by no means express, and which God knows I am now too insignificant and useless to prove by my actions.

"Your Grace's friendship to me upon many former occasions *ne s'est pas dèmentie* upon this, and my former sense of them could not be increased by this which has completed all that I

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,867, f. 315.

could wish. I have now nothing left to ask for in the world, and you will never be troubled with me again but sometimes to remind you of my gratitude, and of the sincere respect with which I shall ever be, etc.

"I would have the honour of making his Majesty a most dutifull and gratefull bow at Kensington, but indeed I am not able, though a little better than when I had the honour of seeing your Grace last.

"Mr. Stanhope is gone to Sir William Stanhope's in Buckinghamshire, from whence I shall send for him to-morrow, and he shall pay his duty to Lord Holderness on Tuesday or Wednesday next at farthest."¹

It seems that Mr. Dayrolles had been desirous of this post, for Lord Chesterfield, writing to him, October 5th, says: "I was at first very glad that I had procured the residency of Hamburgh for the boy, but upon my word I am not so now that I know you wished for it yourself. . . . I own I had not the least notion that you could have any thoughts of it, since for you it would have been *devenir d'Evêque meûnier*."² It is an obscure inefficient thing, fit for those who propose to stagnate quietly for the rest of their lives."³

The following from a letter to Sir Thomas Rob-

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,867, f. 317.

² To descend from peer to peasant.

³ "Letters," iv. p. 193.

inson,¹ October 13th, seems to show the value of Lord Chesterfield's comments upon public affairs since his retirement: "What can a hermit send

¹ Not the Sir Thomas Robinson who was envoy to Vienna, and afterward Lord Grantham, as will appear by the following note: "Sir T. Robinson, of Rookby Park, in Yorkshire, was one of those men of temporary fame, who are universally known in their own age, and rarely by any other age. He was an indiscriminate flatterer, a pretender to virtù and taste, a plagiarist in architecture, in which, however, he stole with great judgment. He married the widow of Lord Lechmere, daughter of the Earl of Carlisle, and made one very fine speech in the House of Commons, which he was supposed to have found amongst her husband's papers; and for her brother he built a wing to Castle Howard, in a taste so much better than the house, that was Vanbrugh's, that the house appears still worse by the comparison. Sir Thomas gave balls to all the men and women in power and in fashion, and ruined himself, but got made Governor of Barbadoes by timely sacrificing his house at Whitehall to Lord Lincoln, the Duke of Newcastle's nephew, who liked and wished to take it. At Barbadoes he married a second wife, an ironmonger's widow, who gave him £10,000 to be a lady, but would not follow him to England. By proper adulation and importunity he got to be a commissioner of excise, and having again spent his fortune in building and furnishing, recovered it by becoming proprietor and director of Ranelagh, where he died, blind, in March, 1777, aged seventy-six. He was remarkably tall and lean, and if Lord Chesterfield used him as a correspondent, he used him as a butt too. About a year before the earl's death, inquiring how Sir T. did, Lord Chesterfield was told he was dying by inches. 'Well,' said Lord Chesterfield, 'then he has still a good while to live!'" — *MS. note by Walpole*. See also Walpole's "Letters," edit. Cunningham, i. p. 80; vi. p. 427. It was upon this "Long Sir Thomas," as he was called, that Lord Chesterfield made the extempore epigram:

"Unlike my subject, now shall be my song,
It shall be witty, and it sha'n't be long."

you from hence, in return for your entertaining letter, but his thanks? I see nobody here by choice, and I hear nobody by necessity. As for the contemplations of a deaf, solitary, sick man, I am sure they cannot be entertaining to a man in health and spirits, as I hope you are. Since I saw you I have not had one hour's health, the returns of my vertigoes and subsequent weaknesses and languors grow both stronger and more frequent, and, in short, I exist to no one good purpose of life, and therefore do not care how soon so useless and tiresome an existence ceases entirely. This wretched situation makes me read with the utmost coolness and indifference the accounts in the newspapers, for they are my only informers now you are gone, of wars abroad and changes at home. I wish well to my species in general, and to my country in particular, and therefore lament the havoc that is already made, and likely to be made, of the former, and the inevitable ruin which I see approaching by great strides to the latter; but, I confess, those sensations are not so quick in me now as formerly; long illness blunts them, as well as others; and perhaps, too, self-love being now out of the case, I do not feel so sensibly for others as I should do if that were more concerned. This I know is wrong, but I fear it is nature."

Lord Chesterfield's few remaining letters dur-

¹ "Letters," iv. p. 195.

ing the rest of this year relate chiefly to the ministerial changes, with which he professes himself "bewildered," but in which as yet he took no part. Writing to Mr. Dayrolles, 26th November, he says: "In these strange bustles, I heartily pity the king, and the kingdom, who are both made the sport of private interest and ambition. I most frequently and heartily congratulate and applaud myself for having got out of that *galère*, which has since been so ridiculously tossed, so essentially damaged, and is now sinking. I now quietly behold the storm from the shore, and shall only be involved, but without particular blame, in the common ruin. That moment, you perceive, if you combine all circumstances, cannot be very remote. On the contrary, it is so near, that, were Machiavel at the head of our affairs, he could not retrieve them ;¹ and therefore it is very indifferent to me, what minister shall give us the last *coup de grace*."

And again, in a letter to his son, December 14th, in which he still "owns himself in the dark," he says: "In those matters, as in most others, half knowledge (and mine is at most that) is more apt to lead one into error than to carry one to truth; and our own vanity contributes to the seduction. Our conjectures pass upon us for truths; we will know what we do not know, and

¹ "But Lord Chatham did," says Walpole, in a MS. note.

often what we cannot know : so mortifying to our pride is the bare suspicion of ignorance !”¹

In a letter to Sir Thomas Robinson, January 15th, he remarks upon the attempted assassination of Louis XV. : “The attempt upon the King of France² was undoubtedly the result of religious enthusiasm ; for civil enthusiasm often draws the sword, but seldom the dagger. The latter seems sacred to ecclesiastical purposes ; it must have a great effect upon him one way or other, according as fear or resentment may operate. In the former case he will turn bigot, which is the most likely. In the latter he would turn man, which I do not take to be easy for him. In either case the priesthood or the Parliament must be desperate. And with all my heart.”

During the struggles and intrigues following upon the resignation of the Duke of Newcastle, and which had lasted some three months, the difficulties of forming an administration had been such that England was without a government. In the dread of the Duke of Newcastle again becoming sole minister, Leicester House was greatly alarmed, and Lord Bute was despatched

¹ “Letters,” iv. pp. 200, 202.

² By Robert François Damiens, “le 5 Janvier dans la cour de Versailles.” Lord Chesterfield’s opinion of the cause was right. “Interrogé quels motifs l’avaient porté à attenter à la personne du roi, a dit que c’est *à cause de la religion*.” — *Voltaire, Siècle de Louis XV.* ch. xxxvii.

to engage Lord Chesterfield to negotiate between the Duke of Newcastle and Pitt; nor could a more prevailing negotiator have been found, for, having given up all ministerial views of his own, he was totally unprejudiced and disinterested.¹

The following correspondence² will show how much it was due to his wisdom and prudence that the junction between Newcastle and Pitt, so important in its results, was at last formed.

In a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, 7th May, Lord Chesterfield says: "You know I have no personal partiality to Mr. Pitt, but I think he would be the most usefull secretary of state for you of any man in England at this time . . . to speak plainly, you must, if you come in at all, come in with a strength of your own that may curb the influence of the Duke of Cumberland and his party, and you only can have that strength by bringing the Prince and Princess of Wales along with you. Therefore it is my opinion that you must agree with them upon the best terms you can, but upon any rather than not agree."³ Thus I have

¹ "Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs," p. 110.

² Now first published.

³ Walpole, remarking upon Lord Chesterfield's negotiation between Newcastle and Pitt, says: "It seemed a marvellous office for him who had long broken with the latter, and had even in very cutting terms acquainted the world with his reasons for breaking with the former. But it seems he had still stronger prejudices to the Duke of Cumberland; he undertook the employ with cheerfulness and success." — *Memoires of George II.*, vol. ii. p. 224.

shot my bolt ; it may perhaps be the bolt of a fool, but I am sure it is at the same time the bolt of a friend, who is with the greatest truth and respect," etc.¹

And writing from Blackheath, June 3d, after saying that he had been with Lord Bute that morning : "The business was to acquaint me that he had prevailed with Mr. Pitt to yield in the affair of the chancellor of the exchequer, which having been the only stumbling-block, and being now removed, he hoped that everything else would go on smoothly. . . . I desired that you and he might meet and talk over and settle that and all other points, for that I could not stand middle man in matters of such consequence. . . . For my part I should advise your meeting him at the same time with Mr. Pitt, that there may be no mistakes and misrepetitions.

"I talked to him most freely upon everything relating to his part of the royall family, and if I am not much mistaken they are now in a way of being wiser than they have been lately. I urged all I could both to invite and frighten them into it." ²

The Duke of Newcastle, in a letter to Lord Chesterfield on the same day, thanking him for the good news in the preceding letter, says :

"I have seen the king twice. His Majesty was

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,871, f. 45.

² "Newcastle Papers," 32,871, f. 199.

very good and gracious to me, and pressed me much to return to his service. Mr. Fox being¹ to be paymaster, and to have no share in the administration. I stated fully all the difficulties of coming in, in that manner, and have taken till Tuesday next to give my final answer.

"This new incident may, and I hope will, make great alteration in the state of things. I hope I shall have the king's leave to see and treat with my Lord Bute and Mr. Pitt.

"I can never sufficiently thank your lordship for your goodness and partiality to me. The king and your country have great obligations to you for your zeal and endeavours for the publick service, in this instance as well as upon all other occasions."²

But there were still difficulties and jealousies in the way, for the Duke of Newcastle, writing to Lord Chesterfield, June. 8th, acquainting him that the negotiation was at an end, as he had told the king he could not come in upon the foot proposed with Mr. Fox, says: "I shall ever remember, with the greatest gratitude, the great and noble part which your lordship has acted in this affair with

¹ *Sic* in MS.

² "Newcastle Papers," 32,871, f. 201. The Duke of Newcastle, writing to Lord Hardwicke, June 4th, says: "Lord Chesterfield proposed that Lord Bute should be at our meeting. . . . I wish (but that is impossible) that Lord Chesterfield could be there also."

regard to the king and the publick, and the very kind and friendly regard which you have shew'd me."¹

To which Lord Chesterfield, in his answer on the same date, says: "The scheme which I have long suspected to have been laid, now begins to open. The king's honour seems now engaged, to hinder your Grace from coming into his service, with any strength or dignity. You have in my mind been very fortunate in escaping the snare laid for you, for had you been seduced to come in, in the manner which it is pretty plain was intended, you would, in the next session of Parliament, have been nobody, whereas now that next session must necessarily make you whatever you have a mind to be. Fox will most certainly accept, and as certainly not be able next session to withstand the weight of his own and his principal's unpopularity, not to mention Mr. Pitt's popularity, which will now increase, nor the influence of the young court, which will gather new strength every month after seventy-four."²

"I presume not to advise your Grace, who can judge so much better than I can what you should do, but I could wish that you should keep free from all engagements or verbal declarations whatsoever, and wait in profound silence the events of next session. When there is nothing

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,871, f. 240.

² The king's age.

good to be done, the best way is to do nothing, and *voir venir*.

"In my situation, I can have no merit with your Grace, the king, and the country, but the poor one of my unavailing good wishes. They will continue warm till I am cold myself, and till then I shall be with most sincere zeal and truth," etc.¹

The difficulties were, however, being overcome. Lord Chesterfield, writing to the Duke of Newcastle, June 21st, saying that he is glad to find that the plan is at last executed, which he had long wished, always doubted and sometimes despaired of, and remarking upon somebody's² obstinacy with regard to F——, the strength he had gained in the closet, and the force of the ducal influence there: "That must some way or other be lessened, or at least checked, to which end Leicester Fields must, and best can coöperate. And in my mind they should be inclined, or at least prevailed with to make all possible advances to their king and their parent. I am not Utopian enough to expect a sentimental tenderness between people of that rank and so nearly related, but a decent and civil exterior should be purchased at any price, and the immediate heir to the Crown ought surely to appear as the second figure to the publick."³

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,871, f. 244.

² The king.

³ "Newcastle Papers," 32,871, f. 367.

At last, after an interval of above eleven weeks, the ministry was settled, and kissed hands on the 29th June. The Duke of Newcastle, writing to Lord Chesterfield that day, says: "Tho' we all kiss hands this day, things are in great confusion. . . . Indeed, my dear lord, I am now embarked by the advice of all my friends, and they should support me in it. Hitherto I don't find much satisfaction. But of this more to-morrow."

In answer to which, on the same day, Lord Chesterfield writes:

"The only expedient I can think of, and that may be now too late, is that Mr. Pitt should be prevailed with to take the northern department, and Lord Holderness to have the southern, who would possibly allow that dismemberment of his department which Mr. Pitt will not. I suppose this change would be equal to the king, who now hates Holderness at least as much as he does Pitt.

"Your Grace justly foresees many difficultys in this new plan, and so do I. Your union alone can enable you to get over them. Jealousies on one part, and pride on the other will ruin all."¹

Lord Chesterfield, giving the outlines of these affairs in a letter to Mr. Dayrolles, July 4th, says:

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,871, f. 444. "Though the Duke of Newcastle hated Pitt as much as Pitt despised the Duke of Newcastle, they were united in one particular, — that nothing should be done for the public service till they were ministers." — *Lord Waldegrave's Memoirs*, p. 130.

"I look upon his Grace and Pitt to be rather married than united; the former will be a very jealous husband, and the latter a very haughty imperious wife. However, as things are constituted, they must go on together, for it is ruin to both to part. They have no favour in the closet, but they have strength while they are united, and no longer."¹

There was a prospect at this time of Mr. Dayrolles being recalled from his post, and with the view of his getting some other employment of the same sort, Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to him of August 15th, says: "All that I can do, you are sure that I will do. I will speak strongly to his Grace; but whether he can serve you, or who can, is much above my skill to discover; for, in the present unaccountable state of our domestic affairs, no man knows who is minister, and who not. We inquire here, as the old woman at Amsterdam did long ago, *Où demeure le souverain?*"²

The Bishop of Waterford had been making a visit to Lord Chesterfield, who, writing to the bishop on his return to Ireland, 8th September, says: "About three weeks ago I had a return of my disorder; it is now gone off, and I am again

¹ "Letters," iv. p. 213. In subsequent correspondence, Pitt will be often found humourously alluded to as the wife of Newcastle.

² "Letters," iv. p. 215.

in that state of vegetation in which you left me. . . . The halter is always about my neck; and that you will allow to be rather an uncomfortable state of life.”¹

In his letters to his son, who was now gone to his post as resident at Hamburg, Lord Chesterfield gives him some good advice respecting his official duties, such as using in his letters blacker ink and larger character; and with respect to habits of work, saying: “We are all more or less *des animaux d’habitude*. I remember very well that, when I was in business, I wrote four or five hours together every day, more willingly than I should now half an hour;” and wishing that he would “enter in a book a short note only of whatever he sees or hears that is very remarkable;” recommending him *etiam atque etiam* method and order in everything; “and in your ministerial business, if you have not regular and stated hours for such and such parts of it, you will be in the hurry and confusion of the Duke of Newcastle, doing everything by halves, and nothing well, nor soon.” And as regards domestic affairs, he writes, September 23d: “In our ministry, I suppose, things go pretty quietly, for the

¹ “Letters,” iv. p. 216. “My Lord Chesterfield is relapsed; he sent Lord Bath word lately that he was grown very lean and very deaf; the other replied that he could lend him some fat, and should be very glad at any time to lend him an ear.” — *Walpole to Conway, Sept. 2, 1757*.

Duke of Newcastle has not plagued me these two months ;” and again, November 4th : “The reports of changes in the ministry, I am pretty sure, are idle and groundless. The Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt really agree very well ; not, I presume, from any sentimental tenderness for each other, but from a sense that it is their mutual interest.” And as to himself, for he was now at Bath, “drinking the waters, and something the better for them :” “I read a good deal, and vary occasionally my dead company. I converse with grave folios in the morning, while my head is clearest, and my attention strongest ; I take up less severe quartos after dinner ; and at night I choose the mixed company and amusing chit-chat of octavos and duodecimos. *Je tire parti de tout ce que je puis* ; that is my philosophy ; and I mitigate, as much as I can, my physical ills, by diverting my attention to other objects.”¹

In a letter to his son, of 20th November, Lord Chesterfield says : “The birthday was neither fine nor crowded ; and no wonder, since the king was that day seventy-five. The old court and the young one are much better together, since the duke’s retirement ;² and the king has presented the Prince of Wales with a service of plate.”³

¹ “Letters,” iv. pp. 217, 221, 235.

² The Duke of Cumberland, who had resigned his employments.

³ “Letters,” iv. p. 241.

Writing to the Bishop of Waterford, November 22d, in return to his inquiries about his health, he says :

“Physical ills are the taxes laid upon this wretched life; some are taxed higher, and some lower, but all pay something. My philosophy teaches me to reflect how much higher, rather than how much lower, I might have been taxed.

“I read with more pleasure than ever; perhaps, because it is the only pleasure I have left. For, since I am struck out of living company by my deafness, I have recourse to the dead, whom alone I can hear; and I have assigned them their stated hours of audience. Solid folios are the people of business, with whom I converse in the morning. Quartos (not quarts, pardon the quibble) are the easier mixed company, with whom I sit after dinner; and I pass my evenings in the light, and often frivolous, chit-chat of small octavos and duodecimos.”

And, passing to the affairs of Ireland: “Some time or other (though God knows when) it will be found out in Ireland that the popish religion and influence cannot be subdued by force, but may be undermined and destroyed by art. Allow the papists to buy lands, let and take leases equally with the Protestants, but subject to the Gavel Act, which will always have its effect upon their posterity at least. Tie them down to the government by the tender but strong bonds of

landed property, which the Pope will have much ado to dissolve, notwithstanding his power of loosening and binding. Use those who come over to you, though perhaps only seemingly at first, well and kindly, instead of looking for their cloven feet and their tails, as you do now. Increase both your number and your care of the Protestant charter schools. Make your penal laws extremely mild, and then put them strictly in execution.

“‘Hæ tibi erunt artes.’

This would do in time, and nothing else will, nor ought. I would as soon murder a man for his estate, as to prosecute him for his religious and speculative errors; and since I am in a way of quoting verses, I will give you three out of Walsh’s famous ‘Ode to King William :

“‘Nor think it a sufficient cause
To punish men by penal laws
For not believing right.’”¹

In 1758, writing to his son, February 8th, he says: “Everything goes smoothly in Parliament; . . . and the Tories have declared that they will give Mr. Pitt unlimited credit for this session; there has not been one single division yet upon public points, and I believe will not. . . .

“As for myself, I am very unwell, and very

¹ Letters,” iv. p. 242.

weary of being so, and with little hopes, at my age, of ever being otherwise. I often wish for the end of the wretched remnant of my life, and that wish is a rational one; but then the innate principle of self-preservation, wisely implanted in our natures for obvious purposes, opposes that wish, and makes us endeavour to spin out our thread as long as we can, however decayed and rotten it may be; and, in defiance of common sense, we seek on for that chemic gold, which beggars us when old.¹

“Whatever your amusements or pleasures may be at Hamburgh, I dare say you taste them more sensibly than ever you did in your life, now that you have business enough to whet your appetite to them. Business one-half of the day is the best

- ¹ “When I consider life ’tis all a cheat :
 Yet fool’d with hope, men favour the deceit ;
 Trust on, and think to-morrow will repay :
 To-morrow’s falser than the former day ;
 Lies worse, and while it says we shall be blest
 With some new joys, cuts off what we possest.
 Strange cozenage ! None would live past years again,
 Yet all hope pleasure in what yet remain ;
 And, from the dregs of life, think to receive,
 What the first sprightly running could not give.
 I’m tired with waiting for this chemic gold,
 Which fools us young, and beggars us when old.”

— *Dryden, Aurengzebe*, Act iv. sc. i.

It is curious to find Lord Chesterfield sending these lines to his godson, Philip Stanhope, when a child, to be got by heart. — *Letters*, edit. Lord Carnarvon, 2d edition, p. 3.

preparation for the pleasures of the other half. I hope, and believe, that it will be with you as it was with an apothecary whom I knew at Twickenham. A considerable estate fell to him by an unexpected accident, upon which he thought it decent to leave off his business. Accordingly, he generously gave up his shop and his stock to his head man, set up his coach, and resolved to live like a gentleman; but, in less than a month, the man, used to business, found that living like a gentleman was dying of *ennui*; upon which he bought his shop and stock, resumed his trade, and lived very happily after he had something to do.”¹

At the beginning of this year, Sir Charles H. Williams had returned to England in a state of frenzy and infatuation with a Mademoiselle John, a *dame aventuriere*, to whom he appears to have given a note for ten thousand roubles, and a promise of marriage. After being kept in domestic restraint for a time, he recovered sufficiently to go to his house in the country for the summer;² and as to the lady, for whom he had taken some assistance to his passion, Lord Chesterfield in a letter to his son, April 25th, says: “I have seen his Circe, at her window in Pall Mall; she is painted, powdered, curled, and patched, and looks *l’aventure*. She has been offered, by Sir Charles

¹ “Letters,” iv. p. 261.

² “Letters,” iv. pp. 264-271; March 4th, 22d, April 25th; and Walpole’s letters to Mann, March 21st, April 14th.

Williams's friends, £500 in full of all demands, but will not accept of it. *La comtesse*¹ *veut plaider*, and I fancy *faire autre chose si elle peut. Jubeo te bene valere.*"

The progress of the war in which England was now involved is the subject of frequent comment and conjecture by Lord Chesterfield in his letters, of which it is sufficient here to say that, while he always advocated the prosecution of war with vigour, he was equally desirous of peace upon honourable terms. But the following correspondence shows that if it was difficult to obtain peace abroad, it was not less so to preserve it at home. In a letter to the Duke of Newcastle,² 4th May, he says :

"I troubled your Grace some months ago with an application on behalf of an unfortunate kinsman of mine, once in the Guards, but now a prisoner, not of war, but of debt. Your Grace took down his name, which is Charles Stanhope, and promised to think of him at a proper time, but as those kind of employments are not often vacant, and as England is rather too hot to hold us, I spoke to Colonel Haldane to carry him with him to Jamaica, and to give him the least thing in the world there. He readily told me that he would, but only desired that I would obtain two lines from your Grace to

¹ Alluding to the countess in Racine's comedy, "*Les Plaideurs*," Acte i. scène vii.

² Now first published.

him, requiring him to do so, in order to obviate the importunities of others. The prayer therefore of my present petition is that your Grace will be pleased to give him two such lines, or to send them to me, and I will give them him.

“The war has a more favourable aspect now than, I confess, I ever thought it would have had ; we have reason to hope for success in Germany from the abilities and the fortune of the King of Prussia, so that France will be unwilling, and the Queen of Hungary unable to carry on the war, another year. Cap Breton ought to be taken, considering the sea and land force which we have there, and when taken, I hope will be blown up, and the port destroyed. We shall reap a more permanent advantage by that, than by leaving it as it is, and restoring it upon any terms. Quebec ought to be taken and destroyed next, and will be so, if the officers do their duty. If these things happen, as very probably they may, next winter will produce not only a reasonable, but an advantageous peace, which I hope we shall not decline, in the sanguine hopes of a better. It is true the money for this year has been granted with astonishing unanimity, and subscribed with a no less astonishing alacrity, but *neu speres perpetuum* ; the uncertain chance of war, and the certain expence of near twelve millions a year while it does last, surely make it necessary to put an end to it as soon as possible, upon reasonable terms. I will

do so by this letter upon honourable terms to myself by signing myself with the greatest truth and respect,"¹ etc. . . .

The above letter was acknowledged and the request granted by the Duke of Newcastle in an answer of the same day, in which he says: "In proportion as things mend abroad, I think they grow worse at home. Our distress here is greater than ever. Impracticability, or at least the greatest difficulty in pursuing, with care and success, one system, which alone can at present serve the king and the country, and, at the same time, no possibility of adopting any other."²

Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to the Duke of Newcastle, dated May 12th,³ says in answer to the above:

"I return your Grace my truest thanks for your kind letter of recommendation to Colonel Haldane. It will, I am sure, have all the effect that I desire, which is only a bare subsistence for the imprudent and unfortunate young man.

"I believe I perfectly understand the latter part of your Grace's letter. Your wife⁴ is a termagant, as I told you she would be, but termagant as she is, you could not at that time have married better, and you must not be separated at present.

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,879, f. 413.

² "Newcastle Papers," 32,879, f. 415.

³ But indorsed, "May 6."

⁴ Mr. Pitt, see *ante*, p. 212.

While you have war abroad you must not have war, at least open war at home ; till then patience. I do not know how matters stand at present between seventy-five¹ and twenty,² but that is a consideration that you should always carry in your mind, and that should have it's just weight in all the measures you take. I will be at your Grace's orders any day, at any hour that you please to appoint." ³

In a letter to his son, 18th May, he writes :

"Everything seems to tend to a peace next winter ; our success in America, which is hardly doubtful, and the King of Prussia's in Germany, which is as little so, will make France (already sick of the expense of the war) very tractable for a peace. I heartily wish it ; for, though people's heads are half turned with the King of Prussia's success, and will be quite turned, if we have any in America, or at sea, a moderate peace will suit us better than this immoderate war of twelve millions a year.

"Domestic affairs go just as they did ; *il n'est plus question de Monseigneur le Duc ni de sa querelle* ; ⁴ the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt jog on like man and wife ; that is, seldom agreeing, often quarrelling ; but by mutual interest, upon

¹ The King, and ² the Prince of Wales.

³ "Newcastle Papers," 32,880, f. 46.

⁴ *Kyrielle* (*longue suite de choses ennuyeuses ou facheuses*), a legend or a long tedious story. — *Boyer's Dictionary*, 1699.

the whole, not parting. The latter, I am told, gains ground in the closet; though he still keeps his strength in the House, and his popularity in the public; or, perhaps, because of that."¹

The Duke of Newcastle, writing to Lord Chesterfield, June 10th, after saying that he has been so plagued and disturbed with the most unpleasant situation that ever man was in that he has scarce had an hour to himself that he could command: "Disagreeable altercations, most disagreeable correspondences have been my fate for some months. However, I have not varied from my fundamental principle so strongly and so kindly recommended to me by your lordship of preserving the present system of administration as far as my new colleagues would permit me. . . .

"I long for an opportunity of laying the whole before your lordship, submitting my conduct to your judgment, and having your advice upon our present situation," and asks Lord Chesterfield to visit him on the Tuesday morning next.²

Lord Chesterfield, writing in answer to the above from Blackheath, on the same day, that he will wait upon the duke on Tuesday morning at nine, says: "The face of affairs is astonishingly mended within less than a year, and appears at present very favourable to us. If good news comes from America, as may reasonably be expected, we

¹ "Letters," iv. p. 275.

² "Newcastle Papers," 32,880, f. 385.

may hope not only for a tolerable, but a good peace next winter. In the meantime prosperous events will put you all in good humour, and I hope there will be no more war at home, till there is peace abroad ; and then a little wrangling keeps up the spirits.”¹

This meeting, however, was delayed, for on Monday, June 12th, Lord Chesterfield makes his compliments to the duke, and is too much out of order to attend his Grace as he fully intended ; and on the 13th, thanking him for his inquiry after his health, says he is rather better than he was yesterday, but still very weak, this last return of his old complaint having been a very severe one.² And in a letter to his son, at the same time, detailing some events of the war, and expressing his hope of a reasonable peace, that is, “an advantageous one for us,” he says, “I have been worse since my last letter, but am now, I think, recovering ; *tant va la cruche à l’eau*, — and I have been there very often.”³

At the end of September, Lord Chesterfield, finding himself “worse and worse, weaker and weaker every day,” left Blackheath, returned to town, and set out for Bath shortly afterward ; but at the end of October, he writes to his son : “I have found so little good by these

¹ “Newcastle Papers,” 32,880, f. 387.

² “Newcastle Papers,” 32,880, ff. 412, 423.

³ “Letters,” iv. p. 283.

waters, that I do not intend to stay here above a week longer, and then remove my crazy body to London, which is the most convenient place either to live or die in."

Ill though Lord Chesterfield was, he was able to write the following remarkable letter in answer to an application, from Doctor Squire :¹

"BATH, Oct. 29, 1758.

"SR:—It is a very common thing for people to give a great many good, or at least plausible, reasons for doing or not doing a thing, in order to conceal the true one; but upon my word this is not my case in giving you my reasons why I cannot directly comply with your request. Judge of them yourself. The Duke of Newcastle has, in the most obliging manner in the world, done three or four things at my request, little ones I grant, but it was as little ones only, that I either would or could with decency ask them, and at the same time I assured his Grace that I would never apply to him for things of more consequence. I have observed that engagement so scrupulously, that I have refused several people who had some sort of claims upon me, to mention even their requests to his Grace. But in no case have I refused more unwillingly than I do now in yours. I think that I cannot with decency or consistently with my

¹ Now first published. "Newcastle Papers," 32,885, f. 192.

promise apply to the duke for the first or second bishopric that shall be vacant; but his Grace knows my sentiments upon that subject as well as you do, having formerly mentioned your long attachment to him, and represented to him that you would be an honour and an ornament to the bench. Moreover, it is not very probable that any application of mine could make the ballance (were it in suspense) preponderate in your favour, for I am conscious that I have too little weight to turn a ministerial scale. Sick, deaf, and consequently absolutely inefficient, would it not be impudent in me to apply for any favour of consequence, or even for many trifling ones? There is a sort of commerce at courts which a man must not engage in without a certain stock to answer calls, and I am known to be too poor to be able to deal by way of truck or barter. I have now told you the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, and it is with the same truth that I assure you no man in England wishes you the lawn more sincerely than I do. Considering the times and the men, the bench wants a cordial, and I think it could not take a better than you.

“I am so far from being in that situation in which you so kindly wish me, that mine is exactly the reverse of what Mr. Locke very justly calls a short but full description of human happiness, *Mens sana in corpore sano*. I am not in the least

better than when I had the pleasure of seeing you last ; my body declines visibly, and those who see me confess it ; my mind, I am sure, keeps pace with it, though others think it not civil to tell me so, but I dare say they both believe and find it so, and they might very properly ask, What particle divine inspires that clay ?¹ I was in hopes that these waters would have enabled me to have read with attention, and sometimes to have scribbled with pleasure ; but no, I do not think enough to read what deserves or excites attention. I can, at most, read books of idle amusement, that just serve to kill my enemy, time. As an undoubted proof of my complete dulness, I live upon facts, or supposed facts, that is history ; but then, what history ? Why, the most marvellous ‘History of the Arabians,’ by l’Abbé de Marigny, which hardly yields in extravagancy to the ‘Arabian Knights’² tales, I have also studied the Comte de Gabalis, and am now in the middle of Geoffry of Monmouth, an historian of equall veracity. Reduced to such and only such amusements, I thank God I have, however, no melancholick moments ; my philosophy teaches me not to add, to the ills I have, a still greater ill, impatience ; and my long experience

¹ “ What life in all that ample body, say ?

What heav’nly particle inspires the clay ? ”

— *Pope, Imitations of Horace*, Sat. ii. 77.

² *Sic* in MS.

of everything tells me how little anything is to be regretted. I am, with true esteem,"¹ etc.

In a letter to his son, 21st November, he says: "The king has been ill, but his illness has terminated in a good fit of the gout, with which he is still confined. It was generally thought that he would have died, and for a very good reason, for the oldest lion in the Tower, much about the king's age, died a fortnight ago. This extravagancy, I can assure you, was believed by many above *peuple*. So wild and capricious is the human mind!

"Take care of your health as much as you can, for to be or not to be is a question of much less importance in my mind than to be or not to be well."²

In answer to a letter from the Duke of Newcastle of 7th December, expressing his pleasure at hearing that Lord Chesterfield was so well recovered of his late disorder, and proposing to wait upon him the following Monday, Lord Chesterfield writes on the same day:

"I will without fail have the honour of receiving your Grace at the time you are pleased to appoint. I hope Doctor Squire acquainted your Grace that I would have attended you at Newcastle House,

¹ Dr. Samuel Squire was Dean of Bristol in 1760, and Bishop of St. Davids in 1761.

² "Letters," iv. p. 302.

the Cockpit, or any other place that might be more convenient to you. You have, I dare say, business enough upon your hands, and that business disagreeable enough too. What is worse, it will last next year, for I see neither prospect nor possibility of a peace as things are now circumstanced. Some power or other must be near undone before a peace can be made; may it be that of our enemies and not our own.

“P. S. Would it be impossible to bring about a separate peace between the Kings of Prussia and Poland, England as usuall furnishing the necessary cement?”¹

Lord Chesterfield's last letter this year is to his son, December 15th, in which he says: “The estimates for the expense of the year 1759 are made up; I have seen them, and what do you think they amount to? No less than £12,300,000! A most incredible sum, and yet already all subscribed and even more offered. The unanimity in the House of Commons in voting such a sum and such forces, both by sea and land, is not less astonishing. This is Mr. Pitt's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.”²

Lord Chesterfield had purposed soliciting Burish's commission for his son, “one of the most agreeable ones in his Majesty's gift;” and the

¹ Now first published. “Newcastle Papers,” 32,886, f. 195.

² “Letters,” iv. p. 304.

vacancy having occurred, he now, February 15th, wrote to the Duke of Newcastle accordingly.¹

“I am told that some subaltern minister is to be sent to some subaltern courts to replace the late Mr. Burrish at Munich, Manheim, Ratisbonne, &c. If that be so, would it be impossible by your Grace’s protection to get Mr. Stanhope shoved from the rank of ensign at Hambourg to that of second lieutenant among the electors of the Rhine? Your Grace may easily believe by this application that it is a thing I could wish; but at the same time I assure your Grace that if there is the least inconveniency or impropriety in the matter, I desire it may not be moved. If he has done what business he had to do at Hambourg with diligence and without great errors, of which your Grace and others can best judge (I am sure I do not know), it is probable that in the places above mentioned he may make a tolerable Onslow Burrish, Esq. He reads, speaks, and writes the German language like English, and is well acquainted with the *jus publicum imperii*, even to the chicane of it. He passed two winters at Manheim, where (I don’t know why) he was a favourite of the whole electoral family, and was their commissioner here till he went to Hambourg. I will say no more upon this subject, for if it be proper and that your Grace can do it, I know by experience that you will; if

¹ Now first published.

it be not done, I shall be sure that either it could not or ought not to be done, and not even inquire for the reasons.

“To satisfy my own mind I should make many excuses to your Grace for troubling you with this application, but to satisfy you I know I must omitt them, and indeed they are implied in that perfect truth and respect, etc.

“I beg your Grace will not think of answering this letter.”¹

Lord Chesterfield, who always showed as much consideration for his servants and dependents as for himself, in a letter to the Bishop of Waterford, February 20th, telling that his favourite servant, White, had been confined with the gout,² and was but just got about him again, says: “But neither could he nor I myself have given you any account of my most unaccountable illness, for I am ill, better, and worse within the space of every half-hour; all that I know is that it is a miserable latter end of life. But it would not be reasonable

¹ “Newcastle Papers,” 32,888, f. 124.

² Lord Chesterfield mentions him again in a letter of June 9, 1761, saying that poor White has been very ill these two months; “he has lived with me now about forty years; we were young and healthy together; we are old and crazy, and seem to be tending to our last stage together;” and again in March, 1767, he writes: “Our poor friend White is in a most declining way, and I fear will not last much longer. He has now lived with me about fifty years, and served me very faithfully. I shall feel the loss of him very sensibly.”

in me to complain, as the former part was happier than I could in justice pretend to." ¹

Writing to his son, February 27th, upon domestic and foreign affairs, he says: "Near twelve millions have been granted this year, not only *nemine contradicente*, but *nemine quicquid dicente*. The proper officers bring in the estimates; it is taken for granted that they are necessary and frugal; the members go to dinner, and leave Mr. West and Mr. Martin ² to do the rest.

"I find you are sanguine about the King of Prussia this year; I allow his army will be what you say; but what will that be *vis à vis* French, Austrians, Imperialists, Swedes, and Russians, who must amount to more than double that number? Were the inequality less, I would allow for the King of Prussia's being so much *ipse agmen* as pretty nearly to balance the account. In war numbers are generally my omens; and I confess that in Germany they seem not happy ones this year. In America I think we are sure of success, and great success; but how we shall be able to strike a balance, as they call it, between good success there and ill success upon the Continent, so as to come at a peace, is more than I can discover." ³

And on March 16th, advising him to add to

¹ "Letters," iv. p. 310.

² The secretaries to the treasury.

³ "Letters," iv. p. 311. And see Walpole's letters, *passim* at this period.

his acquirements by learning Spanish, for the reason that it is better to trust to oneself than to any other body whatsoever, he says: "In short, let it be your maxim through life, to know all you can know, yourself; and never to trust implicitly to the informations of others. This rule has been of infinite service to me, in the course of my life.

"I am rather better than I was; which I owe not to my physicians, but to an ass and a cow; who nourish me between them, very plentifully and wholesomely; in the morning the ass is my nurse, at night the cow; and I have just now bought a milch-goat, which is to graze, and nurse me at Blackheath. I do not know what may come of this latter, and I am not without apprehensions that it may make a satyr of me; but, should I find that obscene disposition growing upon me, I will check it in time, for fear of endangering my life and character by rapes! And so we heartily bid you farewell."¹

¹ "Letters," iv. p. 314. He has a humorous allusion to this milk diet in a subsequent letter in June to the Bishop of Waterford: "I have in particular a white *amalthæa*, that strays upon the heath all day, and selects the most salutary and odoriferous herbs, which she brings me night and morning filtrated into milk. But I did not take this step without consulting Doctor Squire, in your absence, whether I might venture upon it, for I had heard that goat's milk partook so much of the nature of that wanton animal, that it was apt to cause inordinate concupiscence; but Doctor Squire consented to my drinking it, and assured me that, considering all circumstances, he apprehended

His son had also been troubled with frequent though short returns of illness, for which he seems not to have taken sufficient care, and in a letter to him of March 30th, Lord Chesterfield says, after giving him some advice as to medicines, regimen, etc.: "When I was in Holland, I had a slow fever, that hung upon me a great while; I consulted Boerhaave, who prescribed me what I suppose was proper, for it cured me; but he added, by way of postscript to his prescription, *Venus rariùs colatur*: which I observed, and perhaps that made the medicines more effectual."¹ And telling him of the great promise of fruit this year at Blackheath: "Vertumnus and Pomona have been very propitious to me; as for Priapus, that tremendous garden god, as I no longer invoke him, I cannot expect his protection from the birds and the thieves.

"Adieu! I will conclude like a pedant, *levius fit patientiâ quidquid corrigere est nefas*."²

In a letter to his son, April 16th, after criticising the style of Harte's history of "Gustavus Adolphus," which consists of "Latinisms, Gallicisms, Germanisms, and all isms but Anglicisms," he says: "There is an history lately come out, of the reign of Mary Queen of Scots, and her

no danger from it. And, upon my honour, I have yet found none."

¹ See vol i. p. 46.

² "Letters," iv. p. 316. "Hor. Carm.," Lib. I. ode xxiv.

son (no matter by whom) King James, written by one Robertson, a Scotchman, which for clearness, purity, and dignity of style, I will not scruple to compare with the best historians extant, not excepting Davila, Guicciardini, and perhaps Livy.”¹

Mr. Stanhope had been desirous of obtaining leave to come home at this time ; but it was found to be not officially convenient ; and Lord Chesterfield, writing to him 27th April, on the subject of this disappointment, after observing that a wise man, without being a Stoic, considers, in all misfortunes that befall him, their best as well as their worst side, says : “I have strictly observed that rule for many years, and have found by experience that some comfort is to be extracted, under most moral ills, by considering them in every light, instead of dwelling, as people are apt to do, upon the gloomy side of the object.”

After administering consolation to him with his usual good sense, he concludes : “*aequamemento rebus in arduis servare mentem* ; be neither transported nor depressed by the accidents of life.”²

We now come to the first mention of Philip Stanhope, Lord Chesterfield’s godson, to whom he had given the familiar name of Sturdy, and who ultimately became his heir, and successor

¹ “ Letters,” iv. p. 318.

² “ Letters,” iv. p. 320. “ Hor. Carm.,” Lib. II. ode iii.

in the earldom. In a letter, September 28th, to his kinsman Arthur Charles Stanhope, the father of this boy, Lord Chesterfield informs him of his brother Sir William Stanhope's resolution to marry Miss Delaval, sister of Sir Francis Blake Delaval, and says : "The marrying or not marrying was his business, which I neither advised nor objected to ; and as for the lady she has been soberly and modestly educated in the country, and is of a very good gentleman's family. She is full young enough to have children, being but two and twenty, and my brother is not too old to beget some, so that probably there will be children ; but in all events I assure you I shall have the same concern and attention for Sturdy that I have hitherto had, and when I must no longer consider him as my grandson, I will look upon him as my great-grandson, and while I live, grudge no trouble nor expense for his education." ¹

We shall see, hereafter, the result of this ill-assorted marriage, which took place on the 6th October, and of which there was no issue ; and how fully Lord Chesterfield carried out his promises in favour of Sturdy.

During the latter part of this year, Lord Chesterfield was, as his letters to the Bishop of Waterford show, not only too ill to write, but too ill to speak, think, or move. In a letter to

¹ " Letters," iv. p. 327.

him, of December 9th, after telling of his physical ills, and how detached he is from life, he says: "I consider it as one who is wholly unconcerned in it; and, even when I reflect back upon what I have seen, what I have heard, and what I have done myself, I can hardly persuade myself that all that frivolous hurry and bustle, and pleasures of the world, had any reality; but they seem to have been the dreams of restless nights. This philosophy, however, I thank God, neither makes me sour nor melancholic; I see the folly and absurdity of mankind, without indignation or peevishness. I wish them wiser, and consequently better than they are. I pity the weak and the wicked, without envying the wise and the good, but endeavouring to the utmost of my abilities to be one of that minority."¹

And writing to him again, January 22, 1760, he says: "I have within these few months more than once seen death very near; and when one does see it near, let the best or the worst people say what they please, it is a very serious consideration. I thank God I saw it without very great terrors; but, at the same time, the divine attribute of mercy, which gives us comfort, cannot make us forget, nor ought it, his attribute of justice, which must blend some fears with our hopes. . . . However, while I crawl upon this planet, I think myself obliged to do what good I can, in my narrow do-

¹ "Letters," iv. p. 329.

mestic sphere, to my fellow creatures, and to wish them all the good I cannot do.”¹

In his next letter to the bishop, April 29th, he speaks with high praise of Voltaire’s *précis* of Ecclesiastes: “Nothing in my mind can be finer than both the sense and poetry of it. For fear that you should not have seen it, I will give you two passages out of it, that struck me exceedingly.

“ ‘ Dieu nous donna des biens, il veut qu’on en jouisse,
Mais n’oubliez jamais leur cause & leur Auteur,
Et, lorsque vous goûtez sa divine faveur,
O mortels, gardez vous d’oublier sa justice ! ’

This is exactly from the original ; but the following lines are in my mind a great improvement.

“ ‘ Répandez vos bienfaits avec magnificence,
Meme aux moins vertueux ne les refusez pas ;
Ne vous informez point de leur reconnaissance,
Il est grand, il est beau de faire des ingrats. ’ ”²

I now read Solomon with a sort of sympathetic feeling. I have been as wicked and as vain, though not so wise as he ; but am now at last wise enough to feel and attest the truth of his reflection, that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. This truth is never sufficiently discovered or felt by mere speculation ; experience in this case is necessary for

¹ “ Letters,” iv. p. 330.

² Oeuvres de Voltaire, edit. 1785, tome 12 : “ Précis de l’Ecclesiaste,” pp. 268, 269.

conviction, though perhaps at the expense of some morality.”¹

In a letter to the Duke of Newcastle,² 10th June, Lord Chesterfield writes: “As there is little difficulty in refusing a request which it is absolutely impossible to comply with, I venture to trouble your Grace with this. The Duke de Nivernois, an old acquaintance of mine, and the most respectable man in France, sent me the inclosed letter by the party concerned in it, who is, as your Grace will see by his case, a considerable planter, though a man of quality in St. Domingo. What he asks is directly contrary to every law in this country relative to commerce, and consequently not in the king’s power to grant; and what I ask is only that your Grace would honour me with three lines showing the impossibility of granting his request. I owed this degree of attention to the Duke de Nivernois’s recommendation, which I know will prevail with you to forgive this trouble from,” etc.³

¹ “Letters,” iv. p. 332.

² Now first published.

³ It does not appear what this “impossible” request was, but I have given the letter because the Duke of Newcastle, in his answer to it on June 14th, says: “Whatever obligation your lordship may have to the Duc de Nivernois, I am sure I have a great one, to have procured me one of the prettiest letters that ever I read;” and goes on to say that he had showed the letter to the king and Mr. Pitt, and that any other favour that was possible would be granted to M. de la Pailleterie.—*Newcastle Papers*, 32,907, ff. 127, 221.

Lord Chesterfield's next published letter is to the Bishop of Waterford, August 28th, in which, speaking of his complaints and this unfortunate latter end of his life, he owns that perhaps it is a very just one, and a sort of balance to the tumultuous and imaginary pleasures of the former part of it. "In the general course of things, there seems to be, upon the whole, a pretty equal distribution of physical good and evil, some extraordinary cases excepted; and even moral good and evil seem mixed to a certain degree; for one never sees anybody so perfectly good, or so perfectly bad, as they might be. Why this is so, it is in vain for us upon this subject to inquire, for it is not given us yet to know. I behold it with a respectful admiration, and cry out *O altitudo!*"¹

There is no mention in Lord Chesterfield's letters of the death of George the Second, which happened quite suddenly on the morning of the 25th October.² In the earlier part of this work I have given an extract from the character of the king by Lord Chesterfield.³ It will be found in full in his writings, but is too long for insertion here.⁴

¹ "Letters," iv. p. 334.

² The event is related with humourous and sarcastic detail by Walpole in his letters at this time. See Walpole's "Letters," edit. Cunningham, vol. iii. pp. 350-353.

³ Vol. i. p. 137.

⁴ See "Letters," ed. Mahon, vol. ii., and "Wit and Wisdom of Lord Chesterfield."

The following letters¹ relate partly to Mr. Stanhope's prospects of coming into Parliament at the next general election, and partly to the want of agreement between the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pitt, whom Lord Chesterfield still humourously alludes to as the duke's "wife."

On the 28th November he writes: "This is only to give your Grace an account of a fact, which I confess I carelessly forgot to inform you of at a properer time. Some months ago your Grace was so kind as to send me word by the Dean of Bristol, that you had fixed Mr. Stanhope's election for the new Parliament; and as I thought it very likely that it might be for Mr. Elliott's borough of Leskard, which he now serves for, I made him by way of civility write to Mr. Elliott to tell him that if he should be recommended by your Grace to serve again for the same borough he hoped that he (Mr. Elliott) would have no objection to it. To this civility, he received a flat negative from Mr. Elliott, and not without a sort of a sneer, telling him that by my interest he could never want a seat in Parliament. He assigned not the least reason for his refusal, which was the more surprising as he and Mr. Stanhope had been old friends and fellow travellers. Your Grace must be sensible of what importance it is to Mr. Stanhope to be in Parliament; indeed his all depends upon it, and therefore secure in your Grace's

¹ Now first published.

friendship, which I have so often experienced, I submitt it entirely to you. I hope your Grace will not imagine that I mean to be treated with an old sarum or any eleemosynary borough, on the contrary, I mean to pay my club, with five hundred and fifty other honest gentlemen, who will be chosen without bribery or corruption.

“Hitherto things seem to go on well, at least the publick is well satisfyed, but I know too that there is always a *dessous des cartes*, which bystanders are not aware of; how agreeable that *dessous* may be to your Grace I cannot judge, but I hope you will take care to make it so, by securing a strength in next Parliament, and by a close union with your wife, however high spirited she may be; and for her own sake she cannot prove false to you.”

After expressing his hope that the winter would produce peace, and suggesting that if it could be purchased by a million, it would be “money well laid out:” “I beg pardon for troubling your Grace with the idle reveries of a man almost out of the world, but who, while he is ever so little in it, will be with the utmost truth and respect,”¹ etc.

The Duke of Newcastle, writing in answer to the above, November 29th, after promising that “Mr. Stanhope shall not want a reasonable seat in Parliament,” says: “I thank your lordship very kindly for your advice about my wife. It quite

¹“Newcastle Papers,” 32,915, f. 148.

agrees with my own opinion and inclination ; tho' I must confess she gives herself such airs sometimes as makes our conjugal state not quite so pleasant as it ought to be. I think she does not coquette with anybody else ; at least (if I can make any observation) if she does, it does not yet take place." He then admits the necessity of a peace, with which he says Mr. Pitt and Lord Hardwicke agree.¹

The difficulty respecting his son's election was, however, got over, as appears by Lord Chesterfield's letter to him of the 26th February, 1761 ; and he became member for St. Germain's. "I am very glad to hear that your election is finally settled, and to say the truth, not sorry that Mr. Elliott has been compelled to do, *de mauvaise grace*, that which he might have done at first in a friendly and handsome manner. However, take no notice of what is past, and live with him as you used to do before ; for, in the intercourse of the world, it is often necessary to seem ignorant of what one knows, and to have forgotten what one remembers." ²

Amongst the changes which took place at the beginning of the new reign, the Earl of Halifax was appointed lord lieutenant ; and Lord Chesterfield, with his unceasing regard for Ireland, writes to the Bishop of Waterford, 19th March : "You

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,915, f. 168.

² "Letters," iv. p. 337.

have a new lord lieutenant for your country, who certainly is able, and I dare say willing, to do well; but for God's sake be quiet, mind your interior civil interests, and do not get into any more political scrapes with England, that will always be too hard for you in the end, and, if provoked, I doubt too hard upon you. I have still a tenderness for Ireland, and am really concerned when I hear of its being worked up into a general ferment, only that a few individuals may make the better bargain for themselves."¹

On the 8th September was solemnised the king's marriage with Queen Charlotte, and their Majesties were crowned on the 22d. Lord Chesterfield, writing to the Bishop of Waterford, says: "The town of London and the city of Westminster are gone quite mad with the wedding and the approaching coronation.² People think nor talk of nothing else. For my part, I have not seen our new queen yet; and as for the coronation, I am not alive enough to march, nor dead enough to

¹ "Letters," iv. p. 338. Lord Chesterfield again speaks highly of Lord Halifax in his letters to the Bishop of Waterford, June 9th and September 12th. "He has steadiness and resolution to govern you well himself, and he will not be governed by undertakers." "He has heard of combinations, confederations, and all sorts of ations, to handcuff and fetter him; but he seems not in the least apprehensive of them."

² For full and amusing details of the ceremonies, and description of the queen, see Walpole's letters of September 9th, 10th, 24th, and 25th.

walk, at it. You can bear now and then a quibble, I hope ; but I am, without the least *équivoque*, my dear lord, yours,"¹ etc.

But, as Horace Walpole says, "the bright dawn was overcast" by the differences in the Cabinet respecting the declaration of war against Spain, to which the Duke of Newcastle not agreeing, Mr. Pitt waited upon the king on the 5th October, and resigned the seals, "in order not to remain responsible for measures which he was no longer allowed to guide."² On the 26th Lord Chesterfield wrote the following interesting letter³ to the Duke of Newcastle :

"Your Grace's faithfull servant, deafer and weaker both in body and mind than ever, will be at your orders whenever you please to signify them. The elopement of your wife I am sensible must be a distressfull circumstance to the administration in the present crisis of affairs, but you must allow too that she nicked the time ably. She saw that she could no longer carry on the war with the expected success, nor conclude a peace with the unanimously expected advantages, and therefore prudently left those cares to others ;

¹ "Letters," iv. p. 341.

² "Correspondence of the Earl of Chatham," ii. p. 158. Walpole, writing to Mann, October 6th, says, "You may bid adieu to victories. It is not that Spain or we have declared war, but Mr. Pitt has resigned. The Cabinet Council were for temporising. That is not his style."

³ Now first published.

this I take to be the true motives of her elopement. I thought indeed that when she dragged the foul clogg of corruption after her, she would have lost her popularity and credit with the publick, but I was greatly mistaken, for *deffendit numerus*, and as half mankind does or at least would do the same if they could, they seem to like her the better for giving countenance to their actions or intentions. *Magno se nomine quisque tuatur*.

“In my solitary and uninformed ways of thinking I never saw so difficult and dangerous a situation as the present. Will you carry on the war? perhaps you cannot with success, I am sure not with the expected success. Will you make a peace? I will venture to say that you cannot make one that will satisfy the sanguine demands of the publick, nay, what is worse, I question if you can make a good peace in itself, independently of the absurd expectations of mankind. And yet, whatever you cannot do in either war or peace, Mr. Pitt both would and could have done it, that will be the cry.

“Now give me leave to come to your Grace personally and freely, and forgive the freedom in consideration of the motive, which can be but one. You certainly know that you are looked, by the whole nation, as so set upon a peace that you would accept any rather than none; and this notion many more people than perhaps you

are aware of most industriously propagate, and will be glad to put you foremost as the author of that peace, which they plainly foresee cannot possibly be satisfactory to the publick ; but that is no reason why you should appear foremost in it, but, on the contrary, is a reason why you should rather seem backward and difficult in it. *Il n'en sera ni plus ni moins pour cela.* That transaction is not in your immediate department at present, therefore why not leave to those in whose immediate department it is, the principal load of unpopularity that must necessarily attend it? Mr. Pitt, I am convinced, will not think himself gagged by gratitude to a silent acquiescence in Parliament nor to absence from it. He will, I am persuaded, be active there this session, and only waits for the conclusion of a peace to carry up an impeachment of all or some of the peace-makers, of which number I would by no means have the Duke of Newcastle be the scape-goat, which will not be at all impossible if you are not exceedingly cautious. Mr. Pitt will certainly communicate to the house those conditions upon which alone he was willing to conclude peace, and may perhaps go farther and tell upon what conditions some others of the Cabinet council were willing to agree, which contrasted, will make a great flame ; for you know the violent passions of your late wife too well to think that the obligation of secrecy in the Cabinet council will stop her

mouth. Sir Harry Vane sett the example many years ago.

"Forgive, my dear lord, the freedom of these hasty thoughts, since they can only be the effects of that friendship and respect with which I am most sincerely, etc.

"For God's sake, why was not Mr. Pitt's pension tacked inseparably to a peerage for himself?¹ For if he had been told properly that he must have both or neither, I dare say he would have accepted both together."²

In a letter to the Bishop of Waterford, 31st October, respecting Lord Halifax's reception at Dublin, and praising his speech at the opening of the Parliament, Lord Chesterfield says: "He dwells upon my three favourite points, the Protestant charter-schools, the linen manufacture, and a proper indulgence of the silly Roman Catholics." And expresses his hope that the business in Parliament will go smoothly on "for the sake of Ireland, that can never be a gainer by quarrelling with England, however justly."³

At the beginning of 1762, Lord Chesterfield was in a very ill state of health, as appears

¹ Pitt, on his resignation, accepted a peerage for his wife, as Baroness of Chatham, and a pension of £3,000 a year for three lives. See Walpole's letters to Mann, and Montagu, October 10, 1761.

² "Newcastle Papers," 32,685, f. 68.

³ "Letters," iv. p. 342.

by the following short note to the Duke of Newcastle, January 30th: "Lord Chesterfield returns his most gratefull thanks to the Duke of Newcastle for the kind part he is pleased to take in his present wretched situation, a wretched one it is, indeed, for he suffers uninterrupted and acute pain, and is not acquainted with sleep, but, whatever his situation may be, he is always the Duke of Newcastle's,"¹ etc.

There is no other letter till the following note in May: "Lord Chesterfield makes his compliments to the Duke of Newcastle, and will expect the honour he intends him either on Monday or on Tuesday morning next, and at whatever hour will be most convenient to him. He is impatient to congratulate his Grace upon the desirable and honourable situation which he is now in."²

The above note evidently refers to the Duke of Newcastle's resignation, which took place on the 26th May, in consequence of his dissent from the other ministers respecting a proposed subsidy to the King of Prussia.³ Lord Bute, who had

¹ Now first published. "Newcastle Papers," 32,934, f. 100.

² Now first published. "Newcastle Papers," 32,938, f. 388. Not dated, but indorsed, "May 21, 1762."

³ Walpole, writing to Montagu, May 25th, says: "Well! tomorrow is fixed for that phenomenon, the Duke of Newcastle's resignation. . . . I can divert you with a *bon mot*, which they give to my Lord Chesterfield. The new peerages being mentioned, somebody said, 'I suppose there will be no duke made; he replied, 'Oh, yes, there is to be one.' 'Is? who?'

long been the favourite of the princess dowager, and the confidential adviser of the new king, became first lord of the treasury.

In a letter to the Bishop of Waterford, July 8th, thanking him for a piece of calico, sent to White, he says: "Mind your weaving and spinning, and lay aside your politics; the former will enrich you; but, take my word for it; you will never be better for the latter. I wish I could see your great politicians labouring for the good of their country, like Hercules, with distaffs, instead of septennial bills in their hands. What, and so be dependent upon England? says Mr Lucas. Yes, I hope so; for when Ireland is no longer dependent upon England, the Lord have mercy upon it!"

And writing to him again, September 4th, respecting the proposed silk manufacture, which he doubts will never prove extensive and profitable, owing to the climate, he says: "I am glad to find the spirit of industry is so active amongst you; it is much better than the spirit of politics, and Ireland will get much more by it." And on October 7th, with reference to the expulsion of the Jesuits from France and Portugal at this time, he says they have often been attacked, and by great men, but have always

'Lord Talbot [the lord steward]; he is to be created Duke Humphrey, and there is to be no table kept at court but his.'"

recovered it ; "whereas now they die by the kicks of a couple of asses, I mean the Most Christian and the Most Faithful Kings,¹ which I will venture to prophesy they will never recover, this being by no means an ecclesiastical age. I even question whether the Popes will hold it out much longer."²

Peace with France having been made in November, Lord Chesterfield was able to resume his correspondence with Madame de Monconseil, and in a letter to her, 7th December, he says, respecting the affair of the Jesuits: "Je doute fort que leur habileté qui leur a si bien servi jusqu'ici, puisse les tirer d'affaire à present. Ce siècle n'est pas favorable aux sociétés religieuxés ; il est trop éclairé ; et je tremble même pour le Saint Père dans le siècle prochain."³

Mr. Faulkner having obtained a verdict against Foote for ridiculing him, under the name of Peter Paragraph, in a farce called "The Orators," which was acted at Dublin, Lord Chesterfield, in a letter, 4th January, 1763, congratulates him on having made his enemy his foot-stool ; and referring to the subject, January 6th, in writing to the Bishop of Waterford, says that he would rather have expected a noble contempt than a legal process from his philosophical friend. "Socrates never

¹ Of France and Portugal.

² "Letters," iv. pp. 347-350.

³ "Letters," iv. p. 357.

prosecuted Aristophanes for having attempted to ridicule him.”¹

In the beginning of June, Mr. Stanhope had returned to the Continent on a special mission, as envoy to the diet at Ratisbon; and Lord Chesterfield, writing to him on points of ceremonial, advises him to despise German minuties — “such as one step lower or higher upon the stairs, a bow more or less, and such sort of trifles.”²

Sir William Stanhope’s marriage had turned out as might have been expected; and Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to his son, 1st September, after mentioning the failure of the king’s endeavour to recall Pitt into his service, says: “I have at last done the best office that can be done, to most married people; that is, I have fixed the separation between my brother and his wife; and the definitive treaty of peace will be proclaimed in about a fortnight; for the only solid and lasting peace, between a man and his wife, is, doubtless, a separation.”³

¹ “Letters,” iv. pp. 358, 360.

² “Letters,” iv. pp. 363–365.

³ Walpole, in a long letter to Mann, 1 September, after giving details of the above negotiation with Pitt, says: “We sent you Sir William Stanhope, and my lady, a fond couple; you have returned them to us very different. When they came to Blackheath, he got out of the chaise to go to his brother Lord Chesterfield’s, made her a low bow, and said, ‘Madame, I hope I shall never see your face again.’ She replied, ‘Sir, I will take all the care I can that you never shall.’ He lays no gallantry to her charge.”

And writing to him again, September 30th, after advising to converse with himself some part of every day, says: "Lord Shaftesbury recommends self-conversation to all authors;¹ and I would recommend it to all men; they would be the better for it. Some people have not time, and fewer have inclination, to enter into that conversation; nay, very many dread it, and fly to the most trifling dissipations, in order to avoid it; but if a man would allot half an hour every night, for this self-conversation, and recapitulate with himself whatever he has done, right or wrong, in the course of the day, he would be both the better and the wiser for it.

"My brother, and Lady Stanhope, are at last finally parted. I was the negotiator between them; and had so much trouble in it, that I would much rather negotiate the most difficult point of the *jus publicum Sacri Romani Imperii*, with the whole diet of Ratisbon, than negotiate any point with any woman. If my brother had had some of those self-conversations, which I recommend, he would not, I believe, at past sixty, with a crazy, battered constitution, and deaf into the bargain, have married a young girl, just turned of twenty, full of health, and consequently of desires. But who takes warning by the fate of others? This, perhaps, proceeds from a negligence of self-conversation."

¹ "Letters," iv. pp. 370, 372.

In November, Lord Chesterfield, having been dangerously ill of a bilious fever, went to Bath, hoping to restore his strength and spirits, but in a letter to the Bishop of Waterford, 5th December, he says: "The waters, however, which I have now drunk a full fortnight, have done no such thing; instead of that, I grow weaker every day, and my spirits lower. If this increases, or even lasts much longer, I shall be in the hands of the undertakers, as well as your lord lieutenant."¹

Mr. Stanhope, who had returned to England at the end of the preceding year, having been sent for to attend in his place in Parliament, was now appointed envoy to Dresden; and Lord Chesterfield, in a letter to Madame de Monconseil, 23d April, 1764, lamenting his "*surdité impénétrable et incurable*," says, with reference to self-conversation:

"J'ai le loisir d'avoir plusieurs tête-à-têtes avec moi-même, dont je me flatte d'avoir profité, et auxquels je n'avois jamais pensé, pendant que j'étois rapidement emporté par le tourbillon des affaires, ou des plaisirs; de sorte que, grâces à dieu, je n'ai ni mélancolie ni humeur, et nonobstant tous mes maux *j'en connois de plus misérables*."

"Votre petit protégé part la semaine qui vient

¹ "Letters," iv. p. 376.

pour Dresde, où le Roi a eu la bonté de le nommer son envoyé. Il prend le chemin de Paris, principalement, à ce que je crois, pour avoir l'honneur de vous y faire sa cour.”¹

Writing to his son, July 27th, he says: “The rage of marrying is very prevalent; so that there will probably be a great crop of cuckolds next winter, who are at present only *cocus en herbe*.” and September 3d: “Here is no domestic news of changes and chances in the political world; which, like oysters, are only in season in the R months, when the Parliament sits.”²

Lord Chesterfield's last letters this year are to his son, advising him to accept a proposal made to him of vacating his seat in Parliament, for a valuable money consideration, as it would secure him from another unpaid journey from Dresden, “in case they meet, or fear to meet, with difficulties in any ensuing session of the present Parliament. Whatever one must do, one should do *de bonne grace*.”³

In a letter to his son, April 22, 1765, after commenting upon foreign and domestic matters and disputes, he says:

“I see and hear these storms from shore *suave*

¹ “Letters,” iv. p. 382.

² “Letters,” iv. pp. 387, 388.

³ “Letters,” iv. pp. 394, 396. A new writ for the borough of St. Germain's was moved on May 22, 1765, and William Hussey was elected in the place of Philip Stanhope.

mari magno, etc.¹ I enjoy my own security and tranquillity, together with better health than I had reason to expect, at my age, and with my constitution; however, I feel a gradual decay, though a gentle one; and I think that I shall not tumble, but slide gently to the bottom of the hill of life. When that will be, I neither know nor care, for I am very weary."

And, August 17th, he writes: "I feel this beginning of the autumn, which is already very cold: the leaves are withered, fall apace, and seem to intimate that I must follow them; which I shall do without reluctance, being extremely weary of this silly world. God bless you, both in it and after it!"²

Writing 25th September to the Bishop of Waterford, who was always solicitous about his health, he says: "I am just as you left me, neither well nor ill, and hobbling on to my journey's end, which I think I am not afraid of, but will not answer for myself, when the object draws very near, and is very sure. That moment is at least a very respectable one, let people who boast of not fearing it say what they please, and by the way those people have commonly the most reason to fear it." And, remarking upon the affairs of

¹ "Suave, mari magno turbantibus æquora ventis,
E terra magnum alterius spectare laborem."

— *Lucretius*, lib. ii. i.

² "Letters," iv. p. 399, 403.

Ireland, he says: "Those amongst you who are wise will avoid quarrelling with England. I say this only for the sake of Ireland, to which I most sincerely wish well, and I believe that I am generally thought to do so. Do not think of mimicking our Parliamentary tricks in England, for they will not do in Ireland.

"I propose going to Bath in about three weeks, for half repairs at most; whole ones I do not pretend to: my wretched vessel is too much shattered to be ever fit for sailing again. May yours sail easily and safely many years!"¹

In a letter, October 12th, to Arthur Charles Stanhope, who had desired his opinion concerning his then intended third marriage, Lord Chesterfield expresses his views on matrimony very freely, saying that, "In matters of religion and matrimony I never give any advice; because I will not have anybody's torments in this world or the next laid to my charge. You say that you find yourself lonely and melancholic at Mansfield, and I believe it; but then the point for your mature consideration is, whether it is not better to be alone than in bad company, which may very probably be your case with a wife. I may possibly be in the wrong, but I tell you very sincerely, with all due regard to the sex, that I never thought a woman good company for a man *tête-à-tête*, unless

¹ "Letters," iv. p. 407.

for one purpose, which, I presume, is not yours now."

After referring to Mr. Stanhope's good fortune with his last wife, the considerations due to his family, and the example of Sir William Stanhope's case, he says: "Upon the whole, you will marry, or not marry, as you think best; but to take a wife merely as an agreeable and rational companion will commonly be found to be a grand mistake. Shakespeare seems to be a good deal of my opinion, when he allows them only this department, —

"‘To suckle fools and chronicle small beer.’"¹

Writing to his son, November 28th, from Bath, he complains of pains in his legs, hips, and arms, which, whether gouty or rheumatic, "have absolutely reduced me to the miserable situation of the Sphynx's riddle, to walk upon three legs; that is, with the assistance of my stick, to walk, or rather hobble, very indifferently. I wish it were a declared gout, which is the distemper of a gentleman; whereas the rheumatism is the distemper of a hackney-coachman or chair-man, who are

¹ Or rather, Iago, in "Othello," act ii. sc. i. "Letters," iv. p. 408.

In a letter to his son, 27 December, Lord Chesterfield says, respecting the separation of men and their wives, "I wonder at none of them for parting; but I wonder at many for still living together; for in this country it is certain that marriage is not well understood."

obliged to be out in all weathers and at all hours." ¹

Lord Chesterfield was strongly opposed to the attempt to tax the American colonies. In a letter to his son, 27th December, he says, relatively to the late imposed stamp duty, which our colonists absolutely refused to pay: "The administration are for some indulgence and forbearance to those froward children of their mother country; the opposition are for taking vigorous, as they call them, but I call them violent, measures; not less than *les dragonades*; and to have the tax collected by the troops we have there. For my part, I never saw a froward child mended by whipping; and I would not have the mother country become a stepmother."

And again, February 11, 1766, he writes: "The Stamp Act has proved a most pernicious measure; for, whether it is repealed or not, which is still very doubtful, it has given such terror to the Americans that our trade with them will not be, for some years, what it used to be." ²

The Duke of Newcastle, in a letter to Lord Chesterfield,³ of February 25th, expresses his "gratitude" to him, "as a friend to my country, for your noble and generous declaration which you gave yesterday, of your thoughts and inten-

¹ "Letters," iv. p. 411.

² "Letters," iv. pp. 415, 418.

³ Now first published.

tions for the repeal of the most fatal act of Parliament, that was ever passed in this country ; and as I have been from the beginning invariably of that mind, it does me honour, as it does the cause, to have your lordship's most weighty opinion with us."

To which Lord Chesterfield writes in answer, in the evening of the same day :

"Indeed, I deserve no praise for giving my proxy in so just a cause, for I should never have forgiven myself if the repeal of the fatal Stamp Act had been thrown out in the House of Lords, by one single vote, for want of mine. The absurdity of that act equals, if possible, the mischief of it, by asserting a right which you know you cannot exert, and even that, for getting fourscore thousand pounds a year, which you cannot get neither, with the loss of at least one million a year in your trade and manufactures.

"I recommend to your Grace to be upon your guard in the House of Lords against any of Lord Strange's modifications ; let the repeal pass without amendments, or explanatory clauses, which, if you once admitt, you will not know where you are, but you will lose sight of the main question by wrangling upon amendments to amendments and modifications upon modifications.

"I confess I am not sanguine as to your carrying the bill of repeal at all, therefore do not be negligent, for from what dropped some time ago in the House of Lords, and from what was

declared since, somewhere else, I have my doubts." ¹

In a letter to his son, 17th March, on public matters, Lord Chesterfield says: "It is very doubtful whether Mr. Pitt will come into the administration or not; the two present secretaries are extremely desirous that he should; but the others think of the horse that called the man to its assistance." And with respect to the Stamp Act: "N. B. The repeal of it was carried in both Houses by the ministers against the king's declared inclinations, which is a case that has seldom happened, and I believe seldom will happen. Lord Bute's conduct has been, through all this affair, extremely irresolute and undecided." ²

The following letter ³ from Lord Chesterfield to the Duke of Newcastle speaks for itself.

"BLACKHEATH, June 20th.

"I beg your Grace not to mistake this letter for a sollicitation, which I have neither a claim nor a desire to trouble you with.

"My kinsman Lord Strathmore ⁴ insisted, by the advice of his friend the Duke of Portland, that

¹ "Newcastle Papers," 32,974, ff. 85, 87.

² "Letters," iv. p. 420.

³ Now first published.

⁴ The Earls of Strathmore are kinsmen of the Earls of Chesterfield by descent from Lady Elizabeth Stanhope, daughter to the second Earl of Chesterfield, who became the wife of the fourth Lord Strathmore. See vol. i. p. 8.

I should recommend him to you to be one of the sixteen peers for Scotland, in the room of Lord Sutherland, who is lately dead. I assured them that my recommendation could not nor ought not to have any weight anywhere. But I gave him the best advice I was able, which was to lay before the administration a particular of Miss Bowes's fortune,¹ and of the influence that always accompanys such immense property ; this I assured him would be the best solicitor he could employ. I confess my kinsman was born a Jacobite, but I can assure your Grace that by regeneration he is a staunch Whigg ; the competitor whom he seems to fear the most is the Duke of Athol, who, perhaps, has not experienced the same effects of regeneration, and I cannot help hinting, that should he prevail over Lord Strathmore's prodigious weight of metal, it will be suspected to be owing to some secret influence."

The result of this application, as appears by a long letter from the Duke of Newcastle in answer, was, that the preference was given, for the time, to the Duke of Athol, with a promise in favour of Lord Strathmore upon another occasion.

¹ Lord Chesterfield, writing to his son, February 13, 1767, says: "My kinsman, Lord Strathmore, is to be married, in a fortnight, to Miss Bowes, the greatest heiress, perhaps, in Europe, and ugly in proportion. In short, the matrimonial frenzy seems to rage at present, and is epidemical. The men marry for money, and I believe you guess what the women marry for."

On the return of Mr. Pitt to power, not as Mr. Pitt, but as Earl of Chatham, Lord Chesterfield, writing to his son, 1st August, and telling him that the curtain was drawn up, and discovered the new actors, says : "Mr. Pitt, who had *carte blanche* given him, named every one of them ; but what would you think he named himself for ? Lord Privy Seal, and (what will astonish you, as it does every mortal here) Earl of Chatham. The joke here is, that he has had a fall up-stairs, and has done himself so much hurt, that he will never be able to stand upon his legs again." ¹

Although Lord Chesterfield's health continued to decline, and he could write to the Bishop of Waterford, October 10th : "The mind unfortunately keeps pace in decay with the body, and age and infirmities weaken them equally. I feel it most sensibly ; my body totters, and my understanding stutters ;" and to his son on the 29th : "I set out to-morrow for Bath, in hopes of half repairs, for Medea's kettle could not give me whole ones ; the timbers of my wretched vessel are too much decayed to be fitted out again for use ;" yet it is evident that his mind continued as clear as ever, for he addressed two letters from that place in November to the Countess of Suffolk, written in the character of his footman, in allusion to which the editor of her correspondence says :

¹ " Letters," iv. p. 427.

"The collection begins and ends with Lord Chesterfield; his letters are marked with his characteristic elegance and wit, and his last letter is as gay as his first, written fifty-five years before."¹

In a letter to the Bishop of Waterford, March 12, 1767, Lord Chesterfield says, with ironical reference to the advice he had given to Mr. Charles Arthur Stanhope: "How are you now? I hope as well, and as strong as a man can be with safety, and without a tendency to the iteration of nuptials. My kinsman, Mr. Stanhope, of Mansfield, has most prudently yielded to those inclinations, and has married a girl of five and twenty, himself sexagenary. She is a niece of Mr. Barnes of Derby, whom you know. His son, whom I have taken and adopted, turns out prodigiously well, both as to parts and learning, and gives me great amusement and pleasure, in superintending his education, and in some things instructing him myself, in which I flatter myself that I do some good, considering his future rank and fortune."²

In the autumn of this year Lord Chesterfield appears to have been very ill, and to have had a visit at that time from the Bishop of Waterford, for he writes to him on 16th October: "My right hand being now tolerably able, and my heart be-

¹ "Suffolk Letters," i. p. xxxii, and ii. pp. 334, 339; "Letters," iv. pp. 433-437.

² "Letters," iv. p. 447.

ing, I am sure, extremely willing, I cannot employ the former so well, as in conveying my hearty and sincere thanks to you, for the uncommon and extraordinary proofs of your friendship and affection in my last illness. . . . This overpays any debt of gratitude you might think you owed me, and I confess myself your debtor." And writing to him again, 5th December, he says: "I have no actual illness nor pain to complain of, but I am as lame of my legs as when you saw me, and must expect to be so for the rest of my life. Every year, at a certain period of life, takes away something from us; this last has taken away my legs, and therefore I must now content myself with those of my horses; otherwise I am tolerably well for me."¹

Lord Chesterfield had been desirous of bringing his son into Parliament again, through the influence of Lord Chatham; but of this he was disappointed, and in a letter to him on the subject, 12th March, 1768, he says: "I am of a very different opinion from you about being in Parliament, as no man can be of consequence in this country, who is not in it; and, though one may not speak like a Lord Mansfield, or a Lord Chatham, one may make a very good figure in a second rank. *Locus est et pluribus umbris.*"²

But Lord Chesterfield was this year to suffer

¹ "Letters," iv. pp. 458, 465.

² "Letters," iv. p. 462, December 19, 1767, and p. 469.

the greatest vexation that in his long life he ever endured. Mr. Stanhope, who had been for some years in a very indifferent state of health, had gone to Avignon, on leave of absence from his post at Dresden, and there died of dropsy on the 16th November; and the first intimation that Lord Chesterfield appears to have received of his loss, was from the lady who announced herself as Mr. Stanhope's widow, with two children. How deeply Lord Chesterfield must have felt the ingratitude and duplicity of his son, in having thus been married for years without his knowledge, can never be told, for he has nowhere alluded to the subject himself; but with his philosophic self-control, he sunk his disappointment upon the world, and so far from visiting the fault of the father upon the survivors, he not only received them kindly, but at once took charge of the education of the two boys, equipped them thoroughly with clothes, etc., and sent them to a good school.

In a letter to General Irwine, November 21st, Lord Chesterfield mentions the death of the Duke of Newcastle, which had occurred four days previously. "My old kinsman and contemporary¹ is at last dead, and for the first time quiet. He had

¹ His relationship with Lord Chesterfield proceeded from the marriage of Anne, daughter of Sir Thomas Stanhope of Shelford, to John Holles, first Earl of Clare, the ancestor in the maternal line of the Duke of Newcastle and Mr. Pelham.

the start of me at his birth by one year and two months, and I think we shall observe the same distance at our burial. I own I feel for his death, not because it will be my turn next ; but because I knew him to be very good-natured, and his hands to be extremely clean, and even too clean if that were possible ; for, after all the great offices which he had held for fifty years, he died three hundred thousand pounds poorer than he was when he first came into them. A very unministerial proceeding !”¹

In a letter of March 16, 1769, to Mrs. Eugenia Stanhope, his son's widow, at Paris, he says : “I am extremely surprised that Mrs. du Bouchet² should have any objection to the manner in which your late husband desired to be buried, and which you, very properly, complied with. All I desire, for my own burial, is not to be buried alive ; but how or where, I think, must be entirely indifferent to every rational creature.”³

In his letters at this time, Lord Chesterfield excuses himself to his correspondents on account of an inflammation in his eyes, which for a time hindered him from either writing or reading. “It is losing my livelihood,” he says, in a letter to the

¹ “Letters,” iv. p. 477, and see the “character” of the Duke of Newcastle, “Letters,” ed. Mahon, vol. ii. ; and in “Wit and Wisdom of Lord Chesterfield.”

² His son's mother.

³ “Letters,” iv. p. 481.

Bishop of Waterford, July 9th, "for I live only upon reading, incapable of any other amusement." And in a letter to General Irwine, August 6th : "My eyes are still so bad, that they are of little use to a deaf man, who lived by reading alone ; many other physical ills crowd upon me, and I have drained Pandora's box, without finding hope at the bottom. The taxes that nature lays upon old age are very heavy ; and I would rather that death would distract at once, than groan long under the burthen." ¹

And in his last letter this year to the Bishop of Waterford, from Bath, 21st November, he says : "I am turned of seventy-six, a sufficient distemper itself, and moreover attended with all the usual complaints of old age ; the most irksome of them all to me is, that my eyes begin to fail me, so that I cannot write nor read as I used to do, which were my only comforts ; but *melius fit patientia quidquid corrigere est nefas*." ²

In writing to Alderman Faulkner, 2d January, 1770, thanking the Dublin Society for having put up his busto "among so many better heads," he modestly says, "My head never did Ireland much good, but, upon my word, my heart always wished it, and if it loves me a little, it is but love for love. There is a spirit of dissatisfaction among you ; but I hope it will not run into faction, which is too

¹ "Letters," iv. pp. 484, 485.

² "Letters," iv. p. 490.

much the case in England at present ; be angry, but sin not."

In a letter to the Bishop of Waterford, 11th March, Lord Chesterfield mentions the death of Arthur Charles Stanhope, saying : "There seems to be an infectious distemper in the house of Stanhope ; your acquaintance, Arthur, died about ten days ago, as did his next brother Sir Thomas¹ three days after. I suppose I am too old and too tough to take the infection."²

As the death of Arthur Stanhope threw upon Lord Chesterfield the entire care of his godson, his "boy," as he always called him, it seems the proper time to advert to the remarkable correspondence which, until its recent publication, was but imperfectly known.³ Moreover, the doubt which was for a time thrown over the "boy's" succession by the marriage of Sir William Stanhope, was dispelled by the separation.

From the time that Lord Chesterfield had adopted his godson, Philip Stanhope, he had taken charge of his education, and in a series of letters from 1761 to 1770, the earl, with unceasing assiduity, and in spite of his advancing age and infirmities, had pursued the same course of instruc-

¹ Knighted by the king in 1759. Letter from Miss Stanhope to her brother, Arthur, October 6, 1759.

² "Letters," iv. pp. 491, 492.

³ Letters of Philip Dormer, fourth Earl of Chesterfield, to his godson and successor, edited by the Earl of Carnarvon. Second edition, 1890.

tion that he had before used with his son, sending him "scraps" of history, ancient and modern, dialogues in English and French; and at the same time urging the importance of attention, industry, morals and manners, and sometimes the "graces." And whoever will take the trouble — or rather, give himself the pleasure — carefully to peruse these letters, which should be read in connection with the letters during part of the same period, to the boy's father, will, I think, agree in the main with the estimate formed by their editor of the wisdom, the good sense, and the genuine kindness and affection displayed in them. Chesterfield loved his godson, and did all in his power to make his godson love him. These letters differ somewhat in tone from the earlier letters to his son, partly perhaps on account of the higher station in life which his godson was destined to fill, and partly as they were mellowed by the age of the writer. There is more of refined humour than in the former letters, and making allowance for the difference in the ages of the persons addressed, there is much of the humour tempered by seriousness, which we see in the later letters to the Bishop of Waterford.

Lord Chesterfield's letters to his friends during the ensuing two years are but few, and at longer intervals, and relate almost entirely to his failing health and strength. To the Bishop of Waterford,

August 15th, he writes: "There is no relief for the miseries of a crazy old age, but patience; and as I have many of Job's ills, I thank God, I have some of his patience too; and I consider my present wretched old age as a just compensation for the follies, not to say sins, of my youth."

In the last letter he wrote to the Bishop of Waterford, 19th December, 1771, consoling him for the death of his son, he writes, evidently with his own loss in his mind: "Your grief is just; but your religion, of which I am sure you have enough (with the addition of some philosophy), will make you keep it within due bounds, and leave the rest to time and avocations. When your son was with me here, just before he embarked for France, I plainly saw that his consumption was too far gone to leave the least hopes of a cure; and, if he had dragged on this wretched life some few years longer, that life could have been but trouble and sorrow to you both. This consideration alone should mitigate your grief, and the care of your grandson will be a proper avocation from it."

In his last letter to Mr. Dayrolles from Blackheath, 24th September, 1772, Lord Chesterfield mentions the ailment which was, in the end, the cause of his death. "I am extremely sorry for Mrs. Dayrolles's situation, but I am a little in her case; for it is now four months since I have been labouring under a diarrhœa, which our common

Doctor Warren has not been able to cure. To be nearer him, and all other helps, I shall settle in town this day se'nnight, which is the best place for sick people, or well people, to reside at, for health, business, or pleasure. God bless you all." ¹

Lord Chesterfield continued to linger, though without pain, or any other illness, until the 24th of March, 1773, on which day he expired: "having enjoyed the highest reputation for all sorts of merit that any man ever, perhaps, obtained from his contemporaries." ²

Lord Chesterfield had retained his memory and his presence of mind to his latest breath. Mr. Dayrolles having come to pay him his usual visit only about half an hour before he expired, the earl had just strength enough to say, in a faint voice: "Give¹ Dayrolles a chair." These were the last words he was heard to speak. "His good breeding," said Doctor Warren, who was present, "only quits him with his life." ³

At the time of Lord Chesterfield's death, the only surviving member of his family—for his

¹ "Letters," pp. 495, 502, 506.

² "Suffolk Letters," editor's note, vol. i. p. 1.

³ Walpole, writing to the Countess of Ossory, March 11th, says: "My Lord Chesterfield bought a 'Claude' the other day for four hundred guineas, and a 'Madame de la Vallière' for four. He said, 'Well! if I am laughed at for giving so much for a landscape, at least it must be allowed that I have my woman cheap.' Is not it charming to be so agreeable quite to the door of one's coffin?"

brother, Sir William, had died a few months before at Dijon — was his sister Gertrude, the wife of Sir Charles Hotham. She survived her husband, and died in 1775.¹ Lord Chesterfield had no issue by his marriage.

Lord Chesterfield's will, dated 4th June, 1772, contains the following characteristic provisions: "I most humbly recommend my soul to the extensive mercy of that Eternal Supreme, Intelligent Being who gave it me most earnestly at the same time deprecating his justice Satiated with the pompous follies of this life of which I have had an uncommon share I would have no posthumous ones displayed at my funeral and therefore desire to be buried in the next burying place to where I shall die and limit the whole expense of my funeral to £100." After devising his property to his godson, Philip Stanhope, and directing that the sum of £2,500 be paid to his use, to the intent that he may pursue his travels through France, Germany, etc., "but I will and desire that he by no means go into Italy which I look upon now to be the foul sink of illiberal manners and vices." He subjects his devises and bequests to the condition "that in case my said godson, Philip Stan-

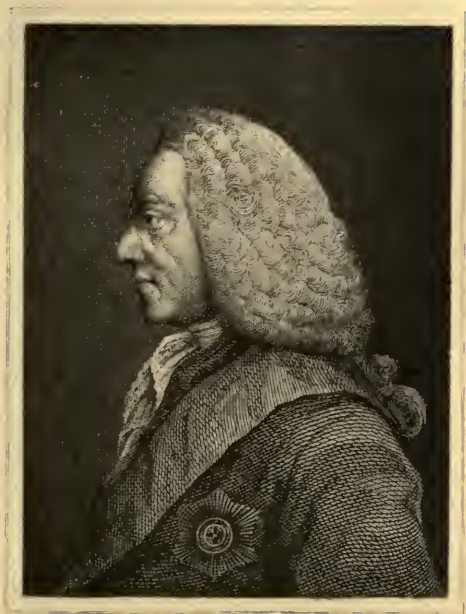
¹ Walpole, writing to Mann, April 17, 1775, says: "Lady Gertrude Hotham, one of the few whom perhaps you remember, is dead. She set her ruffle, and thence the rest of her dress, on fire, and died of it in ten days. She had wit, like all her brothers, but for many years, had been a Methodist."

hope, shall at any time hereafter keep or be concerned in the keeping of any race-horse or race-horses or pack or packs of hounds or reside one night at Newmarket, that infamous seminary of iniquity and ill manners during the course of the races there or shall resort to the said races or shall lose in any one day at any game or bett whatsoever the sum of £500 then and in any of the cases aforesaid it is my express will that he my said godson shall forfeit and pay out of my estate the sum of £5,000 to and for the use of the Dean and Chapter of Westminster.”¹ After providing annuities for the two sons of his natural son, and giving some other legacies: “I give to all my menial or household servants that shall have lived with me five years or upward at the time of my

¹“This sentence comprises,” says Lord Mahon, “a lively touch of satire. The earl had found, or believed that he found, the Chapter of Westminster of that day, exorbitant and grasping in their negotiations with him of land for the building of Chesterfield House; and he declared that he now inserted their names in his will, because he felt sure that if the penalty should be incurred, they would not be remiss in claiming it.” — *Preface to Letters*, xix.

Walpole, writing to the Countess of Ossory, March 27th, says: “Lord Chesterfield was dead before my last letter, that foretold his death, set out. Alas! I shall have no more of his lively sayings, madam, to send you. Oh, yes! I have his last: being told of the quarrel in Spitalfields, and even that Mrs. F. struck Miss P., he said, ‘I always thought Mrs. F. a striking beauty.’

“Thus, having given away all his wit to the last farthing, he has left nothing but some poor witticisms in his will, tying up his heir by forfeitures and jokes from going to Newmarket.”



death whom I consider as unfortunate friends my equals by nature and my inferiors only by the difference of our fortunes two years wages above what shall be due to them at my death and mourning and to all my other menial servants one years wages and mourning."

Of Lord Chesterfield's personal appearance little can be told, for little is known, except that he was of middle height. "I take you as well as myself," he says in one of his letters to his son, "to be of the family of the Piccolomini." And Lord Hervey's description of him as a "stunted giant," in which Walpole seems to concur, can only be regarded as a malicious misrepresentation; for the portraits of him both in youth and age give a very different impression.

Of his characteristics as a statesman, as an orator, as a wit, as a man of letters; of his opinions upon literary subjects; his liking for the drama, and his indifference to music; of his love of capitals, especially of London, and his dislike to the country, and its attendant field-sports; of his devoted attachment to his relatives, his friends, and his dependents, enough, I think, has appeared in the preceding pages, to make recapitulation needless; but there is another trait in Lord Chesterfield's character which must not be passed over: his indifference to rank and birth apart from other

¹ "Eat as much game as you please, but I hope you will never kill any yourself." — *Letter to his godson, Nov. 17, 1766.*

merit ; calling the posteromania "that very silly pride of family and posterity," and saying : "There is not a finer subject for ridicule than a man who is proud of his birth and jealous of his rank."¹

On the subject of Lord Chesterfield's eloquence and wit, Walpole says : "Lord Chesterfield was never reckoned a capital orator, nor could be so, for almost all his speeches were prepared and written ; and he never was eminent as a debater or in replies. His great fame, and no man had more in his time, arose from his wit. For a series of years nothing was more talked of than Lord Chesterfield's *bons mots*, and many of them were excellent ; but many, too, of others were ascribed to him. His reputation for wit was early established by the ruin of a man that had very undeservedly been much admired. This was Sir Paul Methuen, a dull, formal, romantic braggadochio, who, returning from Spain with reputation for having concluded the treaty of Madrid, passed for the finest gentleman of the age, by telling extravagant stories of his own valour and gallantry and generosity, though he was sordidly penurious. He had crossed over to Africa, vaunted of having

¹ Walpole, writing to Mann, Sept. 1, 1750, says : "I am now grown to bear no descent but my Lord Chesterfield's, who has placed among the portraits of his ancestors two old heads, inscribed 'Adam de Stánhope' and 'Eve de Stanhope ;' the ridicule is admirable."

And see his essay in the *World*, on "Pride of Birth," and his "Letters to his Godson," pp. 161, 224, 258, 290. Second edition.

killed lions, and of flinging a fine ruby into the sea, because a lady he was walking with would not accept it. Young Lord Stanhope soon saw through this fictitious knight-errant, and took all opportunities of turning him into ridicule. When he cited the number of lions he had killed, Lord Stanhope (Chesterfield) said: 'Fie, Sir Paul, that was errant poaching.' Sir Paul was not so dull, but he felt how much he suffered from such an antagonist, and being brutal, too, determined to be revenged. The occasion that did not present itself, but that he seized, was on being called out in a coffee-house, where he was playing at billiards with Lord Chesterfield. Sir Paul said: 'I was called out by a person who asked me who it could be I was playing with, whose head is bigger than his body, and his nose bigger than his head!' The description had some foundation in truth, but Lord Chesterfield, not at all disconcerted, replied, with equal wit, irony, and coolness, 'Oh, Sir Paul, you are famous for encountering 'monsters.' Sir Paul attempted no more to demolish such an adversary with such coarse weapons."

"Not long before his death, being asked how his contemporary, Lord Tyrawley, did, he said: 'To tell you the truth, we have both been dead this twelvemonth, but we do not own it.' A still more admirable proof that he retained his quickness to the last, happened about a year before his death. His sister, Lady Gertrude Hotham, who

was grown a strict Methodist, and her friend Lady Huntingdon, thinking the earl's bad health offered a good opportunity of getting at his soul, had a scheme of drawing him down to one of their seminaries in Wales, and visited him with that view ; but imagining they had great cunning, they said nothing of their pious motives, but cried up the goodness of the air and the beauties of the spot, its charming views, — and then there were such glorious mountains round it. 'No, ladies,' interrupted the earl, 'I do not love such tremendous prospects. When the faith of your ladyships has removed the mountains, I will go to Wales with all my heart.' " And in allusion to Maty's statement that Lord Chesterfield had outlived almost all his friends and contemporaries, he says : " In the latter part of his life I frequently visited Lord Chesterfield, and received great civilities from him. In 1770 he breakfasted with me at Strawberry Hill, where I made him the following compliment, which he found in the library printed at my own press :

" ' Few paces hence, beneath yon grottoed road,
From dying Pope the last sweet accents flowed.
O Twitnam ! would the friend of Pope but bless
With some immortal strain thy favour'd press,
The happier emblem would with truth depose,
That where one phœnix died, another rose.' " ¹

¹ Walpole's MS. notes on Maty.

The following letter from Lady Chesterfield to Mr. Dayrolles at the time that he was supplying some notes to Doctor Maty for his then intended biography, will show the regard she continued to entertain for the earl's memory, and seems a fitting conclusion to this memoir.

“À LONDRES, ce 13 Août, 1773.

“MONSIEUR : — Quoique j’aie une fluction à un œil, je n’ai voulu tarder de vous dire avec quelle satisfaction et plaisir j’ai reçu votre lettre, accompagnée des circonstances de la vie de ce très cher et très digne homme feu my Lord Chesterfield. Je crois que personne au monde auroit été assez habile ni assez ami, pour avoir pu mettre si bien au jour et étaler son mérite et ses rares talens comme vous avez fait. Comme j’avois cela fort à cœur, je vous en suis, monsieur, d’autant plus obligée, et souhaiterois de pouvoir vous faire voir par mes remerciemens jusqu’où va ma reconnoissance, et combien je suis, avec toute l’estime possible,

“M. CHESTERFIELD.”¹

¹ Walpole, writing to Mann, Sept. 17, 1778, says: “Lady Chesterfield is dead, at above fourscore.”

SELECTED LETTERS OF LORD
CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON

SELECTED LETTERS OF LORD CHESTERFIELD TO HIS SON

SPA, Aug. 6, 1741.

DEAR BOY :— I am very well pleased with the several performances you sent me, and still more so with Mr. Maittaire's letter that accompanied them, in which he gives me a much better account of you than he did in his former. *Laudari a laudato viro* was always a commendable ambition; encourage that ambition, and continue to deserve the praises of the praiseworthy. While you do so, you shall have whatever you will from me; and when you cease to do so, you shall have nothing.

I am glad you have begun to compose a little; it will give you a habit of thinking upon subjects, which is at least as necessary as reading them; therefore pray send me your thoughts upon this subject :

“ Non sibi, sed toti genitum se credere mundo.”

It is a part of Cato's character in Lucan, who says that Cato did not think himself born for himself only, but for all mankind. Let me know, then,

whether you think that a man is born only for his own pleasure and advantage, or whether he is not obliged to contribute to the good of the society in which he lives and of all mankind in general. This is certain, — that every man receives advantages from society which he could not have if he were the only man in the world : therefore, is he not in some measure in debt to society ; and is he not obliged to do for others what they do for him ? You may do this in English or Latin, which you please ; for it is the thinking part, and not the language, that I mind in this case.

I warned you in my last against those disagreeable tricks and awkwardnesses which many people contract when they are young by the negligence of their parents, and cannot get quit of them when they are old, — such as odd motions, strange postures, and ungenteel carriage. But there is likewise an awkwardness of the mind that ought to be and with care may be avoided ; as, for instance, to mistake names. To speak of Mr. What-d'ye-call-him or Mrs. Thingum or How-d'ye-call-her is excessively awkward and ordinary. To call people by improper titles and appellations is so too ; as my lord for sir, and sir for my lord. To begin a story or narration when you are not perfect in it and cannot go through with it, but are forced possibly to say in the middle of it, “ I have forgot the rest,” is very unpleasant and bungling. One must be extremely exact, clear, and perspicuous in

everything one says ; otherwise, instead of entertaining or informing others, one only tires and puzzles them. The voice and manner of speaking, too, are not to be neglected. Some people almost shut their mouths when they speak, and mutter so that they are not to be understood ; others speak so fast and sputter that they are not to be understood neither ; some always speak as loud as if they were talking to deaf people ; and others so low that one cannot hear them. All these habits are awkward and disagreeable, and are to be avoided by attention ; they are the distinguishing marks of the ordinary people who have had no care taken of their education. You cannot imagine how necessary it is to mind all these little things ; for I have seen many people with great talents ill received for want of having these talents, too, and others well received only from their little talents, and who had no great ones. Adieu.

DUBLIN CASTLE, March 10, 1746.

SIR :—I most thankfully acknowledge the honour of two or three letters from you, since I troubled you with my last ; and am very proud of the repeated instances you give me of your favour and protection, which I shall endeavour to deserve.

I am very glad that you went to hear a trial in

the Court of King's Bench ; and still more so, that you made the proper animadversions upon the inattention of many of the people in the court. As you observed very well the indecency of that inattention, I am sure you will never be guilty of anything like it yourself. There is no surer sign in the world of a little, weak mind than inattention. Whatever is worth doing at all is worth doing well ; and nothing can be well done without attention. It is the sure answer of a fool, when you ask him about anything that was said or done where he was present, that "truly he did not mind it." And why did not the fool mind it? What had he else to do there but to mind what was doing? A man of sense sees, hears, and retains everything that passes where he is. I desire I may never hear you talk of not minding, nor complain, as most fools do, of a treacherous memory. Mind not only what people say, but how they say it ; and if you have any sagacity, you may discover more truth by your eyes than by your ears. People can say what they will, but they cannot look just as they will ; and their looks frequently discover what their words are calculated to conceal. Observe, therefore, people's looks carefully when they speak, not only to you, but to each other. I have often guessed by people's faces what they were saying, though I could not hear one word they said. The most material knowledge of all — I mean the knowl-

edge of the world—is never to be acquired without great attention; and I know many old people, who, though they have lived long in the world, are but children still as to the knowledge of it, from their levity and inattention. Certain forms which all people comply with, and certain arts which all people aim at, hide in some degree the truth and give a general exterior resemblance to almost everybody. Attention and sagacity must see through that veil and discover the natural character. You are of an age now to reflect, to observe and compare characters, and to arm yourself against the common arts,—at least of the world. If a man with whom you are but barely acquainted, and to whom you have made no offers nor given any marks of friendship, makes you on a sudden strong professions of his, receive them with civility, but do not repay them with confidence; he certainly means to deceive you, for one man does not fall in love with another at sight. If a man uses strong protestations or oaths to make you believe a thing which is of itself so likely and probable that the bare saying of it would be sufficient, depend upon it he lies, and is highly interested in making you believe it; or else he would not take so much pains.

In about five weeks I propose having the honour of laying myself at your feet,—which I hope to find grown longer than they were when I left them. Adieu.

LONDON, Oct. 9, O. S., 1747.

DEAR BOY :— People of your age have, commonly, an unguarded frankness about them, which makes them the easy prey and bubbles of the artful and the experienced ; they look upon every knave or fool who tells them that he is their friend to be really so ; and pay that profession of simulated friendship with an indiscreet and unbounded confidence, always to their loss, often to their ruin. Beware, therefore, now that you are coming into the world, of these proffered friendships. Receive them with great civility but with great incredulity too, and pay them with compliments but not with confidence. Do not let your vanity and self-love make you suppose that people become your friends at first sight or even upon a short acquaintance. Real friendship is a slow grower, and never thrives unless ingrafted upon a stock of known and reciprocal merit.

There is another kind of nominal friendship among young people, which is warm for the time, but by good luck of short duration. This friendship is hastily produced by their being accidentally thrown together and pursuing the same course of riot and debauchery. A fine friendship truly, and well cemented by drunkenness and lewdness ! It should rather be called a conspiracy against morals and good manners, and be punished as such by the civil magistrate. However, they have the impudence and folly to call this confederacy a friend-

ship. They lend one another money for bad purposes ; they engage in quarrels, offensive and defensive, for their accomplices ; they tell one another all they know, and often more too, when of a sudden some accident disperses them and they think no more of each other, unless it be to betray and laugh at their imprudent confidence. Remember to make a great difference between companions and friends ; for a very complaisant and agreeable companion may, and often does, prove a very improper and a very dangerous friend. People will in a great degree, and not without reason, form their opinion of you upon that which they have of your friends ; and there is a Spanish proverb which says very justly, ‘Tell me whom you live with and I will tell you who you are.’ One may fairly suppose that the man who makes a knave or a fool his friend has something very bad to do or to conceal. But at the same time that you carefully decline the friendship of knaves and fools, if it can be called friendship, there is no occasion to make either of them your enemies wantonly and unprovoked, for they are numerous bodies ; and I would rather choose a secure neutrality than alliance or war with either of them. You may be a declared enemy to their vices and follies without being marked out by them as a personal one. Their enmity is the next dangerous thing to their friendship. Have a real reserve with almost everybody, and have a seeming re-

serve with almost nobody ; for it is very disagreeable to seem reserved, and very dangerous not to be so. Few people find the true medium ; many are ridiculously mysterious and reserved upon trifles, and many imprudently communicative of all they know.

The next thing to the choice of your friends is the choice of your company. Endeavour as much as you can to keep company with people above you ; there you rise as much as you sink with people below you, for (as I have mentioned before) you are whatever the company you keep is. Do not mistake when I say company above you and think that I mean with regard to their birth, — that is the least consideration ; but I mean with regard to their merit, and the light in which the world considers them.

There are two sorts of good company, — one which is called the *beau monde*, and consists of the people who have the lead in courts and in the gay part of life ; the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular and valuable art or science. For my own part, I used to think myself in company as much above me, when I was with Mr. Addison and Mr. Pope, as if I had been with all the princes in Europe. What I mean by low company — which should by all means be avoided — is the company of those who, absolutely insignificant and contemptible in themselves, think

they are honoured by being in your company, and who flatter every vice and every folly you have in order to engage you to converse with them. The pride of being the first of the company is but too common ; but it is very silly and very prejudicial. Nothing in the world lets down a character quicker than that wrong turn.

You may possibly ask me whether a man has it always in his power to get the best company, and how? I say, yes, he has, by deserving it ; provided he is but in circumstances which enable him to appear upon the footing of a gentleman. Merit and good breeding will make their way everywhere. Knowledge will introduce him and good breeding will endear him to the best companies ; for as I have often told you, politeness and good breeding are absolutely necessary to adorn any or all other good qualities or talents. Without them no knowledge, no perfection whatever, is seen in its best light. The scholar without good breeding is a pedant, the philosopher a cynic, the soldier a brute, and every man disagreeable.

I long to hear from my several correspondents at Leipzig of your arrival there, and what impression you make on them at first ; for I have Arguses with a hundred eyes each who will watch you narrowly and relate to me faithfully. My accounts will certainly be true ; it depends upon you entirely of what kind they shall be. Adieu.

LONDON, Oct. 16, O. S., 1747.

DEAR BOY : — The art of pleasing is a very necessary one to possess, but a very difficult one to acquire. It can hardly be reduced to rules ; and your own good sense and observation will teach you more of it than I can. “Do as you would be done by,” is the surest method that I know of pleasing. Observe carefully what pleases you in others, and probably the same thing in you will please others. If you are pleased with the complaisance and attention of others to your humours, your tastes, or your weaknesses, depend upon it the same complaisance and attention on your part to theirs will equally please them. Take the tone of the company that you are in, and do not pretend to give it ; be serious, gay, or even trifling, as you find the present humour of the company, — this is an attention due from every individual to the majority. Do not tell stories in company ; there is nothing more tedious and disagreeable. If by chance you know a very short story and exceedingly applicable to the present subject of conversation, tell it in as few words as possible ; and even then throw out that you do not love to tell stories, but that the shortness of it tempted you. Of all things banish the egotism out of your conversation, and never think of entertaining people with your own personal concerns or private affairs. Though they are interesting to you, they are tedious and impertinent to everybody else ; besides

that, one cannot keep one's own private affairs too secret. Whatever you think your own excellencies may be, do not affectedly display them in company, nor labour, as many people do, to give that turn to the conversation which may supply you with an opportunity of exhibiting them. If they are real they will infallibly be discovered without your pointing them out yourself, and with much more advantage. Never maintain an argument with heat and clamour, though you think or know yourself to be in the right, but give your opinion modestly and coolly, which is the only way to convince; and if that does not do, try to change the conversation by saying, with good humour, "We shall hardly convince one another, nor is it necessary that we should, so let us talk of something else."

Remember that there is a local propriety to be observed in all companies, and that what is extremely proper in one company may be, and often is, highly improper in another.

The jokes, the *bons mots*, the little adventures which may do very well in one company, will seem flat and tedious when related in another. The particular characters, the habits, the cant of one company may give merit to a word or a gesture which would have none at all if divested of those accidental circumstances. Here people very commonly err; and fond of something that has entertained them in one company and in certain

circumstances, repeat it with emphasis in another, where it is either insipid, or, it may be, offensive by being ill-timed or misplaced. Nay, they often do it with this silly preamble, "I will tell you an excellent thing," or "I will tell you the best thing in the world." This raises expectations which, when absolutely disappointed, make the relator of this excellent thing look, very deservedly, like a fool.

If you would particularly gain the affection and friendship of particular people, whether men or women, endeavour to find out their predominant excellency, if they have one, and their prevailing weakness, which everybody has, and do justice to the one and something more than justice to the other. Men have various objects in which they may excel, or at least would be thought to excel; and though they love to hear justice done to them where they know that they excel, yet they are most and best flattered upon those points where they wish to excel and yet are doubtful whether they do or not. As, for example, Cardinal Richelieu, who was undoubtedly the ablest statesman of his time, or perhaps of any other, had the idle vanity of being thought the best poet, too; he envied the great Corneille his reputation, and ordered a criticism to be written upon the "Cid." Those therefore who flattered skilfully said little to him of his abilities in state affairs, or at least but *en passant*, and as it might naturally occur.

But the incense which they gave him, the smoke of which they knew would turn his head in their favour, was as a *bel esprit* and a poet. Why? Because he was sure of one excellency, and distrustful as to the other. You will easily discover every man's prevailing vanity by observing his favourite topic of conversation; for every man talks most of what he has most a mind to be thought to excel in. Touch him but there, and you touch him to the quick. The late Sir Robert Walpole (who was certainly an able man) was little open to flattery upon that head, for he was in no doubt himself about it; but his prevailing weakness was to be thought to have a polite and happy turn to gallantry, of which he had undoubtedly less than any man living. It was his favourite and frequent subject of conversation, which proved to those who had any penetration that it was his prevailing weakness, and they applied to it with success.

Women have in general but one object, which is their beauty, upon which scarce any flattery is too gross for them to swallow. Nature has hardly formed a woman ugly enough to be insensible to flattery upon her person; if her face is so shocking that she must in some degree be conscious of it, her figure and her air, she trusts, make ample amends for it; if her figure is deformed, her face, she thinks, counterbalances it; if they are both bad, she comforts herself that she has graces, a

certain manner, a *je ne sais quoi* still more engaging than beauty. This truth is evident from the studied and elaborate dress of the ugliest women in the world. An undoubted, uncontested, conscious beauty is of all women the least sensible of flattery upon that head ; she knows that it is her due, and is therefore obliged to nobody for giving it her. She must be flattered upon her understanding, which though she may possibly not doubt of herself, yet she suspects that men may distrust.

Do not mistake me and think that I mean to recommend to you abject and criminal flattery. No, flatter nobody's vices or crimes ; on the contrary, abhor and discourage them. But there is no living in the world without a complaisant indulgence for people's weaknesses and innocent though ridiculous vanities. If a man has a mind to be thought wiser and a woman handsomer than they really are, their error is a comfortable one to themselves and an innocent one with regard to other people ; and I would rather make them my friends by indulging them in it than my enemies by endeavouring — and that to no purpose — to undeceive them.

There are little attentions likewise which are infinitely engaging, and which sensibly affect that degree of pride and self-love which is inseparable from human nature, as they are unquestionable proofs of the regard and consideration which we

have for the person to whom we pay them. As, for example, to observe the little habits, the likings, the antipathies, and the tastes of those whom we would gain, and then take care to provide them with the one and to secure them from the other, — giving them genteelly to understand that you had observed that they liked such a dish or such a room, for which reason you had prepared it ; or, on the contrary, that having observed they had an aversion to such a dish, a dislike to such a person, etc., you had taken care to avoid presenting them. Such attention to such trifles flatters self-love much more than greater things, as it makes people think themselves almost the only objects of your thoughts and care.

These are some of the arcana necessary for your initiation in the great society of the world. I wish I had known them better at your age ; I have paid the price of three and fifty years for them, and shall not grudge it if you reap the advantage. Adieu.

LONDON, September 5, O. S., 1748.

DEAR BOY : — I have received yours, with the enclosed German letter to Mr. Grevenkop, which he assures me is extremely well written, considering the little time that you have applied yourself to that language. As you have now got over the most difficult part, pray go on diligently, and make yourself absolutely master of the rest. Whoever

does not entirely possess a language will never appear to advantage, or even equal to himself, either in speaking or writing it: his ideas are fettered, and seem imperfect or confused, if he is not master of all the words and phrases necessary to express them. I therefore desire that you will not fail writing a German letter once every fortnight to Mr. Grevenkop, which will make the writing of that language familiar to you; and, moreover, when you shall have left Germany and be arrived at Turin, I shall require you to write even to me in German, that you may not forget with ease what you have with difficulty learned. I likewise desire that, while you are in Germany, you will take all opportunities of conversing in German, which is the only way of knowing that or any other language accurately. You will also desire your German master to teach you the proper titles and superscriptions to be used to people of all ranks, which is a point so material in Germany, that I have known many a letter returned unopened because one title in twenty has been omitted in the direction.

St. Thomas's day now draws near, when you are to leave Saxony and go to Berlin; and I take it for granted that if anything is yet wanting to complete your knowledge of the state of that electorate, you will not fail to procure it before you go away. I do not mean, as you will easily believe, the number of churches, parishes, or

towns; but I mean the constitution, the revenues, the troops, and the trade of that electorate. A few questions sensibly asked of sensible people will procure you the necessary informations; which I desire you will enter in your little book.

Berlin will be entirely a new scene to you, and I look upon it in a manner as your first step into the great world: take care that step be not a false one, and that you do not stumble at the threshold. You will there be in more company than you have yet been; manners and attentions will therefore be more necessary. Pleasing in company is the only way of being pleased in it yourself. Sense and knowledge are the first and necessary foundations for pleasing in company; but they will by no means do alone, and they will never be perfectly welcome if they are not accompanied with manners and attentions. You will best acquire these by frequenting the companies of people of fashion; but then you must resolve to acquire them in those companies by proper care and observation; for I have known people who, though they have frequented good company all their lifetime, have done it in so inattentive and unobserving a manner as to be never the better for it, and to remain as disagreeable, as awkward, and as vulgar as if they had never seen any person of fashion. When you go into good company (by good company is meant the people of the first fashion of the place), observe

carefully their turn, their manners, their address, and conform your own to them.

But this is not all, neither; go deeper still; observe their characters, and pry, as far as you can, into both their hearts and their heads. Seek for their particular merit, their predominant passion, or their prevailing weakness; and you will then know what to bait your hook with to catch them. Man is a composition of so many and such various ingredients that it requires both time and care to analyse him; for, though we have all the same ingredients in our general composition, as reason, will, passion, and appetites, yet the different proportions and combinations of them in each individual produce that infinite variety of characters which in some particular or other distinguishes every individual from another. Reason ought to direct the whole, but seldom does. And he who addresses himself singly to another man's reason, without endeavouring to engage his heart in his interest also, is no more likely to succeed than a man who should apply only to a king's nominal minister and neglect his favourite.

I will recommend to your attentive perusal, now you are going into the world, two books, which will let you as much into the characters of men as books can do. I mean "*Les Réflexions Morales de Monsieur de la Rochefoucault*" and "*Les Caractères de La Bruyère*;" but remember at the same time that I only recommend them to you as

the best general maps to assist you in your journey, and not as marking out every particular turning and winding that you will meet with. There your own sagacity and observation must come to their aid.

La Rochefoucault is, I know, blamed, but I think without reason, for deriving all our actions from the source of self-love. For my own part, I see a great deal of truth and no harm at all in that opinion. It is certain that we seek our own happiness in everything we do; and it is as certain that we can only find it in doing well, and in conforming all our actions to the rule of right reason, which is the great law of nature. It is only a mistaken self-love that is a blamable motive, when we take the immediate and indiscriminate gratification of a passion or appetite for real happiness. But am I blamable if I do a good action upon account of the happiness which that honest consciousness will give me? Surely not. On the contrary, that pleasing consciousness is a proof of my virtue. The reflection which is the most censured in Monsieur de la Rochefoucault's book, as a very ill-natured one, is this: *On trouve dans le malheur de son meilleur ami quelque chose qui ne déplaît pas.* And why not? Why may I not feel a very tender and real concern for the misfortune of my friend, and yet at the same time feel a pleasing consciousness of having discharged my duty to him by comforting and assist-

ing him to the utmost of my power in that misfortune? Give me but virtuous actions, and I will not quibble and chicané about the motives. And I will give anybody their choice of these two truths, which amount to the same thing : He who loves himself best is the honestest man ; or, The honestest man loves himself best.

The characters of La Bruyère are pictures from the life, most of them finely drawn and highly coloured. Furnish your mind with them first ; and when you meet with their likeness, as you will every day, they will strike you the more. You will compare every feature with the original ; and both will reciprocally help you to discover the beauties and the blemishes.

As women are a considerable, or at least a pretty numerous, part of company, and as their suffrages go a great way toward establishing a man's character in the fashionable part of the world (which is of great importance to the fortune and figure he proposes to make in it), it is necessary to please them. I will, therefore, upon this subject, let you into certain arcana that will be very useful for you to know, but which you must, with the utmost care conceal, and never seem to know. Women, then, are only children of a larger growth ; they have an entertaining tattle, and sometimes wit ; but for solid, reasoning good sense, I never in my life knew one that had it, or who reasoned or acted consequentially for four

and twenty hours together. Some little passion or humour always breaks in upon their best resolutions. Their beauty neglected or controverted, their age increased, or their supposed understandings depreciated, instantly kindles their little passions, and overturns any system of consequential conduct that in their most reasonable moments they might have been capable of forming. A man of sense only trifles with them, plays with them, humours and flatters them, as he does with a sprightly, forward child ; but he neither consults them about, nor trusts them with, serious matters ; though he often makes them believe that he does both ; which is the thing in the world that they are proud of ; for they love mightily to be dabbling in business (which, by the way, they always spoil) ; and being justly distrustful that men in general look upon them in a trifling light, they almost adore that man who talks more seriously to them, and who seems to consult and trust them ; I say, who seems, for weak men really do, but wise ones only seem to do it. No flattery is either too high or too low for them. They will greedily swallow the highest, and gratefully accept of the lowest ; and you may safely flatter any woman, from her understanding down to the exquisite taste of her fan. Women, who are either indisputably beautiful, or indisputably ugly, are best flattered upon the score of their understandings ; but those who are in a state of mediocrity, are best flattered upon

their beauty, or at least their graces ; for every woman who is not absolutely ugly thinks herself handsome ; but, not hearing often that she is so, is the more grateful and the more obliged to the few who tell her so ; whereas a decided and conscious beauty looks upon every tribute paid to her beauty only as her due ; but wants to shine, and to be considered on the side of her understanding ; and a woman who is ugly enough to know that she is so, knows that she has nothing left for it but her understanding, which is consequently (and probably in more senses than one) her weak side.

But these are secrets which you must keep inviolably, if you would not, like Orpheus, be torn to pieces by the whole sex ; on the contrary, a man who thinks of living in the great world, must be gallant, polite, and attentive to please the women. They have, from the weakness of men, more or less influence in all courts ; they absolutely stamp every man's character in the *beau monde*, and make it either current, or cry it down, and stop it in payments. It is, therefore, absolutely necessary to manage, please, and flatter them ; and never to discover the least marks of contempt, which is what they never forgive ; but in this they are not singular, for it is the same with men ; who will much sooner forgive an injustice than an insult. Every man is not ambitious, or covetous, or passionate ; but every man has pride enough in his composition to feel and resent the

least slight and contempt. Remember, therefore, most carefully to conceal your contempt, however just, wherever you would not make an implacable enemy. Men are much more unwilling to have their weaknesses and their imperfections known than their crimes ; and, if you hint to a man that you think him silly, ignorant, or even ill-bred or awkward, he will hate you more, and longer, than if you tell him plainly that you think him a rogue. Never yield to that temptation, which to most young men is very strong, of exposing other people's weaknesses and infirmities, for the sake either of diverting the company, or of showing your own superiority. You may get the laugh on your side by it, for the present ; but you will make enemies by it for ever ; and even those who laugh with you then will, upon reflection, fear, and consequently hate you ; besides that, it is ill-natured, and a good heart desires rather to conceal than expose other people's weaknesses or misfortunes. If you have wit, use it to please, and not to hurt : you may shine like the sun in the temperate zones, without scorching. Here it is wished for : under the line it is dreaded.

These are some of the hints which my long experience in the great world enables me to give you ; and which, if you attend to them, may prove useful to you in your journey through it. I wish it may be a prosperous one ; at least, I am sure that it must be your own fault if it is not.

Make my compliments to Mr. Harte, who, I am very sorry to hear, is not well. I hope by this time he is recovered.

Adieu!

LONDON, July 26, O. S., 1748.

DEAR BOY:—There are two sorts of understandings, one of which hinders a man from ever being considerable, and the other commonly makes him ridiculous, —I mean the lazy mind and the trifling, frivolous mind. Yours, I hope, is neither. The lazy mind will not take the trouble of going to the bottom of anything, but, discouraged by the first difficulties (and everything worth knowing or having is attained with some), stops short, contents itself with easy and, consequently, superficial knowledge, and prefers a great degree of ignorance to a small degree of trouble. These people either think or represent most things as impossible, whereas few things are so to industry and activity. But difficulties seem to them impossibilities, or at least they pretend to think them so by way of excuse for their laziness. An hour's attention to the same subject is too laborious for them; they take everything in the light in which it first presents itself, never consider it in all its different views, and, in short, never think it thorough. The consequence of this is that when they come to speak upon these subjects before people who have considered them with attention, they

only discover their own ignorance and laziness, and lay themselves open to answers that put them in confusion. Do not, then, be discouraged by the first difficulties, but *contra audentior ito*; and resolve to go to the bottom of all those things which every gentleman ought to know well. Those arts or sciences which are peculiar to certain professions need not be deeply known by those who are not intended for those professions; as, for instance, fortification and navigation; of both which a superficial and general knowledge such as the common course of conversation with a very little inquiry on your part will give you is sufficient. Though, by the way, a little more knowledge of fortification may be of some use to you, as the events of war in sieges make many of the terms of that science occur frequently in common conversation; and one would be sorry to say, like the Marquis de Mascarille in Molière's "Précieuses Ridicules," when he hears of *une demie lune*, "*Ma foi ! c'étoit bien une lune toute entière.*" But those things which every gentleman, independently of profession, should know, he ought to know well, and dive into all the depth of them. Such are languages, history, and geography, ancient and modern, philosophy, rational logic, rhetoric; and for you particularly the constitutions and the civil and military state of every country in Europe. This, I confess, is a pretty large circle of knowledge, attended with some difficulties, and requiring

some trouble, which, however, an active and industrious mind will overcome, and be amply repaid. The trifling and frivolous mind is always busied, but to little purpose; it takes little objects for great ones, and throws away upon trifles that time and attention which only important things deserve. Knick-knacks, butterflies, shells, insects, etc., are the subjects of their most serious researches. They contemplate the dress, not the characters, of the company they keep. They attend more to the decorations of a play than to the sense of it, and to the ceremonies of a court more than to its politics. Such an employment of time is an absolute loss of it. You have now at most three years to employ, either well or ill; for, as I have often told you, you will be all your life what you shall be three years hence. For God's sake, then, reflect. Will you throw this time away either in laziness or in trifles, or will you not rather employ every moment of it in a manner that must so soon reward you with so much pleasure, figure, and character? I cannot, I will not, doubt of your choice. Read only useful books, and never quit a subject till you are thoroughly master of it, but read and inquire on till then. When you are in company, bring the conversation to some useful subject, but *à portée* of that company. Points of history, matters of literature, the customs of particular countries, the several orders of knighthood, as Teutonic, Mal-

tese, etc., are surely better subjects of conversation than the weather, dress, or fiddle-faddle stories that carry no information along with them. The characters of kings and great men are only to be learned in conversation, for they are never fairly written during their lives. This, therefore, is an entertaining and instructive subject of conversation, and will likewise give you an opportunity of observing how very differently characters are given from the different passions and views of those who give them. Never be ashamed nor afraid of asking questions, for if they lead to information and if you accompany them with some excuse, you will never be reckoned an impertinent or rude questioner. All those things in the common course of life depend entirely upon the manner; and in that respect the vulgar saying is true, "That one man can better steal a horse than another look over the hedge." There are few things that may not be said in some manner or other; either in a seeming confidence or a genteel irony, or introduced with wit; and one great part of the knowledge of the world consists in knowing when and where to make use of these different manners. The graces of the person, the countenance, and the way of speaking contribute so much to this, that I am convinced the very same thing said by a genteel person in an engaging way, and gracefully and distinctly spoken, would please, which would shock, if muttered out by an awkward fig-

ure with a sullen, serious countenance. The poets always represent Venus as attended by the three Graces, to intimate that even beauty will not do without. I think they should have given Minerva three also, for without them I am sure learning is very unattractive. Invoke them then distinctly to accompany all your words and motions. Adieu.

BATH, Oct. 19, O. S., 1748.

DEAR BOY:—Having in my last pointed out what sort of company you should keep, I will now give you some rules for your conduct in it, — rules which my own experience and observation enable me to lay down and communicate to you with some degree of confidence. I have often given you hints of this kind before, but then it has been by snatches; I will now be more regular and methodical. I shall say nothing with regard to your bodily carriage and address, but leave them to the care of your dancing-master and to your own attention to the best models; remember, however, that they are of consequence.

Talk often, but never long; in that case, if you do not please, at least you are sure not to tire your hearers. Pay your own reckoning, but do not treat the whole company — this being one of the very few cases in which people do not care to be treated, every one being fully convinced that he has wherewithal to pay.

Tell stories very seldom, and absolutely never but where they are very apt and very short. Omit every circumstance that is not material, and beware of digressions. To have frequent recourse to narrative betrays great want of imagination.

Never hold anybody by the button or the hand in order to be heard out ; for if people are not willing to hear you, you had much better hold your tongue than them.

Most long talkers single out some one unfortunate man in company (commonly him whom they observe to be the most silent, or their next neighbour) to whisper, or at least in a half voice to convey a continuity of words to. This is excessively ill-bred, and in some degree a fraud, — conversation-stock being a joint and common property. But on the other hand, if one of these unmerciful talkers lays hold of you, hear him with patience, and at least seeming attention if he is worth obliging, for nothing will oblige him more than a patient hearing, as nothing would hurt him more than either to leave him in the midst of his discourse, or to discover your impatience under your affliction.

Take, rather than give, the tone of the company you are in. If you have parts, you will show them more or less upon every subject ; and if you have not, you had better talk sillily upon a subject of other people's than of your own choosing.

Avoid as much as you can, in mixed company, argumentative, polemical conversations, which,

though they should not, yet certainly do, indispose for a time the contending parties toward each other; and if the controversy grows warm and noisy, endeavour to put an end to it by some genteel levity or joke. I quieted such a conversation-hubbub once by representing to them that, though I was persuaded none there present would repeat out of company what passed in it, yet I could not answer for the discretion of the passengers in the street, who must necessarily hear all that was said.

Above all things, and upon all occasions, avoid speaking of yourself if it be possible. Such is the natural pride and vanity of our hearts that it perpetually breaks out, even in people of the best parts, in all the various modes and figures of the egotism.

Some abruptly speak advantageously of themselves without either pretence or provocation. They are impudent. Others proceed more artfully, as they imagine, and forge accusations against themselves, complain of calumnies which they never heard, in order to justify themselves by exhibiting a catalogue of their many virtues. "They acknowledge it may indeed seem odd that they should talk in that manner of themselves; it is what they do not like, and what they never would have done,—no, no tortures should ever have forced it from them if they had not been thus unjustly and monstrously accused! But in these

cases justice is surely due to one's self as well as to others, and when our character is attacked we may say in our own justification what otherwise we never would have said." This thin veil of modesty drawn before vanity is much too transparent to conceal it even from very moderate discernment.

Others go more modestly and more slyly still (as they think) to work, but in my mind, still more ridiculously. They confess themselves (not without some degree of shame and confusion) into all the cardinal virtues by first degrading them into weaknesses, and then owning their misfortune in being made up of those weaknesses. "They cannot see people suffer without sympathising with and endeavouring to help them. They cannot see people want without relieving them, though truly their own circumstances cannot very well afford it. They cannot help speaking truth, though they know all the imprudence of it. In short, they know that with all these weaknesses they are not fit to live in the world, much less to thrive in it; but they are now too old to change, and must rub on as well as they can." This sounds too ridiculous and *outré*, almost, for the stage; and yet, take my word for it, you will frequently meet with it upon the common stage of the world. And here I will observe, by the bye that you will often meet with characters in nature so extravagant that a discreet poet would not ven-

ture to set them upon the stage in their true and high colouring.

This principle of vanity and pride is so strong in human nature that it descends even to the lowest objects ; and one often sees people angling for praise, where, admitting all they say to be true (which, by the way, it seldom is), no just praise is to be caught. One man affirms that he has rode post an hundred miles in six hours. Probably it is a lie ; but supposing it to be true, what then ? Why, he is a very good post-boy, that is all. Another asserts, and probably not without oaths, that he has drunk six or eight bottles of wine at a sitting ; out of charity, I will believe him a liar, for if I do not I must think him a beast.

Such, and a thousand more, are the follies and extravagances which vanity draws people into, and which always defeat their own purpose ; and as Waller says, upon another subject :

“ Make the wretch the most despised
Where most he wishes to be prized.”

The only sure way of avoiding these evils is never to speak of yourself at all. But when, historically, you are obliged to mention yourself, take care not to drop one single word that can directly or indirectly be construed as fishing for applause. Be your character what it will, it will be known ; and nobody will take it upon your own word. Never imagine that anything you can say yourself

will varnish your defects or add lustre to your perfections ; but on the contrary it may, and nine times in ten will, make the former more glaring and the latter obscure. If you are silent upon your own subject, neither envy, indignation, nor ridicule will obstruct or allay the applause which you may really deserve ; but if you publish your own panegyric upon any occasion, or in any shape whatsoever, and however artfully dressed or disguised, they will all conspire against you, and you will be disappointed of the very end you aim at.

Take care never to seem dark and mysterious, which is not only a very unamiable character, but a very suspicious one too. If you seem mysterious with others, they will be really so with you, and you will know nothing. The height of abilities is to have *volto sciolto* and *pensieri stretti* ; that is, a frank, open, and ingenuous exterior with a prudent interior ; to be upon your own guard, and yet by a seeming natural openness to put people off theirs. Depend upon it, nine in ten of every company you are in will avail themselves of every indiscreet and unguarded expression of yours, if they can turn it to their own advantage. A prudent reserve is, therefore, as necessary as a seeming openness is prudent. Always look people in the face when you speak to them ; the not doing it is thought to imply conscious guilt. Besides that, you lose the advantage of observing by their countenances what impression your discourse makes upon them.

In order to know people's real sentiments, I trust much more to my eyes than to my ears; for they can say whatever they have a mind I should hear, but they can seldom help looking what they have no intention that I should know.

Neither retail nor receive scandal willingly; defamation of others may for the present gratify the malignity of the pride of our hearts, cool reflection will draw very disadvantageous conclusions from such a disposition; and in the case of scandal, as in that of robbery, the receiver is always thought as bad as the thief.

Mimicry, which is the common and favourite amusement of little, low minds, is in the utmost contempt with great ones. It is the lowest and most illiberal of all buffoonery. Pray, neither practise it yourself nor applaud it in others. Besides that, the person mimicked is insulted, and as I have often observed to you before, an insult is never forgiven.

I need not, I believe, advise you to adapt your conversation to the people you are conversing with, for I suppose you would not, without this caution, have talked upon the same subject, and in the same manner, to a minister of state, a bishop, a philosopher, a captain, and a woman. A man of the world must, like the chameleon, be able to take every different hue, which is by no means a criminal or abject, but a necessary complaisance; for it relates only to manners and not to morals.

One word only as to swearing, and that, I hope and believe, is more than is necessary. You may sometimes hear some people in good company interlard their discourse with oaths, by way of embellishment, as they think ; but you must observe, too, that those who do so are never those who contribute in any degree to give that company the denomination of good company. They are always subalterns, or people of low education ; for that practice, besides that it has no one temptation to plead, is as silly and as illiberal as it is wicked.

Loud laughter is the mirth of the mob, who are only pleased with silly things ; for true wit or good sense never excited a laugh since the creation of the world. A man of parts and fashion is therefore only seen to smile, but never heard to laugh.

But to conclude this long letter : all the above mentioned rules, however carefully you may observe them, will lose half their effect if unaccompanied by the Graces. Whatever you say, if you say it with a supercilious, cynical face, or an embarrassed countenance, or a silly, disconcerted grin, will be ill received. If, into the bargain, you mutter it, or utter it indistinctly and ungracefully, it will be still worse received. If your air and address are vulgar, awkward, and *gauche*, you may be esteemed indeed, if you have great intrinsic merit, but you will never please, and without pleasing, you will rise but heavily. Venus among

the ancients was synonymous with the Graces, who were always supposed to accompany her; and Horace tells us that even youth, and Mercury, the god of arts and eloquence, would not do without her :

“ *Parum comis sine te Juventas Mercuriusque.*”

They are not inexorable ladies, and may be had, if properly and diligently pursued. Adieu.

LONDON, September 27, O. S., 1749.

DEAR BOY :— A vulgar, ordinary way of thinking, acting, or speaking implies a low education, and a habit of low company. Young people contract it at school, or among servants, with whom they are too often used to converse; but, after they frequent good company, they must want attention and observation very much, if they do not lay it quite aside. And indeed, if they do not, good company will be very apt to lay them aside. The various kinds of vulgarisms are infinite; I cannot pretend to point them out to you; but I will give some samples, by which you may guess at the rest.

A vulgar man is captious and jealous; eager and impetuous about trifles. He suspects himself to be slighted, thinks everything that is said meant at him; if the company happens to laugh, he is persuaded they laugh at him; he grows angry and

testy, says something very impertinent, and draws himself into a scrape, by showing what he calls a proper spirit, and asserting himself. A man of fashion does not suppose himself to be either the sole or principal object of the thoughts, looks, or words of the company; and never suspects that he is either slighted or laughed at, unless he is conscious that he deserves it. And if (which very seldom happens) the company is absurd or ill-bred enough to do either, he does not care twopence, unless the insult be so gross and plain as to require satisfaction of another kind. As he is above trifles, he is never vehement and eager about them; and, wherever they are concerned, rather acquiesces than wrangles. A vulgar man's conversation always savours strongly of the lowness of his education and company. It turns chiefly upon his domestic affairs, his servants, the excellent order he keeps in his own family, and the little anecdotes of the neighbourhood,—all of which he relates with emphasis, as interesting matters. He is a man gossip.

Vulgarism in language is the next, and distinguishing characteristic of bad company and a bad education. A man of fashion avoids nothing with more care than that. Proverbial expressions and trite sayings are the flowers of the rhetoric of a vulgar man. Would he say that men differ in their tastes; he both supports and adorns that opinion, by the good old saying, as he respectfully

calls it, that what is one man's meat is another man's poison. If anybody attempts being smart, as he calls it, upon him, he gives them tit for tat, ay, that he does. He has always some favourite word for the time being ; which, for the sake of using often, he commonly abuses ; such as vastly angry, vastly kind, vastly handsome, and vastly ugly. Even his pronunciation of proper words carries the mark of the beast along with it. He calls the earth, yearth ; he is obleiged, not obliged, to you. He goes to ward, and not toward, such a place. He sometimes affects hard words by way of ornament, which he always mangles, like a learned woman. A man of fashion never has recourse to proverbs and vulgar aphorisms ; uses neither favourite words nor hard words ; but takes great care to speak very correctly and grammatically, and to pronounce properly ; that is, according to the usage of the best companies.

An awkward address, ungraceful attitudes and actions, and a certain left-handiness (if I may use that word) loudly proclaim low education and low company ; for it is impossible to suppose that a man can have frequented good company, without having caught something, at least, of their air and motions. A new-raised man is distinguished in a regiment by his awkwardness ; but he must be impenetrably dull, if, in a month or two's time, he cannot perform at least the common manual exercise, and look like a soldier. The very ac-

coutrements of a man of fashion are grievous incumbrances to a vulgar man. He is at a loss what to do with his hat, when it is not upon his head; his cane (if unfortunately he wears one) is at perpetual war with every cup of tea or coffee he drinks; destroys them first, and then accompanies them in their fall. His sword is formidable only to his own legs, which would possibly carry him fast enough out of the way of any sword but his own. His clothes fit him so ill, and constrain him so much, that he seems rather their prisoner than their proprietor. He presents himself in company, like a criminal in a court of justice; his very air condemns him; and people of fashion will no more connect themselves with the one, than people of character will with the other. This repulse drives and sinks him into low company; a gulf from whence no man, after a certain age, ever emerged.

Les manières nobles et aisées, la tournure d'un homme de condition, le ton de la bonne compagnie, les graces, le je ne sçais quoi qui plait, are as necessary to adorn and introduce your intrinsic merit and knowledge as the polish is to the diamond; which, without that polish, would never be worn, whatever it might weigh. Do not imagine that these accomplishments are only useful with women; they are much more so with men. In a public assembly, what an advantage has a graceful speaker, with genteel motions, a handsome

figure, and a liberal air, over one who shall speak full as much good sense, but destitute of these ornaments ! In business, how prevalent are the graces, how detrimental is the want of them ! By the help of these I have known some men refuse favours less offensively than others granted them. The utility of them in courts and negotiations is inconceivable. You gain the hearts, and consequently the secrets, of nine in ten that you have to do with, in spite even of their prudence ; which will, nine times in ten, be the dupe of their hearts and of their senses. Consider the importance of these things as they deserve, and you will not lose one moment in the pursuit of them.

You are travelling now in a country once so famous both for arts and arms, that (however degenerated at present) it still deserves your attention and reflection. View it, therefore, with care, compare its former with its present state, and examine into the causes of its rise and its decay. Consider it classically and politically, and do not run through it, as too many of your young countrymen do, musically, and (to use a ridiculous word) knickknackically. No piping nor fiddling, I beseech you ; no days lost in poring upon almost imperceptible intaglios and cameos ; and do not become a virtuoso of small wares. Form a taste of painting, sculpture, and architecture, if you please, by a careful examination of the works of the best ancient and modern artists ; those are

liberal arts, and a real taste and knowledge of them become a man of fashion very well. But, beyond certain bounds, the man of taste ends, and the frivolous virtuoso begins.

Your friend Mendes, the good Samaritan, dined with me yesterday. He has more good nature and generosity than parts. However, I will show him all the civilities that his kindness to you so justly deserves; he tells me that you are taller than I am, which I am very glad of. I desire you may excel me in everything else too; and, far from repining, I shall rejoice at your superiority. He commends your friend Mr. Stevens extremely; of whom, too, I have heard so good a character from other people, that I am very glad of your connection with him. It may prove of use to you hereafter. When you meet with such sort of Englishmen abroad, who, either from their parts or their rank, are likely to make a figure at home, I would advise you to cultivate them, and get their favourable testimony of you here, especially those who are to return to England before you. Sir Charles Williams has puffed you (as the mob call it) here extremely. If three or four more people of parts do the same, before you come back, your first appearance in London will be to great advantage. Many people do, and indeed ought to, take things upon trust; many more do, who need not; and few dare dissent from an established opinion. Adieu!

LONDON, November 3, O. S., 1749.

DEAR BOY :—From the time that you have had life, it has been the principal and favourite object of mine to make you as perfect as the imperfections of human nature will allow ; in this view I have grudged no pains nor expense in your education, convinced that education, more than nature, is the cause of that great difference which we see in the characters of men. While you were a child, I endeavoured to form your heart habitually to virtue and honour, before your understanding was capable of showing you their beauty and utility. Those principles which you then got, like your grammar rules, only by rote, are now, I am persuaded, fixed and confirmed by reason. And, indeed, they are so plain and clear, that they require but a very moderate degree of understanding, either to comprehend or practise them.

Lord Shaftesbury says, very prettily, that he would be virtuous for his own sake, though nobody were to know it ; as he would be clean for his own sake, though nobody were to see him. I have, therefore, since you have had the use of your reason, never written to you upon those subjects ; they speak best for themselves, and I should now just as soon think of warning you gravely not to fall into the dirt or the fire, as into dishonour or vice. This view of mine I consider as fully attained.

My next object was sound and useful learning.

My own care first, Mr. Harte's afterwards, and of late (I will own it to your praise) your own application, have more than answered my expectations in that particular, and, I have reason to believe, will answer even my wishes. All that remains for me then to wish, to recommend, to inculcate, to order, and to insist upon, is good breeding; without which all your other qualifications will be lame, unadorned, and, to a certain degree, unavailing. And here I fear, and have too much reason to believe, that you are greatly deficient. The remainder of this letter, therefore, shall be (and it will not be the last by a great many) upon that subject.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them. Taking this for granted (as I think it cannot be disputed), it is astonishing to me that anybody who has good-sense and good-nature (and I believe you have both) can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are, to particular societies, what good morals are to society in general, — their cement

and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And, indeed, there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent as justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilised people, as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think, that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well-bred. Thus much for good breeding in general; I will now consider some of the various modes and degrees of it.

Very few, scarcely any, are wanting in the respect which they should show to those whom they acknowledge to be infinitely their superiors; such as crowned heads, princes, and public per-

sons of distinguished and eminent posts. It is the manner of showing that respect which is different. The man of fashion, and of the world, expresses it in its fullest extent, but naturally, easily, and without concern; whereas a man who is not used to keep good company, expresses it awkwardly: one sees that he is not used to it, and that it costs him a great deal; but I never saw the worst bred man living guilty of lolling, whistling, scratching his head, and such like indecencies, in company that he respected. In such companies, therefore, the only point to be attended to is, to show that respect, which everybody means to show, in an easy, unembarrassed, and graceful manner. This is what observation and experience must teach you.

In mixed companies, whoever is admitted to make part of them, is, for the time at least, supposed to be upon a footing of equality with the rest, and, consequently, as there is no principal object of awe and respect, people are apt to take a greater latitude in their behaviour, and to be less upon their guard; and so they may, provided it be within certain bounds, which are upon no occasion to be transgressed. But, upon these occasions, though no one is entitled to distinguished marks of respect, every one claims, and very justly, every mark of civility and good breeding. Ease is allowed, but carelessness and negligence are strictly forbidden. If a man accosts

you, and talks to you ever so dully or frivolously, it is worse than rudeness, it is brutality, to show him, by a manifest inattention to what he says, that you think him a fool or a blockhead, and not worth hearing. It is much more so with regard to women, who, of whatever rank they are, are entitled, in consideration of their sex, not only to an attentive, but an officious good breeding from men. Their little wants, likings, dislikes, preferences, antipathies, fancies, whims, and even impertinences, must be officiously attended to, flattered, and, if possible, guessed at and anticipated by a well-bred man.

You must never usurp to yourself those conveniences and *agrémens* which are of common right, — such as the best places, the best dishes, etc.; but, on the contrary, always decline them yourself, and offer them to others, who, in their turns, will offer them to you; so that, upon the whole, you will, in your turn, enjoy your share of the common right. It would be useless for me to enumerate all the particular instances in which a well-bred man shows his good breeding in good company; and it would be injurious to you to suppose that your own good sense will not point them out to you; and then your own good nature will recommend, and your self-interest enforce, the practice.

There is a third sort of good breeding, in which people are the most apt to fail, from a very

mistaken notion that they cannot fail at all; I mean, with regard to one's most familiar friends and acquaintances, or those who really are our inferiors; and there, undoubtedly, a greater degree of ease is not only allowed, but proper, and contributes much to the comforts of a private, social life. But that ease and freedom have their bounds, too, which must by no means be violated. A certain degree of negligence and carelessness becomes injurious and insulting, from the real or supposed inferiority of the persons; and that delightful liberty of conversation among a few friends is soon destroyed, as liberty often has been, by being carried to licentiousness. But example explains things best, and I will put a pretty strong case.

“Suppose you and me alone together—I believe you will allow that I have as good a right to unlimited freedom in your company as either you or I can possibly have in any other; and I am apt to believe, too, that you would indulge me in that freedom as far as anybody would. But, notwithstanding this, do you imagine that I should think there were no bounds to that freedom? I assure you, I should not think so; and I take myself to be as much tied down by a certain degree of good manners to you, as by other degrees of them to other people. Were I to show you, by a manifest inattention to what you said to me, that I was thinking of something else the whole time—were I to yawn extremely or snore in your company, I

should think that I behaved myself to you like a beast, and should not expect that you would care to frequent me. No. The most familiar and intimate habitudes, connections, and friendships, require a degree of good breeding, both to preserve and cement them. If ever a man and his wife, or a man and his mistress, who pass nights as well as days together, absolutely lay aside all good breeding, their intimacy will soon degenerate into a coarse familiarity, infallibly productive of contempt or disgust. The best of us have our bad sides; and it is as imprudent as it is ill-bred to exhibit them. I shall certainly not use ceremony with you; it would be misplaced between us; but I shall certainly observe that degree of good breeding with you, which is, in the first place, decent, and which, I am sure, is absolutely necessary to make us like one another's company long.

I will say no more now upon this important subject of good breeding, upon which I have already dwelt too long, it may be, for one letter, and upon which I shall frequently refresh your memory hereafter; but I will conclude with these axioms:

That the deepest learning, without good breeding, is unwelcome and tiresome pedantry, and of use nowhere but in a man's own closet,—and, consequently, of little or no use at all.

That a man who is not perfectly well-bred, is unfit for good company, and unwelcome in it; will

consequently dislike it soon, afterwards renounce it, and be reduced to solitude, or (what is worse) low and bad company.

That a man who is not well-bred, is full as unfit for business as for company.

Make then, my dear child, I conjure you, good breeding the great object of your thoughts and actions, at least half the day. Observe carefully the behaviour and manners of those who are distinguished by their good breeding; imitate, nay, endeavour to excel, that you may at least reach them; and be convinced that good breeding is, to all worldly qualifications, what charity is to all Christian virtues. Observe how it adorns merit, and how often it covers the want of it. May you wear it to adorn, and not to cover you! Adieu!

LONDON, Jan. 18, O. S., 1750.

“MY DEAR FRIEND:—I consider the solid part of your little edifice as so near being finished and completed that my only remaining care is about the embellishments; and that must now be your principal care too. Adorn yourself with all those graces and accomplishments which without solidity are frivolous, but without which solidity is to a great degree useless. Take one man with a very moderate degree of knowledge, but with a pleasing figure, a prepossessing address, graceful in all that he says and does, polite, *liant*, and, in short,

adorned with all the lesser talents ; and take another man, with sound sense and profound knowledge, but without the above-mentioned advantages, the former will not only get the better of the latter in every pursuit of every kind, but in truth there will be no sort of competition between them. But can every man acquire these advantages ? I say yes, if he please ; suppose he is in a situation and in circumstances to frequent good company. Attention, observation, and imitation will most infallibly do it. When you see a man whose first *abord* strikes you, prepossesses you in his favour, and makes you entertain a good opinion of him, you do not know why, analyse that *abord* and examine within yourself the several parts that compose it, and you will generally find it to be the result, the happy assemblage of modesty unembarrassed, respect without timidity, a genteel but unaffected attitude of body and limbs, an open, cheerful, but unsmirking countenance, and a dress by no means negligent, and yet not foppish. Copy him then, not servilely, but as some of the greatest masters of painting have copied others,—inso-much that their copies have been equal to the originals both as to beauty and freedom. When you see a man who is universally allowed to shine as an agreeable well-bred man, and a fine gentleman (as, for example, the Duke de Nivernois), attend to him, watch him carefully ; observe in what manner he addresses himself to his supe-

riors, how he lives with his equals, and how he treats his inferiors. Mind his turn of conversation in the several situations of morning visits, the table, and the evening amusements. Imitate without mimicking him ; and be his duplicate but not his ape. You will find that he takes care never to say or do anything that can be construed into a slight or a negligence, or that can in any degree mortify people's vanity and self-love ; on the contrary you will perceive that he makes people pleased with him by making them first pleased with themselves ; he shows respect, regard, esteem, and attention, where they are severally proper ; he sows them with care, and he reaps them in plenty.

These amiable accomplishments are all to be acquired by use and imitation ; for we are in truth more than half what we are by imitation. The great point is to choose good models, and to study them with care. People insensibly contract not only the air, the manners, and the vices, of those with whom they commonly converse, but their virtues too, and even their way of thinking. This is so true that I have known very plain understandings catch a certain degree of wit by constantly conversing with those who had a great deal. Persist therefore in keeping the best company, and you will insensibly become like them ; but if you will add attention and observation, you will very soon become one of them. The inevitable conta-

gion of company shows you the necessity of keeping the best and avoiding all other ; for in every one something will stick. You have hitherto, I confess, had very few opportunities of keeping polite company. Westminster school is undoubtedly the seat of illiberal manners and brutal behaviour ; Leipsig, I suppose, is not the seat of refined and elegant manners ; Venice, I believe, has done something ; Rome, I hope, will do a great deal more ; and Paris will, I dare say, do all that you want, — always supposing that you frequent the best companies and in the intention of improving and forming yourself, for without that intention nothing will do.

I here subjoin a list of all those necessary ornamental accomplishments (without which no man living can either please or rise in the world) which hitherto I fear you want, and which only require your care and attention to possess :

To speak elegantly whatever language you speak in, without which nobody will hear you with pleasure, and consequently you will speak to very little purpose.

An agreeable and distinct elocution, without which nobody will hear you with patience. This everybody may acquire, who is not born with some imperfection in the organs of speech. You are not, and therefore it is wholly in your power. You need take much less pains for it than Demosthenes did.

A distinguished politeness of manners and address, which common sense, observation, good company, and imitation will infallibly give you if you will accept it.

A genteel carriage and graceful motions, with the air of a man of fashion. A good dancing-master, with some care on your part and some imitation of those who excel, will soon bring this about.

“To be extremely clean in your person, and perfectly well dressed, according to the fashion, be that what it will. Your negligence of your dress while you were a schoolboy was pardonable, but would not be so now.

Upon the whole, take it for granted that without these accomplishments all you know and all you can do will avail you very little. Adieu.

LONDON, April 30, O. S., 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND :— *Avoir du monde* is in my opinion a very just and happy expression for having address, manners, and for knowing how to behave properly in all companies ; and it implies very truly that a man who has not those accomplishments is not of the world. Without them, the best parts are inefficient, civility is absurd, and freedom offensive. A learned parson rusting in his cell at Oxford or Cambridge will reason admirably well upon the nature of man ; will profoundly

analyse the head, the heart, the reason, the will, the passions, the senses, the sentiments, and all those subdivisions of we know not what ; and yet unfortunately he knows nothing of man, for he has not lived with him, and is ignorant of all the various modes, habits, prejudices, and tastes that always influence and often determine him. He views man as he does colours in Sir Isaac Newton's prism, where only the capital ones are seen ; but an experienced dyer knows all their various shades and gradations, together with the result of their several mixtures. Few men are of one plain decided colour ; most are mixed, shaded, and blended, and vary as much from different situations as changeable silks do from different lights. The man *qui a du monde* knows all this from his own experience and observation : the conceited cloistered philosopher knows nothing of it from his own theory ; his practice is absurd and improper, and he acts as awkwardly as a man would dance who had never seen others dance, nor learned of a dancing-master, but who had only studied the notes by which dances are now pricked down as well as tunes. Observe and imitate, then, the address, the arts, and the manners of those *qui ont du monde* ; see by what methods they first make and afterward improve impressions in their favour. Those impressions are much oftener owing to little causes than to intrinsic merit, which is less volatile, and has not

so sudden an effect. Strong minds have undoubtedly an ascendant over weak ones, as Galigai, Maréchale d'Ancre, very justly observed, when, to the disgrace and reproach of those times, she was executed for having governed Mary of Medici by the arts of witchcraft and magic. But then ascendant is to be gained by degrees, and by those arts only which experience and the knowledge of the world teaches, for few are mean enough to be bullied, though most are weak enough to be bubbled. I have often seen people of superior, governed by people of much inferior, parts, without knowing or even suspecting that they were so governed. This can only happen when those people of inferior parts have more worldly dexterity and experience than those they govern. They see the weak and unguarded part, and apply to it; they take it and all the rest follows. Would you gain either men or women, — and every man of sense desires to gain both, — *il faut du monde*. You have had more opportunities than ever any man had at your age of acquiring *ce monde*: you have been in the best companies of most countries at an age when others have hardly been in any company at all. You are master of all those languages which John Trott seldom speaks at all, and never well; consequently, you need be a stranger nowhere. This is the way, and the only way, of having *du monde*; but if you have it not, and have still any coarse rusticity

about you, may not one apply to you the *rusticus expectat* of Horace?

This knowledge of the world teaches us more particularly two things, both which are of infinite consequence, and to neither of which nature inclines us; I mean, the command of our temper and of our countenance. A man who has no *monde* is inflamed with anger or annihilated with shame at every disagreeable incident; the one makes him act and talk like a madman, the other makes him look like a fool. But a man who has *du monde* seems not to understand what he cannot or ought not to resent. If he makes a slip himself, he recovers it by his coolness, instead of plunging deeper by his confusion, like a stumbling horse. He is firm, but gentle, and practises that most excellent maxim, *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. The other is the *volto sciolto e pensieri stretti*. People unused to the world have babbling countenances, and are unskilful enough to show what they have sense enough not to tell. In the course of the world, a man must very often put on an easy, frank countenance upon very disagreeable occasions; he must seem pleased when he is very much otherwise; he must be able to accost and receive with smiles those whom he would much rather meet with swords. In courts he must not turn himself inside out. All this may, nay, must, be done, without falsehood and treachery; for it must go no further than politeness and manners,

and must stop short of assurances and professions of simulated friendship. Good manners, to those one does not love, are no more a breach of truth than "your humble servant" at the bottom of a challenge is; they are universally agreed upon, and understood to be things of course. They are necessary guards of the decency and peace of society; they must only act defensively, and then not with arms poisoned with perfidy. Truth, but not the whole truth, must be the invariable principle of every man who has either religion, honour, or prudence. Those who violate it may be cunning, but they are not able. Lies and perfidy are the refuge of fools and cowards. Adieu!

BATH, November 16, 1752.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Vanity, or, to call it by a gentler name, the desire of admiration and applause, is perhaps the most universal principle of human actions. I do not say that it is the best; and I will own that it is sometimes the cause of both foolish and criminal effects. But it is so much oftener the principle of right things, that, though they ought to have a better, yet, considering human nature, that principle is to be encouraged and cherished in consideration of its effects. Where that desire is wanting, we are apt to be indifferent, listless, indolent, and inert; we do not exert our powers, and we appear to be as much

below ourselves as the vainest man living can desire to appear above what he really is.

As I have made you my confessor, and do not scruple to confess even my weaknesses to you, I will fairly own that I had that vanity, that weakness, if it be one, to a prodigious degree; and what is more, I confess it without repentance; nay, I am glad I had it; since, if I have had the good fortune to please in the world, it is to that powerful and active principle that I owe it. I began the world, not with a bare desire, but with an insatiable thirst, a rage of popularity, applause, and admiration. If this made me do some silly things, on one hand, it made me, on the other hand, do almost all the right things that I did; it made me attentive and civil to the women I disliked, and to the men I despised, in hopes of the applause of both; though I neither desired, nor would I have accepted, the favours of the one, nor the friendship of the other. I always dressed, looked, and talked my best, and, I own, was overjoyed whenever I perceived that by all three, or by any one of them, the company was pleased with me. To men, I talked whatever I thought would give them the best opinion of my parts and learning, and to women, what I was sure would please them, — flattery, gallantry, and love.

And, moreover, I will own to you, under the secrecy of confession, that my vanity has very often made me take great pains to make many a

woman in love with me, if I could, for whose person I would not have given a pinch of snuff. In company with men, I always endeavoured to out-shine, or, at least if possible, to equal, the most shining man in it. This desire elicited whatever powers I had to gratify it ; and where I could not perhaps shine in the first, enabled me, at least, to shine in a second or third sphere. By these means I soon grew in fashion ; and when a man is once in fashion all he does is right. It was infinite pleasure to me, to find my own fashion and popularity. I was sent for to all parties of pleasure, both of men or women, where, in some measure, I gave the tone. This gave me the reputation of having had some women of condition ; and that reputation, whether true or false, really got me others. With the men I was a Proteus, and assumed every shape in order to please them all : among the gay I was the gayest, among the grave the gravest ; and I never omitted the least attentions of good breeding, or the least offices of friendship, that could either please, or attach them to me, and accordingly I was soon connected with all the men of any fashion or figure in town.

To this principle of vanity, which philosophers call a mean one, and which I do not, I owe great part of the figure which I have made in life. I wish you had as much, but I fear you have too little of it ; and you seem to have a degree of laziness.

ness and listlessness about you, that makes you indifferent as to general applause. This is not in character at your age, and would be barely pardonable in an elderly and philosophical man. It is a vulgar, ordinary saying, but it is a very true one, that one should always put the best foot foremost. One should please, shine, and dazzle, whenever it is possible. At Paris, I am sure you must observe *que chacun se fait valoir autant qu'il est possible*: and La Bruyère observes, very justly, *qu'on ne vaut dans ce monde que ce qu'on veut valoir*: wherever applause is in question, you will never see a French man, nor woman, remiss or negligent. Observe the eternal attentions and politeness that all people have there for one another. *Ce n'est pas pour leurs beaux yeux, au moins*. No, but for their own sakes, — for commendations and applause. Let me then recommend this principle of vanity to you; act upon it *meo periculo*: I promise you it will turn to your account. Practise all the arts that ever coquette did, to please; be alert and indefatigable in making every man admire, and every woman in love with you. I can tell you, too, that nothing will carry you higher in the world.

I have had no letter from you since your arrival at Paris, though you must have been long enough there to have written me two or three. In about ten or twelve days I propose leaving this place, and going to London. I have found considerable

benefit by my stay here, but not all that I want. Make my compliments to Lord Albemarle.

LONDON, May 27, O. S., 1753.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I have this day been tired, jaded, nay, tormented by the company of a most worthy, sensible, and learned man, a near relation of mine, who dined and passed the evening with me. This seems a paradox, but is a plain truth; he has no knowledge of the world, no manners, no address. Far from talking without book, as is commonly said of people who talk sillily, he only talks by book,—which in general conversation is ten times worse. He has formed in his own closet from books certain systems of everything, argues tenaciously upon those principles, and is both surprised and angry at whatever deviates from them. His theories are good, but, unfortunately, are all impracticable. Why? Because he has only read and not conversed. He is acquainted with books, and an absolute stranger to men. Labouring with his matter, he is delivered of it with pangs; he hesitates, stops in his utterance, and always expresses himself inelegantly. His actions are all ungraceful; so that, with all his merit and knowledge, I would rather converse six hours with the most frivolous tittle-tattle woman who knew something of the world than with him. The preposterous notions of a

systematical man who does not know the world tire the patience of a man who does. It would be endless to correct his mistakes, nor would he take it kindly, for he has considered everything deliberately, and is very sure that he is in the right. Impropropriety is a characteristic, and a never failing one, of these people. Regardless, because ignorant, of customs and manners, they violate them every moment. They often shock, though they never mean to offend, never attending either to the general character or the particular distinguishing circumstances of the people to whom or before whom they talk; whereas the knowledge of the world teaches one that the very same things which are exceedingly right and proper in one company, time, and place, are exceedingly absurd in others. In short, a man who has great knowledge from experience and observation of the character, customs, and manners of mankind is a being as different from, and as superior to a man of mere book and systematical knowledge as a well-managed horse is to an ass. Study, therefore, cultivate, and frequent men and women, — not only in their outward, and, consequently, guarded, but in their interior, domestic, and, consequently, less disguised characters and manners. Take your notions of things as by observation and experience you find they really are, and not as you read that they are or should be, for they never are quite what they should be. For this purpose do not

content yourself with general and common acquaintance, but wherever you can, establish yourself with a kind of domestic familiarity in good houses. For instance, go again to Orli for two or three days, and so at two or three reprises. Go and stay two or three days at a time at Versailles, and improve and extend the acquaintance you have there. Be at home at St. Cloud, and whenever any private person of fashion invites you to pass a few days at his country house, accept of the invitation. This will necessarily give you a versatility of mind and a facility to adopt various manners and customs; for everybody desires to please those in whose house they are, and people are only to be pleased in their own way. Nothing is more engaging than a cheerful and easy conformity to people's particular manners, habits, and even weaknesses; nothing (to use a vulgar expression) should come amiss to a young fellow. He should be for good purposes what Alcibiades was commonly for bad ones,—a Proteus assuming with ease and wearing with cheerfulness any shape. Heat, cold, luxury, abstinence, gravity, gaiety, ceremony, easiness, learning, trifling, business, and pleasure are modes which he should be able to take, lay aside, or change occasionally with as much ease as he would take or lay aside his hat. All this is only to be acquired by use and knowledge of the world, by keeping a great deal of company, analysing every

character, and insinuating yourself into the familiarity of various acquaintance. A right, a generous, ambition to make a figure in the world necessarily gives the desire of pleasing ; the desire of pleasing points out to a great degree the means of doing it ; and the art of pleasing is in truth the art of rising, of distinguishing one's self, of making a figure and a fortune in the world. But without pleasing, without the graces, as I have told you a thousand times, *ogni fatica è vana*. You are now but nineteen, an age at which most of your countrymen are illiberally getting drunk in port at the university. You have greatly got the start of them in learning, and if you can equally get the start of them in the knowledge and manners of the world, you may be very sure of outrunning them in court and Parliament, as you set out so much earlier than they. They generally begin but to see the world at one and twenty ; you will by that age have seen all Europe. They set out upon their travels unlicked cubs, and in their travels they only lick one another, for they seldom go into any other company. They know nothing but the English world, and the worst part of that too, and generally very little of any but the English language, and they come home at three or four and twenty refined and polished (as is said in one of Congreve's plays) like Dutch skippers from a whale-fishing. The care which has been taken of you, and, to do you justice,

the care that you have taken of yourself, has left you at the age of nineteen only nothing to acquire but the knowledge of the world, manners, address, and those exterior accomplishments. But they are great and necessary acquisitions to those who have sense enough to know their true value, and your getting them before you are one and twenty and before you enter upon the active and shining scene of life will give you such an advantage over your contemporaries that they cannot overtake you ; they must be distanced. You may probably be placed about a young prince who will probably be a young king. There all the various arts of pleasing, the engaging address, the versatility of manners, the *brillant*, the graces, will outweigh and yet outrun all solid knowledge and unpolished merit. Oil yourself, therefore, and be both supple and shining for that race if you would be first or early at the goal. Ladies will most probably, too, have something to say there, and those who are best with them will probably be best somewhere else. Labour this great point, my dear child, indefatigably ; attend to the very smallest parts, the minutest graces, the most trifling circumstances that can possibly concur in forming the shining character of a complete gentleman, *un galant homme, un homme de cour*, a man of business and pleasure, *estimé des hommes, recherché des femmes, aimé de toute le monde*. In this view observe the shining part of every man of fashion who is liked

and esteemed ; attend to and imitate that particular accomplishment for which you hear him chiefly celebrated and distinguished ; then collect those various parts and make yourself a mosaic of the whole. No one body possesses everything, and almost everybody possesses some one thing worthy of imitation ; only choose your models well, and, in order to do so, choose by your ear more than by your eye. The best model is always that which is most universally allowed to be the best, though in strictness it may possibly not be so. We must take most things as they are ; we cannot make them what we would nor often what they should be, and, where moral duties are not concerned, it is more prudent to follow than to attempt to lead. Adieu.

[*No date.*]

MY DEAR FRIEND : — I mentioned to you some time ago a sentence which I would most earnestly wish you always to retain in your thoughts and observe in your conduct. It is *suaviter in modo, fortiter in re*. I do not know any one rule so unexceptionably useful and necessary in every part of life. I shall therefore take it for my text to-day ; and as old men love preaching, and I have some right to preach to you, I here present you with my sermon upon these words. To proceed, then, regularly and pulpitically, I will first show you, my beloved, the necessary connection of the two

members of my text, — *suaviter in modo; fortiter in re*. In the next place, I shall set forth the advantages and utility resulting from a strict observance of the precept contained in my text; and conclude with an application of the whole. The *suaviter in modo* alone would degenerate and sink into a mean, timid complaisance and passiveness, if not supported and dignified by the *fortiter in re*, which would also run into impetuosity and brutality, if not tempered and softened by the *suaviter in modo*; however, they are seldom united. The warm, choleric man with strong animal spirits despises the *suaviter in modo*, and thinks to carry all before him by the *fortiter in re*. He may possibly, by great accident, now and then succeed, when he has only weak and timid people to deal with; but his general fate will be to shock, offend, be hated, and fail. On the other hand, the cunning, crafty man thinks to gain all his ends by the *suaviter in modo* only; he becomes all things to all men; he seems to have no opinion of his own, and servilely adopts the present opinion of the present person; he insinuates himself only into the esteem of fools, but is soon detected, and surely despised by everybody else. The wise man (who differs as much from the cunning as from the choleric man) alone joins the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re*. Now to the advantages arising from the strict observance of this precept. If you are in authority and have a right

to command, your commands delivered *suaviter in modo* will be willingly, cheerfully, and consequently well obeyed; whereas, if given only *fortiter*, that is brutally, they will rather, as Tacitus says, be interrupted than executed. For my own part, if I bid my footman bring me a glass of wine in a rough, insulting manner, I should expect that in obeying me he would contrive to spill some of it upon me, and I am sure I should deserve it. A cool, steady resolution should show that where you have a right to command you will be obeyed, but at the same time a gentleness in the manner of enforcing that obedience should make it a cheerful one, and soften as much as possible the mortifying consciousness of inferiority. If you are to ask a favour or even to solicit your due, you must do it *suaviter in modo*, or you will give those who have a mind to refuse you either a pretence to do it by resenting the manner; but on the other hand you must by a steady perseverance and decent tenaciousness show the *fortiter in re*. The right motives are seldom the true ones of men's actions, — especially of kings, ministers, and people in high station, who often give to importunity and fear what they would refuse to justice or to merit. By the *suaviter in modo* engage their hearts if you can; at least prevent the pretence of offence. But take care to show enough of the *fortiter in re* to extort from their love of ease or their fear what you might in vain hope for

from their justice or good nature. People in high life are hardened to the wants and distresses of mankind as surgeons are to their bodily pains; they see and hear of them all day long, and even of so many simulated ones that they do not know which are real and which not. Other sentiments are therefore to be applied to than those of mere justice and humanity. Their favour must be captivated by the *suaviter in modo*; their love of ease disturbed by unwearied importunity; or their fears wrought upon by a decent intimation of implacable cool resentment, — this is the true *fortiter in re*. This precept is the only way I know in the world of being loved without being despised and feared without being hated. It constitutes the dignity of character which every wise man must endeavour to establish.

Now to apply what has been said, and so conclude.

If you find that you have a hastiness in your temper which unguardedly breaks out into indiscreet sallies or rough expressions to either your superiors, your equals, or your inferiors, watch it narrowly, check it carefully, and call the *suaviter in modo* to your assistance; at the first impulse of passion, be silent till you can be soft. Labour even to get the command of your countenance so well that those emotions may not be read in it, — a most unspeakable advantage in business. On the other hand, let no complaisance, no gentleness of

temper, no weak desire of pleasing on your part, no wheedling, coaxing, nor flattery on other people's, make you recede one jot from any point that reason and prudence have bid you pursue; but return to the charge, persist, persevere, and you will find most things attainable that are possible. A yielding, timid meekness is always abused and insulted by the unjust and the unfeeling, but when sustained by the *fortiter in re* is always respected, commonly successful. In your friendships and connections, as well as in your enmities, this rule is particularly useful: let your firmness and vigour preserve and invite attachments to you, but at the same time let your manner hinder the enemies of your friends and dependents from becoming yours; let your enemies be disarmed by the gentleness of your manner, but let them feel at the same time the steadiness of your just resentment, — for there is a great difference between bearing malice, which is always ungenerous, and a resolute self-defence, which is always prudent and justifiable. In negotiations with foreign ministers remember the *fortiter in re*; give up no point, accept of no expedient till the utmost necessity reduces you to it, and even then dispute the ground inch by inch; but then while you are contending with the minister *fortiter in re*, remember to gain the man by the *sua-viter in modo*. If you engage his heart, you have a fair chance for imposing upon his understanding and determining his will. Tell him in a frank, gal-

lant manner that your ministerial wrangles do not lessen your personal regard for his merit, but that on the contrary his zeal and ability in the service of his master increase it, and that of all things you desire to make a good friend of so good a servant. By these means you may and will very often be a gainer; you never can be a loser. Some people cannot gain upon themselves to be easy and civil to those who are either their rivals, competitors, or opposers, though, independently of those accidental circumstances, they would like and esteem them. They betray a shyness and an awkwardness in company with them and catch at any little thing to expose them, and so from temporary and only occasional opponents make them their personal enemies. This is exceedingly weak and detrimental, as indeed is all humour in business, which can only be carried on successfully by undiluted good policy and right reasoning. In such situations I would be more particularly and *noblement* civil, easy, and frank with the man whose designs I traversed. This is commonly called generosity and magnanimity, but is in truth good sense and policy. The manner is often as important as the matter, sometimes more so. A favour may make an enemy, and an injury may make a friend according to the different manner in which they are severally done. The countenance, the address, the words, the enunciation, the graces add great efficacy to the *suaviter in modo* and

great dignity to the *fortiter in re*; and consequently they deserve the utmost attention.

From what has been said, I conclude with this observation, — that gentleness of manners with firmness of mind is a short but full description of human perfection on this side of religious and moral duties. That you may be seriously convinced of this truth and show it in your life and conversation, is the most sincere and ardent wish of,

Yours.

THE END.

UCSB LIBRARY

X-64730

UC SOUTHERN REGIONAL LIBRARY FACILITY



A 000 619 507 7

